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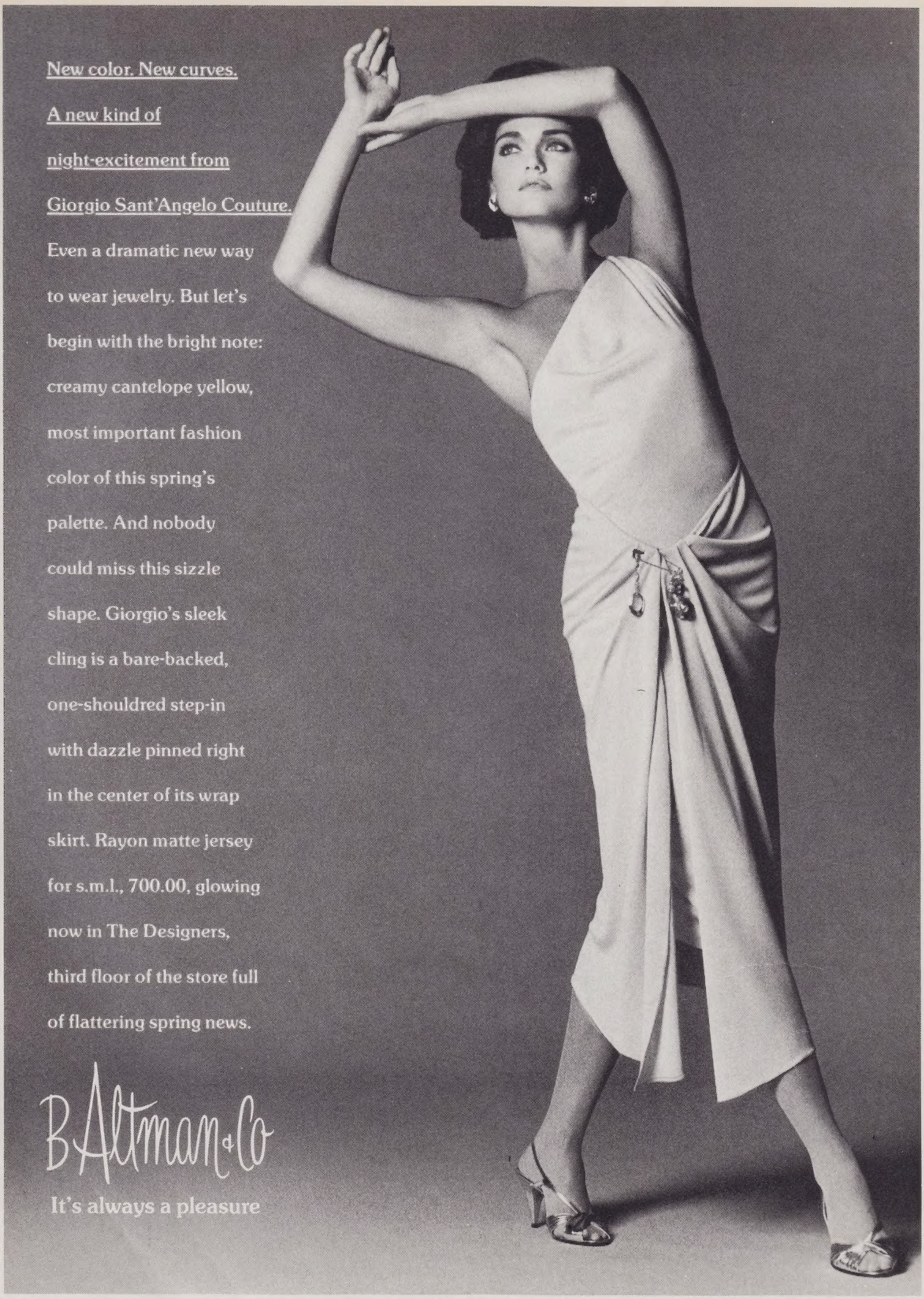

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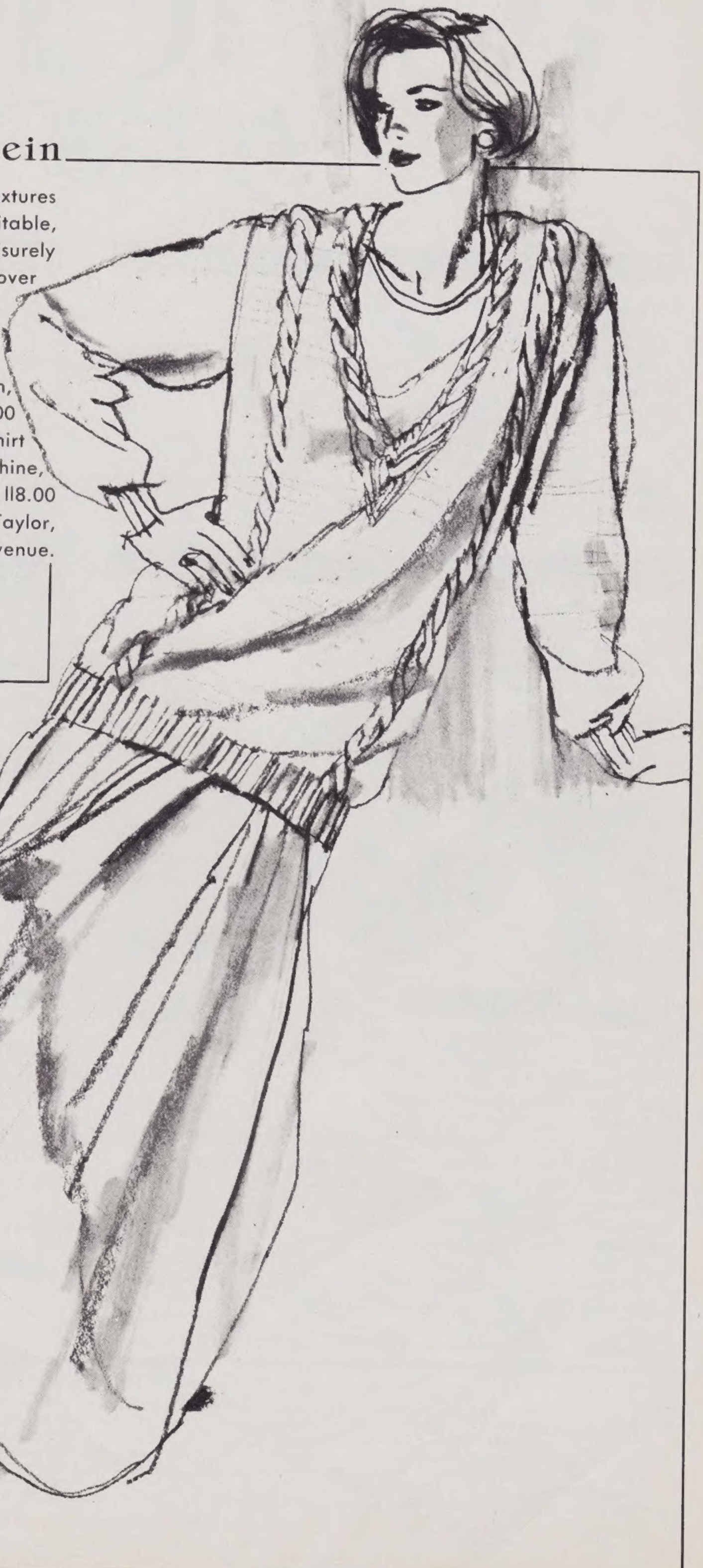

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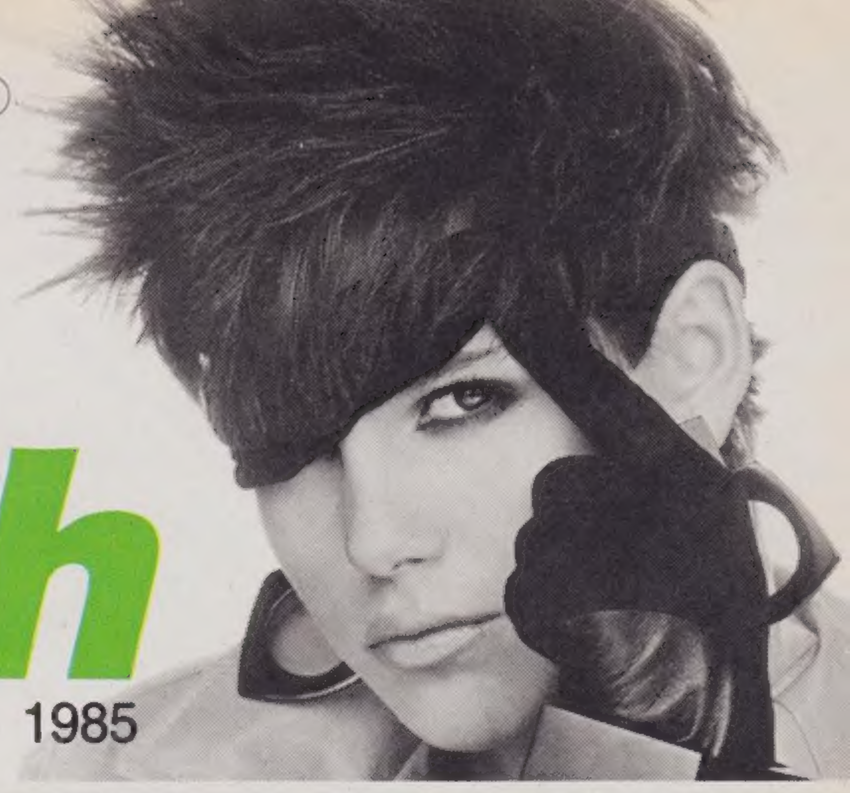

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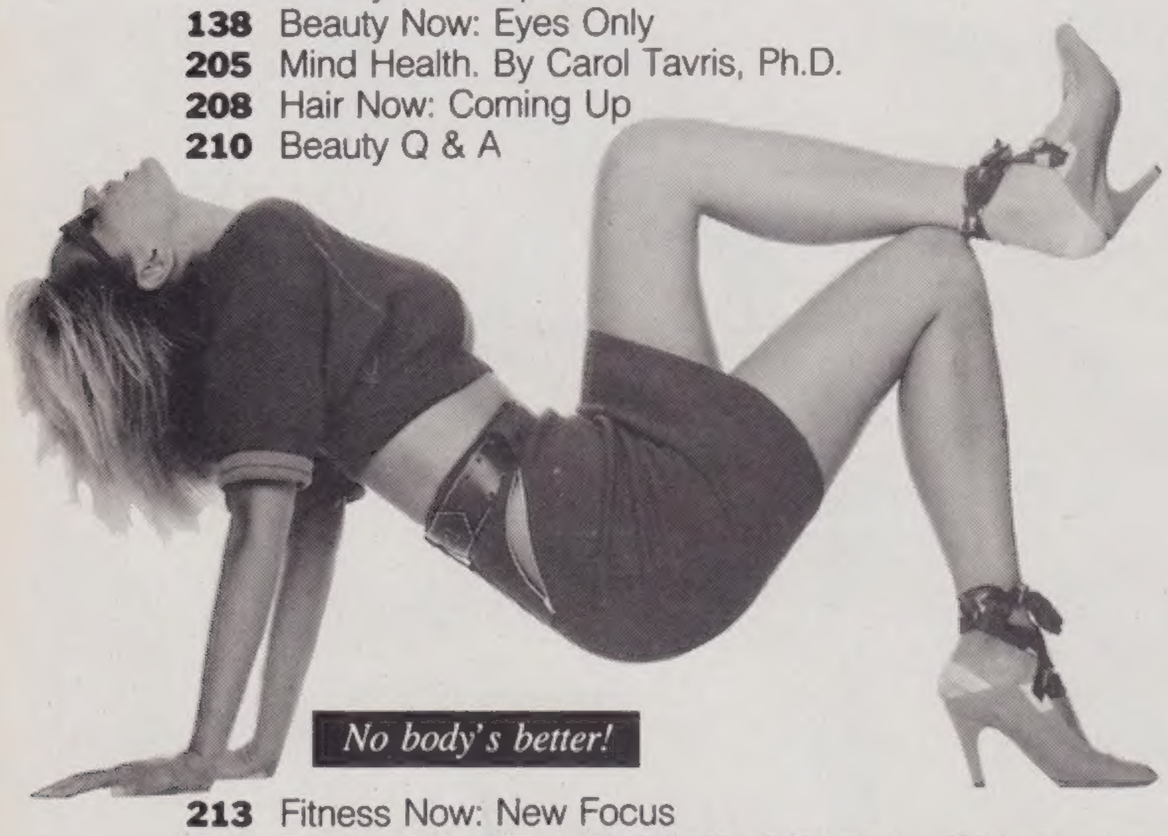

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Flirtations

CHLOÉ

Black silk chiffon, twice collared in white organza. The criss-cross of straps in back lend a subtle allure. Place Elegante on 3, New York.

bloomingdale's

CLAUDE MONTANA

Catch the hot, lively tempo of his rhythmic blues.

A virtuoso in his field, Claude Montana plays his new-length skirt with the swing of the looser, lengthier jacket for a look that's relaxed yet upbeat. And the perfect accompaniment to this dynamic duo? His oversized shirt in an indigo buffalo check. All in cotton for sizes 38-42. The jacket, $240. Shirt, $280. Skirt, 38-44, $120.

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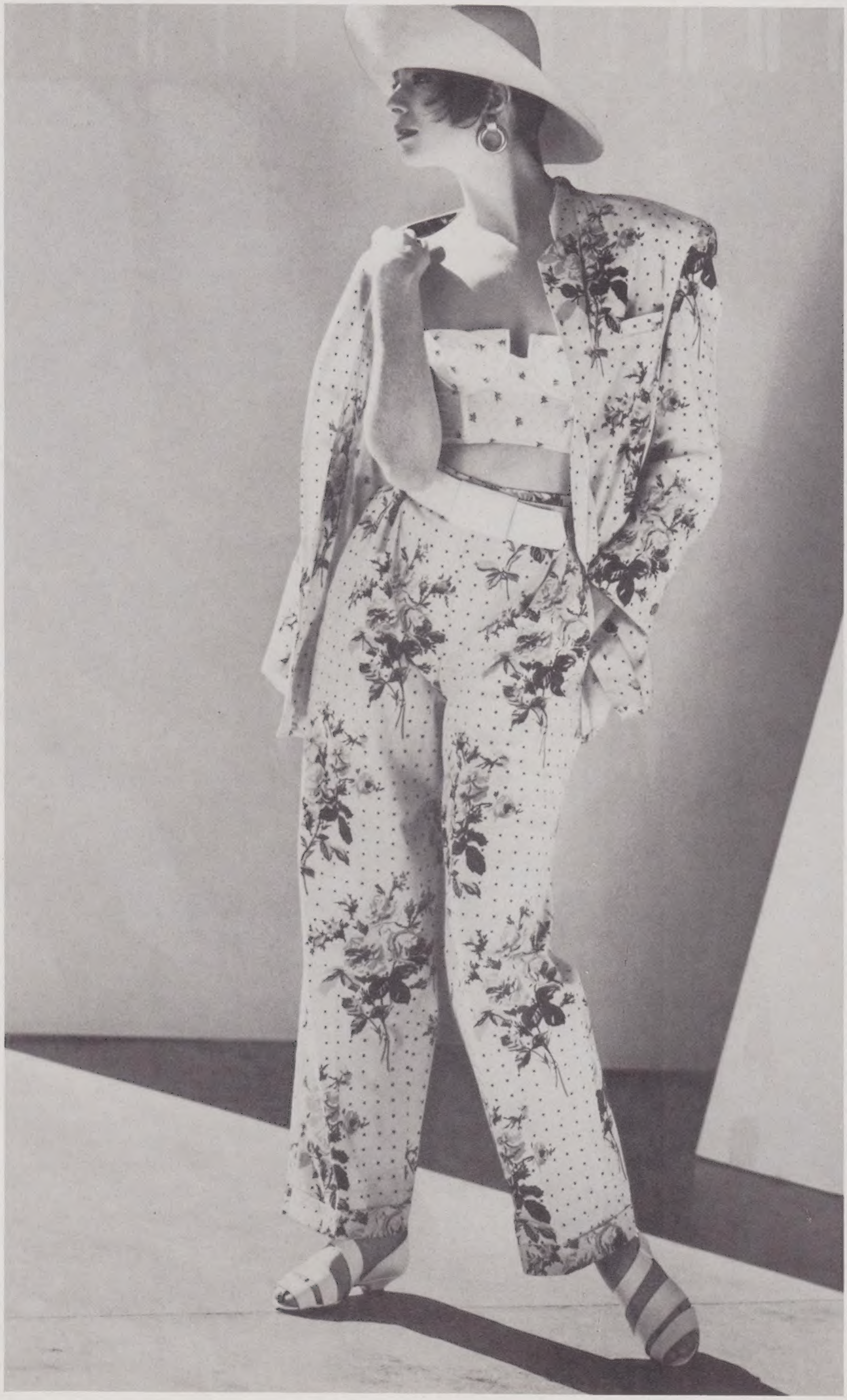

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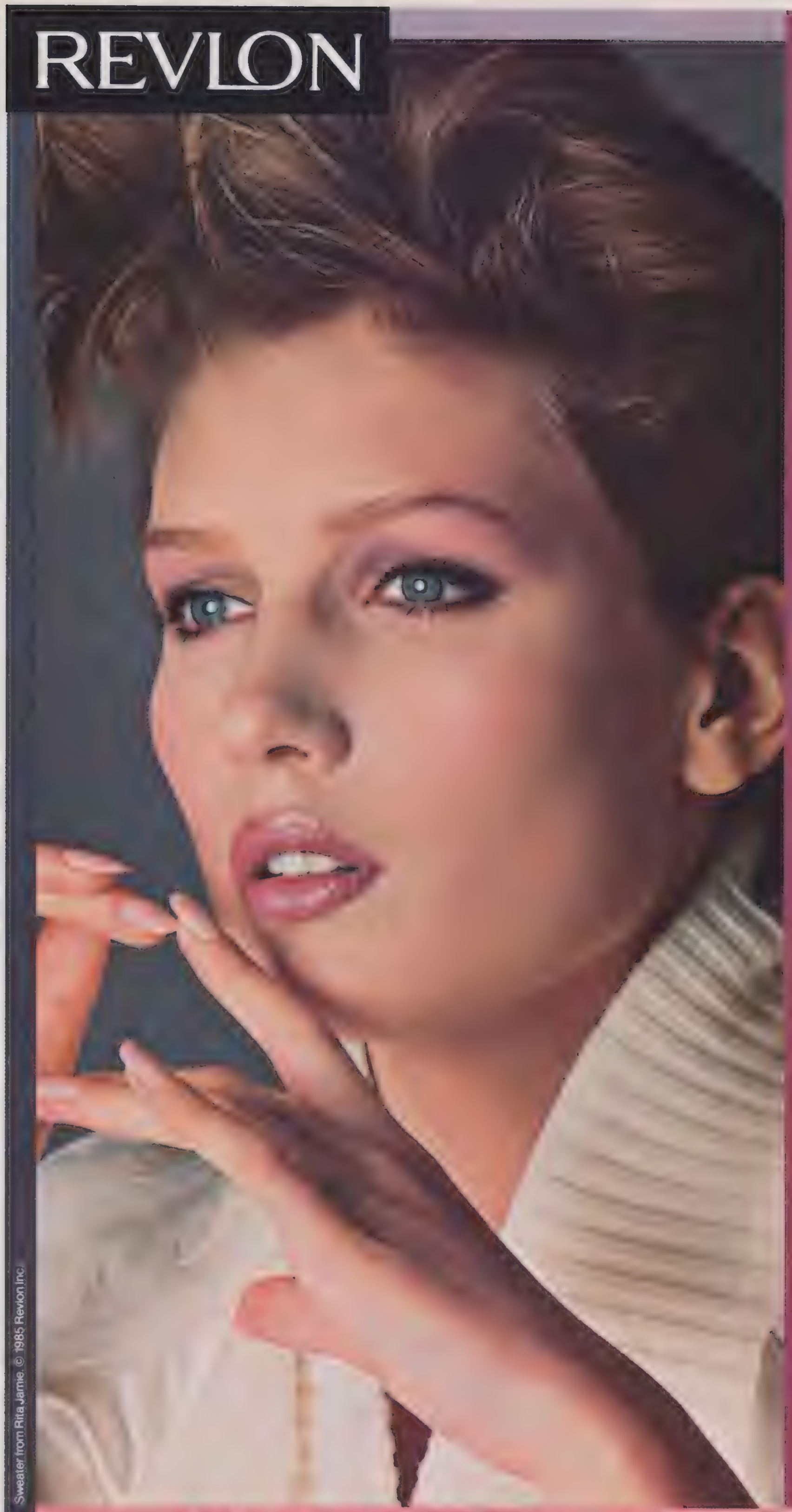

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AT
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On her lips Kim is wearing Tiger Lily; on her cheeks Red Silk; and on her eyes Blue Brilliant. © 1985 Charles Revson, Inc.

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the skin's ability to hold moisture.

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skin care to Night Repair.
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every night and
wake up to
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*U.S. patent granted for exclusive cellular extract

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Pam is wearing Black Diamond, Dusty Pink Frost and Skyblaze. Jacket by Culture Shock, Jewelry by Laurence deVries, Shirt by Agnes B. © 1985 Revlon Inc.

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Society Mint
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Slated Grey
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Midnight Plum
Wisteria
Wild Violet
Sterling Iris
Prosperous Plum
Wine with Everything
Sparkling Burgundy
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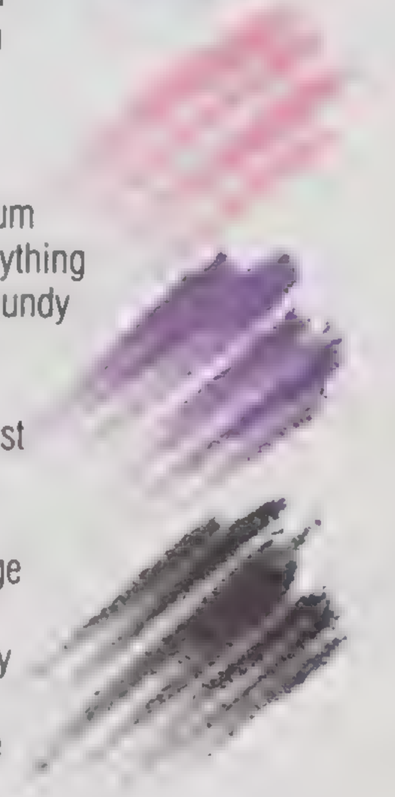

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Mary McFadden

for

Martha

Park Avenue Palm Beach Bal Harbour Trump Tower

FLORA KUNG

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LANCÔME
PARIS

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best time
to deal
with
tomorrow's
lines
is today.

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LINE

PREVENTOR

THE PERFECT SKIN SUPPLEMENT

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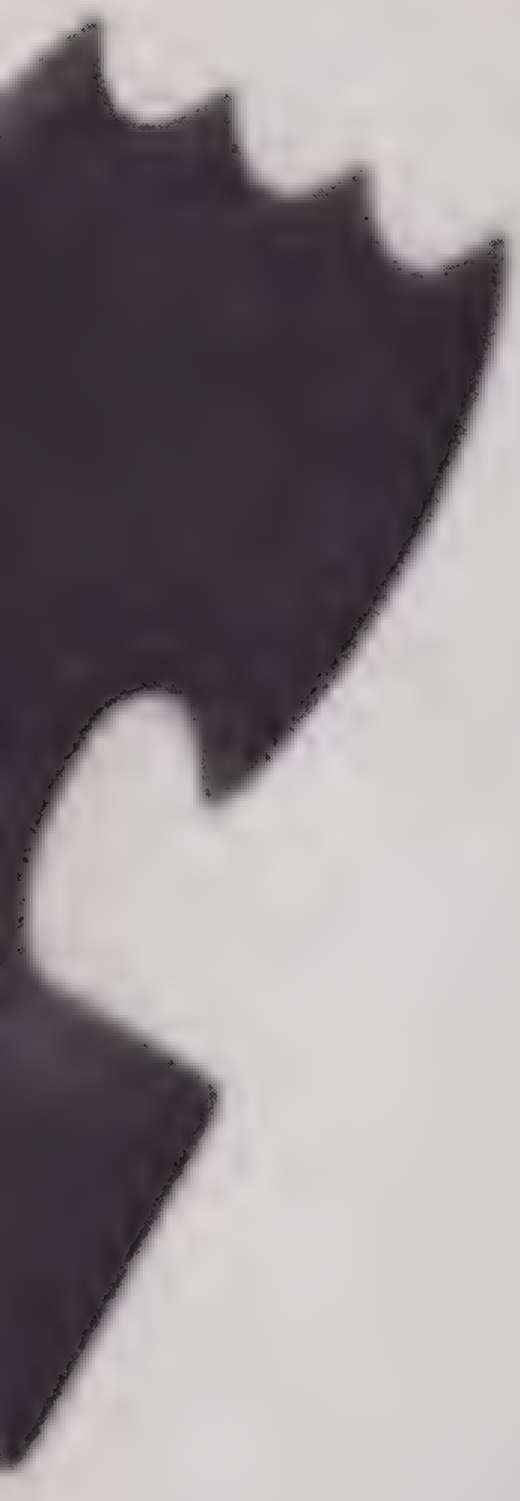

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PRESCRIPTIVES

You can do it. You can change the look of tomorrow's skin.

Les Pastels de Papillons

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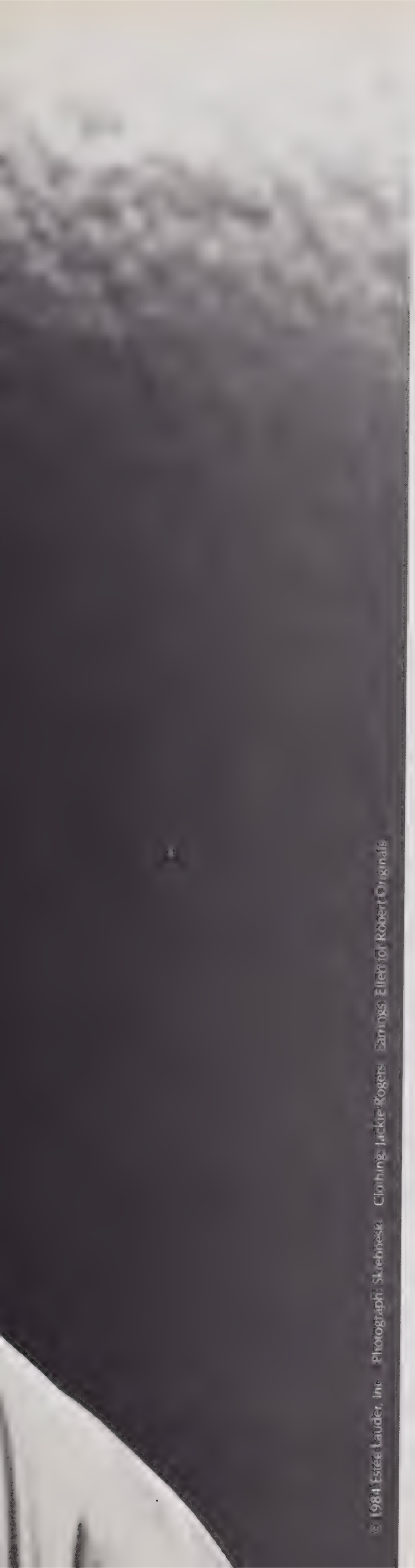
Collage Butterfly: Koos Van Den Akker
Jewelry: Marcella Saltz © Cosmair, Inc. 1985



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Jacki Adams is wearing Palepetal LipCreme. Earrings: Kruger Gallery.

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Petals

A gathering of voluptuously pale colors for lips, nails, cheeks and eyes.

Elizabeth Arden

Dalla Collezione Primavera-Estate

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Firenze Milano Roma Napoli Genova Torino Bari Capri London Zürich

"The interior dialogue
I maintain with fashion
is in fact an interior dialogue with myself."

—SONIA RYKIEL

SHOWN: From the spring collection by Sonia Rykiel, the black crepe pleat front dress.
Mid-calf length, half sleeves, scoop neck, and decorative red silk flower.
Misses' sizes S and M.
$480
Designer Sportswear — Chestnut Hill only.

TALKED ABOUT: Please join us for a preview of spring fashions presented by Vogue Merchandising Director, Alice Brooks.
Thursday, February 28 at 5:30 p.m. in our Boston store, fourth floor.
For details and reservations, call 617-357-7922. $10 admission fee includes buffet supper. Seating is limited.
You are also invited to a Vogue Fashion Seminar Luncheon with Ms. Brooks on Wednesday, February 27 at 12 noon in our Chestnut Hill Greenery Restaurant. Call 965-3800 ext. 2061 for further information.

FILENES

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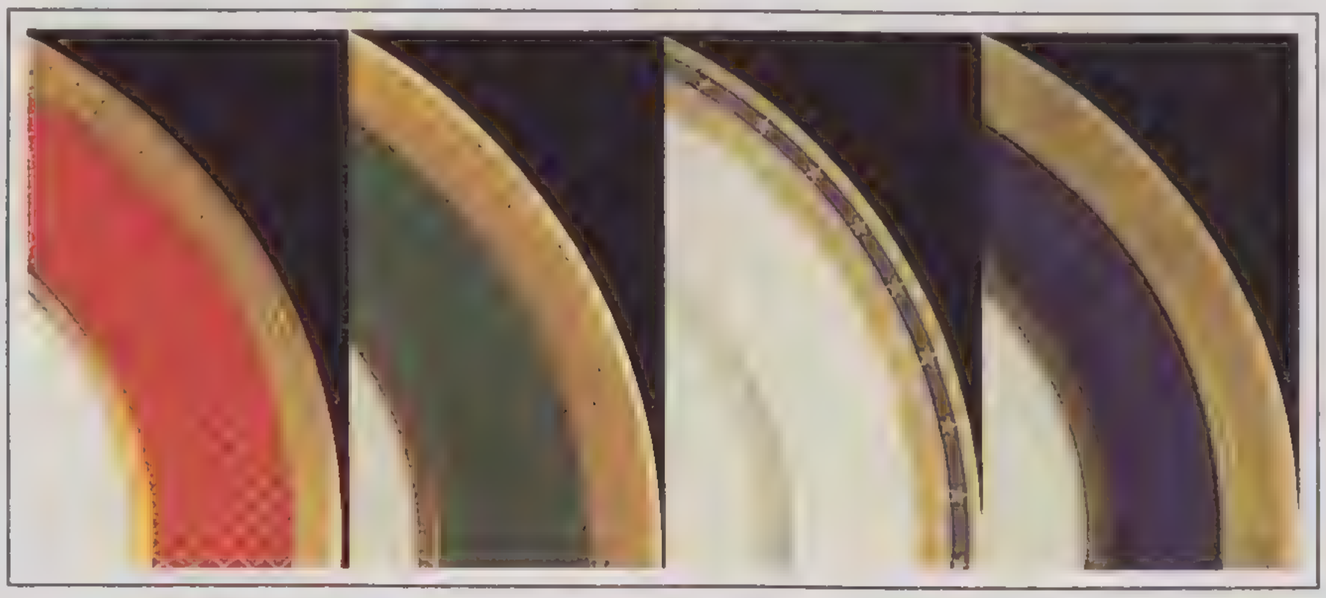
Washington, 1918. A tradition takes shape.

Almost a century ago, a man named Walter Scott Lenox began to realize his ideal of making the finest china in America. It was his dedication to perfection and pride in his craft that attracted the attention of Woodrow Wilson in 1918. President Wilson ordered a Lenox China service of 1,700 pieces for the White House, the first such American made service.

Since that time, Lenox has provided new Official State Services of china for the White House. During the Thirties, President Roosevelt commissioned Lenox to develop a special service. Years later, President Truman called upon Lenox again. And most recently, in 1982, Lenox completed a new service for the White House.



The current White House China (1982), the Truman (1951), Roosevelt (1935), and Wilson (1918) China Services.

What is most remarkable about these services is not the inherent prestige in gracing the most prominent table in our land, but rather that the very same quality china is available to everyone. Of course, the actual White House patterns are unobtainable. Yet all the care and artistry that go into the Presidential Services go into every single piece of Lenox China.

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The "Liberty" pattern on The Presidential Shape. (1984)

Today, Lenox introduces five new patterns on the Presidential Shape. They are "Patriot," "Monroe," "Jefferson," "Tyler," and shown here, "Liberty."

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BEAUTY NOW

spring change

New approaches—to skin care, to makeup, to nails…and a new emphasis on convenience

anti-aging advances

In response to the condition that more and more women—that everyone, sooner or later—must of necessity address, have come, happily, more and more products designed to help. The condition: aging, and the toll it takes on skin. One of the newest ways to help prevent the damage: ProCollagen Anti-Aging Complex from Ultima II, a skin treatment containing a newly isolated molecule (procollagen) that produces and "feeds" soluble collagen into the skin, countering the collagen breakdown that aging brings on. The results promised with repeated use: more firmness, tone, suppleness, and greater resistance to lines or wrinkles.

A breath of fresh air: a new approach to makeup—softer, minimal, much prettier. . .

COVER LOOK

Exciting new change in makeup this spring: a decided move towards a soft, natural, feminine look, achieved by sparing use of very gentle, very pretty "butterfly" colors—a little on the lips, even less on cheeks, and a bit of soft shading for the eyes. It's the look you see, here and on our cover, on model Alexa Singer (and that you'll see more of later in this issue): a casual sweep of amber on the eyes, the cheeks just barely blushed, lips colored soft pink and "iced" with a light mauve. Nothing else but a light dusting of powder. And, under it all: a skin supplement that helps to prevent collagen breakdown and the formation of lines and wrinkles—new Line Preventor. This, and the makeup, all from Prescriptives. Tiger Lily eyeshadow, Dawn blusher, Tourmaline lipstick, Amethyste lip gloss, Light Tint powder. Jacket and hat, by Fendi. Earrings, by Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Ar[illegible]n. Makeup by Ariella. Hair by Suga of Suga Salon, NYC. Photograph by Avedon.

INNOVATIVE: NEW PLEASURES IN NEW PACKAGES

Invention, imagination, ingenuity—what you get with the best new product packaging, designed to deliver convenience—in size, in versatility, in portability. From IS, a new skin and cosmetics line with an emphasis on hygiene (brushes and pumps do the work of fingers): a push-button organizer that contains five pop-up, do-everything, pencil-slim products—eyeliner, eyeshadow, eyebrow shaper, lipstick, mascara; and their tiny two-tiered compact filled with blushes and lip glosses . . . Joan Simmons' mini makeup brush and sponge in swivel-up tubes . . . Shiseido's paper powder packets—eighty little sheets that refresh makeup, tuck into a purse; and their slender foundation stick for touch-ups . . . A bullet-shaped perfume atomizer from Shildkraut to keep a favorite fragrance on hand . . . Fiorucci's three-level makeup compact with all one needs to "do" a face—in a box mere inches square . . . Andrea Eye Q's Split Stick, a two-in-one wrinkle stick and concealer . . . For the neatest brows (the idea, at *left*), Larry Mathews' Eyebrow Shapers: press-on, peel-off strips that leave brows free of stragglers for weeks . . . from Shaklee, a magnetized compact to hold a customized selection of blushes, shadows . . . and for men, Oscar de la Renta's Pour Lui grooming system scented products in travel-sized tubes, designed to work for frequent flyers.

NAIL TRENDS

Right now: a different look for nails. It starts with a change in color options, echoing the move towards softer, gentler shades in makeup: paler pinks, apricots, and lavenders are news in nail lacquer. Now and then, you'll find nail color with more intensity—rose polish when you're wearing pale pink on the lips, say—to deliver a welcome spark, an accent. (Matching is *not* the idea.)

More news, from NYC's Accent Salon: an emphasis on treatment to solve nail problems—special creams and oils used in manicures. Another change: a difference in nail shape—rounded, slightly longer. For nails that need a boost in this direction, from NYC's Pierre Michel Salon: a switch to silicone nail extensions—less brittle, less apt to cause allergy than acrylic, silicone is thinner, more natural, longer lasting.

Bottom *left* photo: STEVEN MEISEL

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Your Letters

No (work)place like home?
As an attorney and a mother, I take exception to many of the statements in Jane O'Reilly's article ["On Women Who Let Men Off Easy"] in the December Vogue. She falls into the same mistake of men and other women in demeaning the value of being home to raise one's own child.

At this point in my life, I find watching my fourteen-month-old daughter walk, laugh, play, and dance more rewarding than spending my time lobbying the State House and redrafting archaic laws. This is my choice right now, and I realize that I am privileged to be able to choose not to work outside the home.

Let's face it—in this country most women who work do so because they must. Professional women who carve careers for themselves should be admired and encouraged, just as those who want to take some time to engage in parenting should be. I hardly think we're ending up on square one, to paraphrase Ms. O'Reilly. We're growing in different ways.

There is a joy in sharing the days with your child and a great freedom in scheduling the days as you choose, around your own clock. Why should women buy into the myth of the rat race, that it is any greater to struggle in the business world than the domestic sphere?

I agree with Ms. O'Reilly that men should make some choices between career and parenting too; it should not be a dilemma for women alone. But I am finding more and more friends—professional women—who are choosing to take time out from their careers or make plans for part-time work in order to raise their children. And while I certainly don't think motherhood requires law-school training, again to cite from the Vogue article, I want to be the primary person in my daughter's life now, along with my husband.

A final note: every woman deserves to make her own choice, be it career, parenting, or both; and she should not be judged unfairly by others, especially by other women.

Robin M. Stein
Auburndale MA

It seems that you don't have to look very far to find someone eager to take cheap shots at the woman at home. The magazine I had always looked forward to for its fun, color, design, and reviews has become a haven for despisers of housewives. [I refer to]...Jane O'Reilly's sneering article in your—of all things—holiday issue.

I find it pretty amusing to be referred to as a "hot-house bloom." If O'Reilly chooses to regard my life as pampered and without stress, I guess I can understand her resentment. But my time at home has been the hardest work I've ever done, and a big factor in its difficulty is fielding the boorish remarks of wage-earning women.

I was part of the workplace for many years, and I was aware then of the pressures and guilt of the typical wage-earning mother. And I can understand that when a wage earner confronts a homemaker, the temptation to justify one's life style by sarcastic sniping may be very strong. But I believe that promoting this divisiveness between the homemaker and the wage earner is unproductive to say the least. It may be that this division is what was really behind the defeat of the ERA. Toward the end of her hostile article, O'Reilly *admits* to being unfair. This admission is the most infuriating thing in the article. It is as if she were saying, "Housewives are fair game for potshots. Take aim and fire!"...

Kathy Garriott
Robinson TX

Transatlantic love
...I feel I ought to tell you that since I've been receiving Vogue I can hardly keep it in the house long enough to finish reading it. Between my daughters and my female friends (some of whom speak only Spanish), I have to hide it to read it myself.

I do believe Vogue is the best women's magazine of any country or language (not many) I know.

Mary Ann Lipson
Seville Spain

Mother's day
Thanks for making my mother a happy woman.

Last October, when she returned from Italy, she showed us her latest acquisition: "insulated" espresso cups—the rage in Italy. Undaunted by our referring to them as "prisonware," she continued using them.

Then, lo and behold, what do I find on page 252 of your December issue? My mother's espresso cups!

Now she's thrilled because, as always, she's in vogue.

Anna Ricciotti
Providence RI

Vogue at sea
I have been a reader/subscriber of Vogue since I was a child (my mother's mother took me "shopping" through each issue).

In February and March of this year I was lucky enough to be part of a six-week oceanographic research cruise in the Antarctic (my husband was chief scientist). Naturally, I brought along a couple of issues—actually, I smuggled them aboard, thinking that my mostly male-scientist compadres would mock my reading the magazine. For the first four weeks I kept them to myself, but then decided to let them just "appear" in the lab. Both issues were immediately snatched up by nearly everyone in the scientific party, and read with great enthusiasm.

Now, while there is something to be said about tending to go stir crazy when aboard a ship for six weeks, there's an awful lot to be said for Vogue!...I just wanted to let you know how much Vogue is appreciated and that it gets around.

Susan C. Wessman
San Diego CA

Dynamic duo
How fitting that Antonio Lopez should render the designs of Norma Kamali [November, 1984]! Having been a fan of both for a *very* long time (long before it became "fashionable") I was truly thrilled to see the beautiful combination of Antonio's illustrations and Norma Kamali's designs on your pages. They're both truly originals! Merçi!

Lisa Witschi
Glen Cove NY

At the movies...
[Re: "Myth America," December, 1984, the comment, "...civilizations that can celebrate Jerry Lewis have scant moral authority to condemn *Porky's*..."] I'm tired of the condescending, snobbish tone I all too frequently detect when reading American criticism of Jerry Lewis. Jerry's movies all had warmth, true and good emotions, a little self-mockery, great humor, and an absence of cruelty. Movies such as *Porky's* celebrate all that is raunchy and shallow in our society. Take another look at any of Jerry Lewis' movies—they were full of honest laughter. His characters invariably had a depth of emotion (as does Lewis) that was moving (and probably is what makes some viewers uncomfortable), and that ranged from tears to hilarity. They always featured friendship and love, emotions either mocked or ignored in many of today's cynical, juvenile comedies. Lay off of Jerry Lewis—he deserves the praise and love the French have given him.

Ginny Klein
Lakewood CO

Familiarity breeds content
[Re: "A View from the Couch," by Susan Bolotin, December 1984] I thought I was a pretty sophisticated gal.

I've seen every movie Woody Allen ever made. I even read Vogue. So, how come I never heard of the word "hamishe"?

I feel so...goy.

Deborah Zuckermann
Shaker Heights OH

Author's reply: *Since I once told a writer who insisted on using jeunesse when he meant youth that he was très dégoûtant, I hate to think I made any reader feel unsophisticated by my use of hamishe. Yiddish is a language I know hardly at all—though I think Ms. Zuckermann meant that I made her feel goyish, the adjectival form of goy—but it can come in handy. In one word, hamishe says that something or someone is familiar and kind, unpretentious and warm; for me, it conjures up a whole set of smells and feelings (case in point: The Carnegie Deli in Woody Allen's "Broadway Danny Rose" is hamishe). If readers didn't understand that combination, mea culpa—or rather, my fault.*

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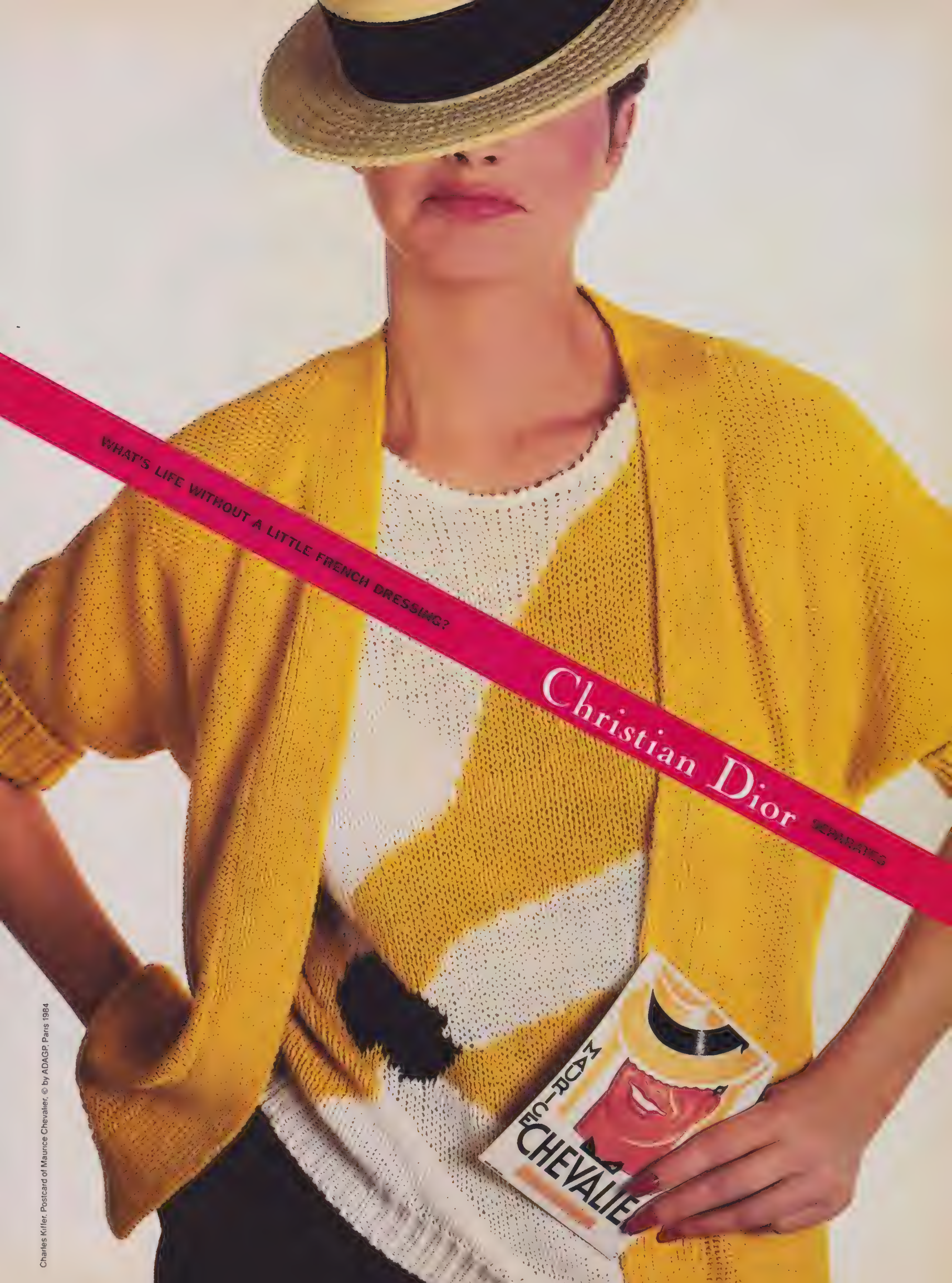

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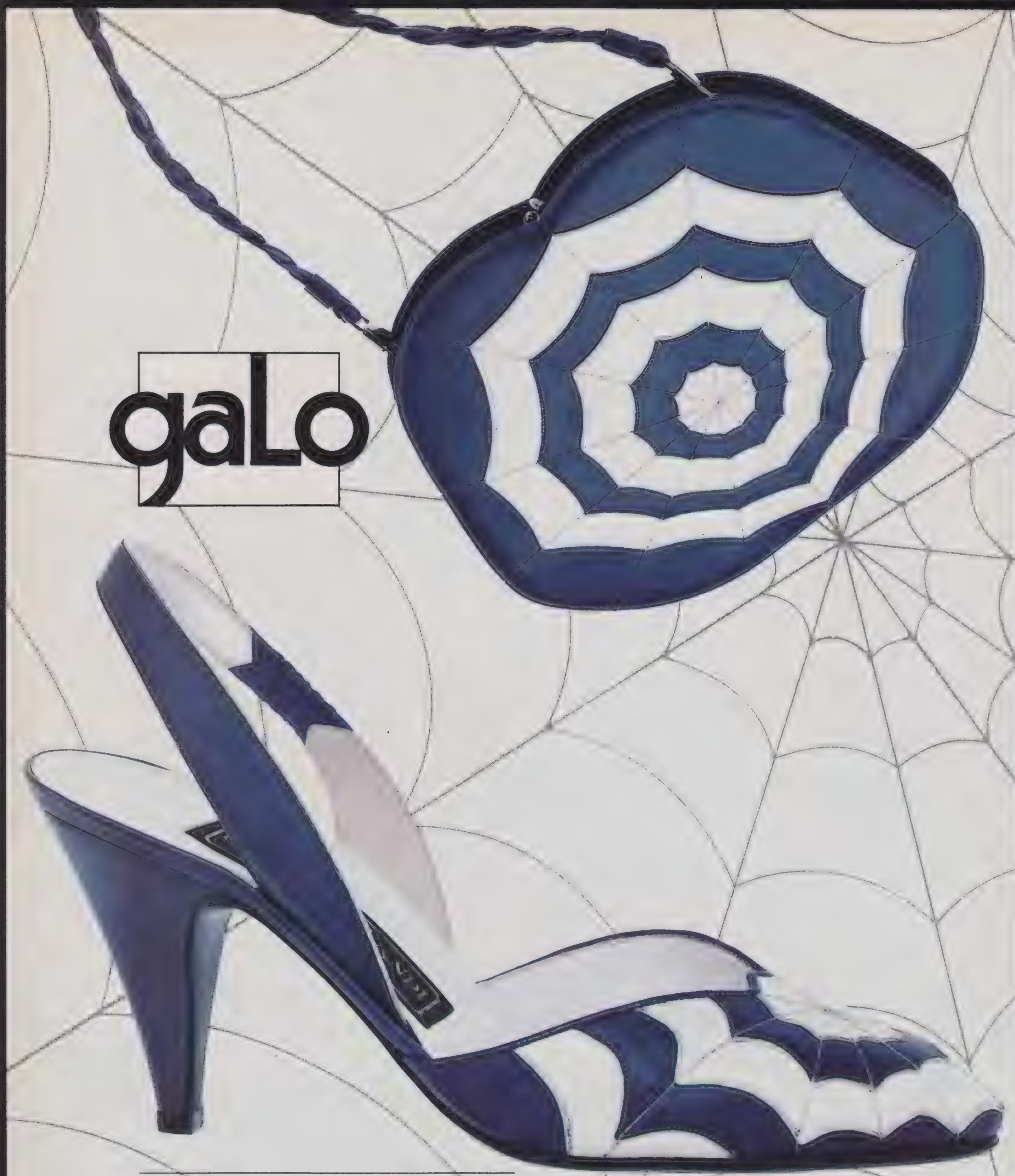

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GEORGES MARCIANO
guess jeans

update

Makeup: emphasis on speed, application ease…color favorites… better service at cosmetics counters

QUICK LIFTS

Makeup artists' favorites: It's a makeup artist's job to try masses of cosmetics, then to narrow down to a few as hardest-working, easiest-to-use, widely flattering favorites. These selections also have a real practicality: a single product plays several roles, even converts one color into several....An eyeshadow base may seem to be a real frill: nice if you're laboring over your makeup, the first thing to eliminate if you're time-pressed. But, according to makeup artists, a sweep of Orlane's Eye Makeup Base on eyelids speeds day-to-evening makeup changes, sets the foundation for clean, fresh, evening shadows...Two double-duty products from Shiseido: their Moisture Mist stick foundation subs as light coverage instead of base, acts as a lip color, a softener for bright lip shades; Shiseido's Timid Shadow works as cheek and eye colors, looks natural on most skin tones ....Stendhal's brown pencil is a long-lasting lip color, a smudgy eye liner....Makeup artists' staple: Elizabeth Arden's Eight-Hour Cream. It glosses eyebrows, eyelashes (instead of mascara) and can be mixed with powder eyeshadows to produce unusual lip colors.

Fragrance dimension: *Because, experts say, scent "rises," don't forget to apply it to your feet as well as to arms and neck. Splash eau de Cologne or slather scented lotion all-over; then, to give scent lasting punch, add perfume at pulse points, including ankles, backs of knees...*

A very finished, precise makeup is fine; but, today, for most women, speed and ease of application are the bottom line. That speed works to a woman's advantage: it's the effortless, light-handed, understated makeup that looks best this spring.

Scaled-down day makeup: *"Brush light rose blusher over cheeks, across the bridge of the nose, on chin, forehead. Instead of lipstick, line and fill in lips with a mauve pencil topped with a bit of gloss," says makeup artist Margaret Avery. Another idea: "Beige frosted lipstick worn alone creates a warm, golden tone, is a fast makeup update for spring."*

Fast foundation: *Most women don't need all-over base. "Instead, dot wand concealer under eyes, around mouth and nose, blending out with a damp sponge," says makeup artist Linda Cantello. A thin layer of translucent powder looks cleaner, more appealing than a face covered with foundation.*

Quick day-to-evening shifts: *Use brown or taupe shadow as liner on upper eyelids, under lower lashes. "Color lips in matte red (apply with a lip brush, blot, reapply, blot again), brush translucent powder all over the face—that's all," says Cantello. Other tips: "Instead of eyeshadow, brush lashes with either bright green or blue mascara, or dip the wand from white mascara in a bright tube to create a pastel shade. Strong eyebrows—emphasized by brushing them straight up with a blotted brown mascara wand—make eyeshadow unnecessary. I like to 'set off' dark brows with a pale pastel or buff shade on lips." Avery's day-to-evening quick-change: brush frosted loose powder in peachy-pink on browbones, high on cheekbones; slick on frosted lipstick; give eyelashes an extra coat of black mascara; and go.*

THE NEW EXPERTS

As skincare, haircare, makeup, even fragrance become more scientific, more perplexing, department store cosmetics counters have shifted their focus from the hard-sell to one that's more educational. You can see the change in more streamlined, uncluttered, almost clinical counters. And whether it's the addition of computers, cameras, pamphlets, or well-schooled specialists, providing information is the real focus.

The archetypical "information center": Clinique's counters, which originated the use of a "low tech" computer as a skin-typing, product-prescribing tool. While Clinique constantly updates their approach to skin care and makeup, they're resisting the recent trend toward high-tech gadgetry. The reason: "The one-on-one approach to education is essential to us; judgment and intuition can't be imitated by a machine," explains Iris Model, senior vice president of education at Clinique. At counters everywhere, from Canada to Japan, Clinique combines the technological advancements of better lighting, improved air quality with the increased privacy, customer comfort of their new glass-enclosed "labs."

Hair care is less a matter of mere cleansing, more one of conditioning—based on evidence that hair and scalp shape really can be improved. Philip Kingsley, long-time haircare pioneer, has expanded his London and NYC trichological institutes to department-store outposts across the country. His series of twelve pamphlets—debunking hair myths, unraveling hair mysteries—are offered as "homework" for customers. Coming: computers at Kingsley counters as diagnostic and educational tools.

One aim of fragrance salespeople is to eliminate buying mistakes. "The best counter people are trained to give fragrance advice based on the customer's skin type, life style, habits—each of which can affect the way a fragrance interacts with a woman's 'chemistry,'" says Annette Green, executive director of The Fragrance Foundation. To help upgrade counter people's expertise, The Fragrance Foundation has put together a training video on mood, body language, personality, the science of scent, more. The purpose: to broaden a woman's sensory options, enrich her pleasures.

ARTHUR ELGORT Hair by Christoon

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

CHIC TO CHEEK

Woody Allen's latest take on the reel thing

Mia Farrow is Woody Allen's screen-smitten angel in *Purple Rose of Cairo*, Jeff Daniels is her on- and off-screen Lothario

BRIAN HAMILL

The Purple Rose of Cairo, Woody Allen's latest, is the slight but charming story of what happens when Cinderella's Prince steps out of the fairy tale and comes to New Jersey for a taste of Reality. It also shows the film-buff side of Allen at his most inventive. Between snatches of Fred Astaire singing "Cheek to Cheek" that begin and end the movie (and give it a lot to live up to), Allen concocts a film within a film that is a perfect thirties parody.

The time is the Depression, aptly rendered in Gordon Willis' hangover-bleary cinematography. The local movie theater to which Cinderella-Cecilia (Mia Farrow) goes as often as her brute husband and waitress job will allow, is playing one of those stylish romantic comedies in which characters shuttle nonchalantly between Park Avenue, the Copacabana, and the Egyptian pyramids as if life were a Van Nest Polglase Monopoly board and whose cast—John Wood, Edward Herrmann and Zoe Caldwell—are just the sort who would have taken their toney voices to Hollywood in the early days of sound. They sneer even as they seduce the handsome Tom Baxter (Jeff Daniels), the white hunter-male ingenue whose duty it is to bring a little romance into the humdrum lives of such as Cecilia.

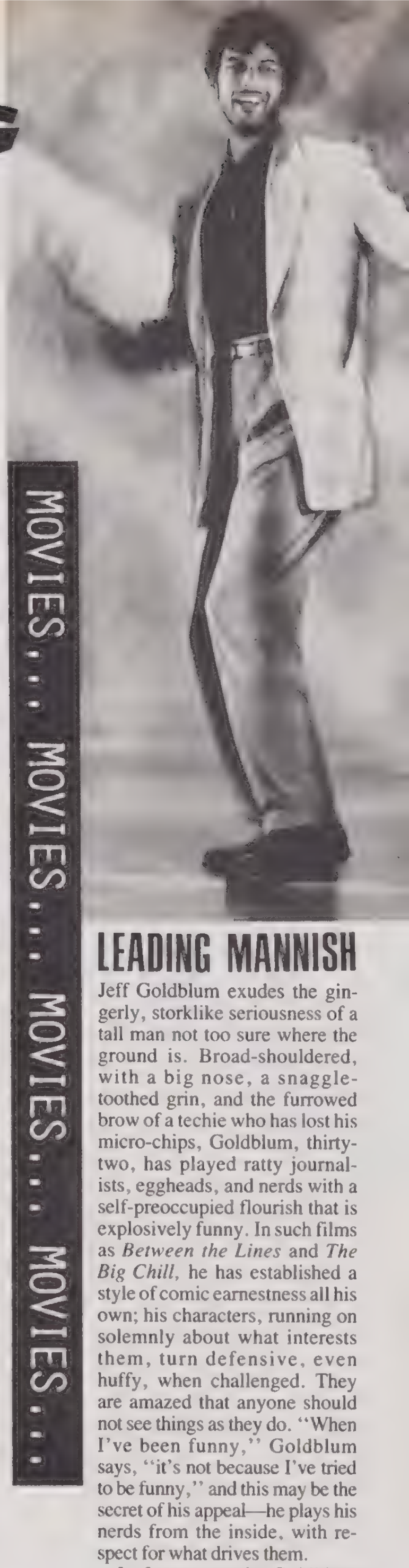
Things take a Pirandellian turn when Tom, smitten by Cecilia (and the adulation implied in her repeated viewings of his film), steps down from the screen and into a love affair with her. Allen develops the comic possibilities of the situation, as Tom pays for their Champagne with play money, and is stumped when, after a passionate embrace, there is no fade-out to relieve him of responsibility for What Comes Next.

But Cecilia expresses our own reservations when she wonders why anyone would prefer Depression New Jersey to Champagne fantasy on the silver screen. Allen's premise, gossamer light as it is, goes against the grain. The real pull is the reel pull, us wanting to go over to the fantasy world rather than the other way around. Buster Keaton captured this powerful urge for all time in *Sherlock Jr.*, in that mystical moment when the projectionist he plays leaves his projector, walks up the aisle and into the movie.

Allen's purpose, on the contrary, is comic demystification. Jeff (*Terms of Endearment*) Daniels, is deliberately coy as the two-dimensional character who must suddenly perform in the round. The movie's funniest and most knowing moments are in the running argument over Tom's status in the movie, whether he is a lead—as he maintains—or a supporting character, which his screen colleagues, desperate as they are to get him back, nevertheless insist he is.

Mia Farrow, Allen's lady love and star, is her sweet, wistful self, never overwhelming, and Allen seems not only to acknowledge this, but to build the film around it. In the end, as she sits, rapt, watching Rogers and Astaire do one of their three most exalted numbers, Allen emphasizes the ironic contrast between the drabness of the living woman in color, and the pristine black-and-white print of *Top Hat*. Farrow seems there to remind us that the stars of today will never, can never have the magic of their predecessors. But why rub it in? —MOLLY HASKELL

MOVIE STAR NEWS



MOVIES... MOVIES... MOVIES...

LEADING MANNISH

Jeff Goldblum exudes the gingerly, storklike seriousness of a tall man not too sure where the ground is. Broad-shouldered, with a big nose, a snaggle-toothed grin, and the furrowed brow of a techie who has lost his micro-chips, Goldblum, thirty-two, has played ratty journalists, eggheads, and nerds with a self-preoccupied flourish that is explosively funny. In such films as *Between the Lines* and *The Big Chill*, he has established a style of comic earnestness all his own; his characters, running on solemnly about what interests them, turn defensive, even huffy, when challenged. They are amazed that anyone should not see things as they do. "When I've been funny," Goldblum says, "it's not because I've tried to be funny," and this may be the secret of his appeal—he plays his nerds from the inside, with respect for what drives them.

In future months Goldblum will appear as an aerospace engineer who helps a girl out of trouble in John Landis' *Into the Night*, and as a gambler in Lawrence Kasdan's Western, *Silverado*. "Sort of leading-mannish" is the way he describes these roles. If true, then Hollywood has lost its best character actor. —DAVID DENBY

CHRIS CALLIS

VOGUE, March, 1985

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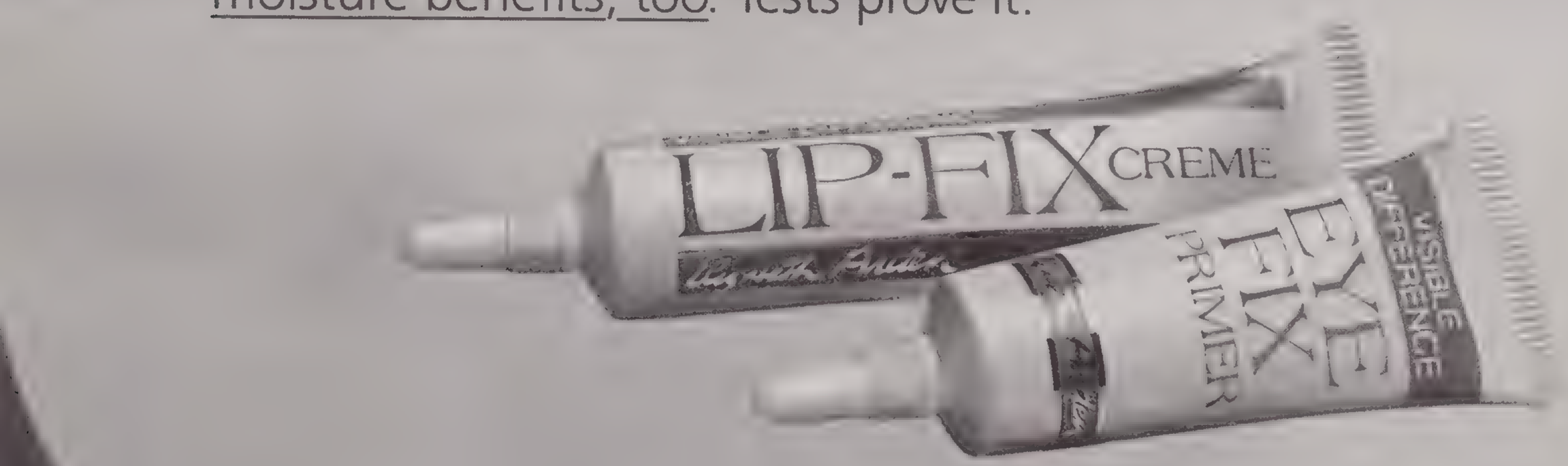

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MOVIES...

1984

Now that 1984 is more or less safely behind us, maybe we can get down to reading George Orwell in earnest, beginning with the *Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters*. For *1984*, the most famous of his writings, is by no means the best or most interesting. Even at the time of its publication, the book whose title has become a generic catchword for the totalitarian future was considered dated, with critics averring it was more about 1948, and Stalinist Russia, than 1984.

It was inevitable that someone should bring *1984* to the screen as an act of homage, in the year of its imagined setting, but not inevitable that it be done with such slavish fidelity as to illuminate—or rather, enshroud—the book's weaknesses. The gloom of this production, written and directed by Michael Radford and shot in scabrous and unrecognizable London locations, is unrelieved. The Soviet link with the fictional state of Oceania is carried out in Stalinist greenish-browns with touches of scarlet, in a barren and decaying prison-like atmosphere in which the only sign of efficiency is the two-way telescreens that carry the ubiquitous image of Big Brother. Orwell's infrequent touches of irony—the discrepancy between Oceania's blond Aryan ideal and the rodent-like bureaucrats running the party—don't come across in the movie.

The absence of dramatic conflict in the book is reinforced in the adaptation: Winston Smith's fate as a "thought criminal" is sealed from the beginning, and he barely struggles against it. The sense of doom is compounded in the casting of John Hurt. Cadaverous and puffy eyed, this brilliant but disturbing actor is almost unwatchable: he suggests, from the beginning, a tortured soul in a body that is being eaten from within by some mysterious malady.

It's hard to understand why the voluptuous, dark-haired Julia—and Susanna Hamilton is ravishing—would gravitate to this shrivelled creature. There's one beautiful moment when Julia, whom we've previously seen only nude or in uniform, puts on a dress and lipstick for the first time. The effect, slightly comical, is as startlingly fresh and sensual as undressing might be in another context. But for the most part their love affair has been given the studied, painterly quality that director Radford brought to that other "forbidden" love, the Scottish woman and the Italian prisoner of war in his previous picture, *Another Time, Another Place*.

When Richard Burton enters as the torturer O'Brien, his mellifluous, seductive tones and vitality come almost as a relief.

Watching *1984* is a powerful, even terrifying experience, but so is being locked up in a dark closet. A bolder director would have re-imagined Orwell's vision, recast it in a more chilling contemporary context. Radford has merely reproduced it—and thereby removed it to a place where it can't hurt. —M.H.

POP IS A WEASEL

To describe the plot of *Micki and Maude*, Blake Edwards' most controversial film in years, is to risk sending all sane women into apoplexy or organized protest. But to watch this bristling comedy thread its way through the Scylla and Charybdis of modern bigamy is something else again.

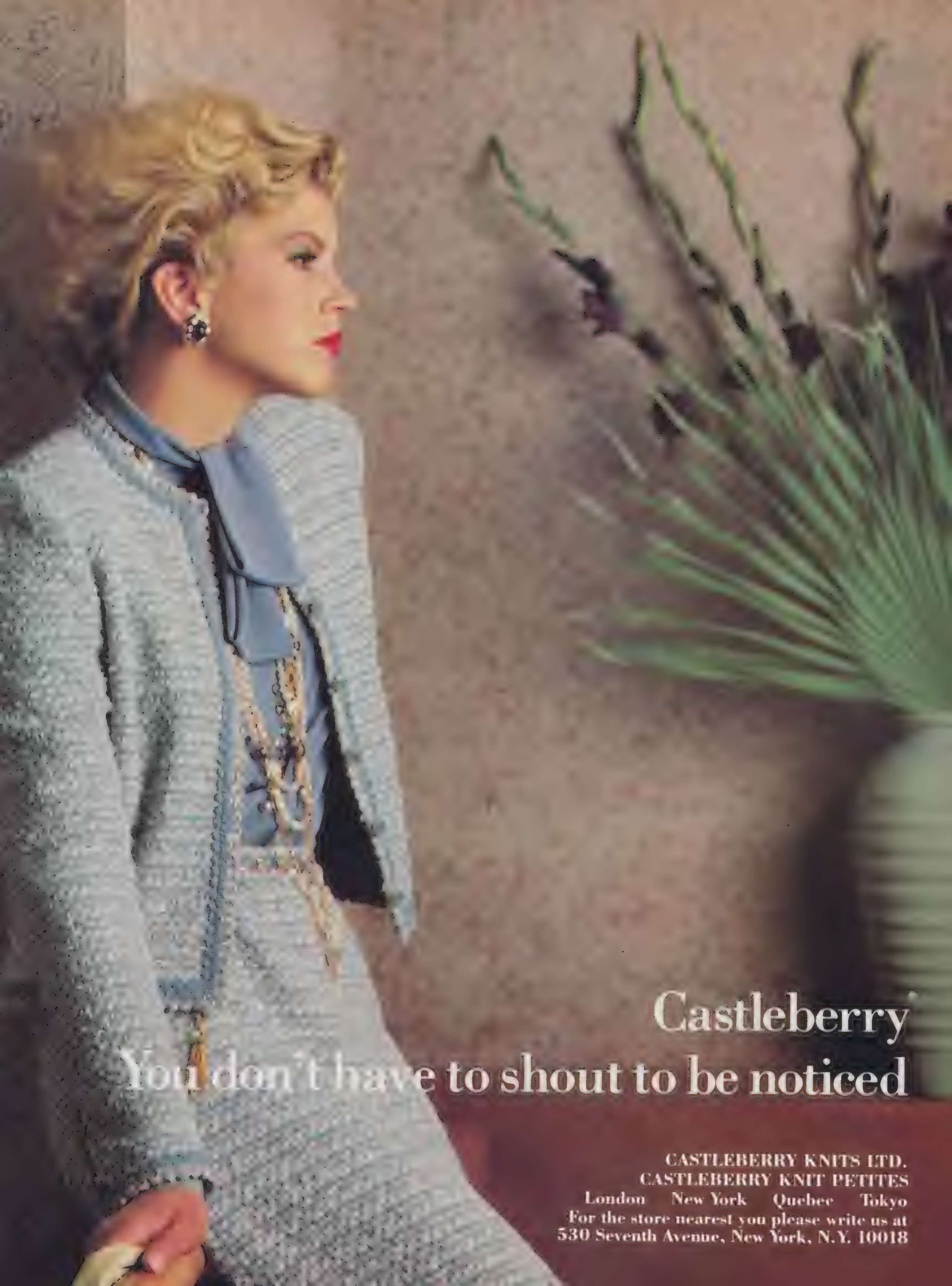
Edwards is our greatest director of farce, but he is skating on thin ice in bringing the travails of not one but two pregnant women to the screen.

It may be that he is trying to do the undoable—create a comedy of social types when the society on which types depend no longer exists. In the old days, cinema could call upon recognizable types like Rosalind Russell as an Executive Working Woman, or Norma Shearer as a Noble Wife. But in today's marital and professional free-for-all, we have to know how the career woman got where she did, why she falls for a guy—the director has to work to make the preposterous premise acceptable.

Yet Edwards manages to steer a miraculously evenhanded course, thanks to the expert performances of his three leads. Dudley Moore plays a TV reporter of such stop-the-presses stories as "The Return of the Girdle." Ann Reinking and Amy Irving, as the two Mrs. Salingers, are smashing in different ways. Reinking, in a role that could have been a retread of *Woman of the Year*, becomes, through sheer brio, outrageously funny. Irving's Other Woman, so dewy demure she sounds as if she's talking under anesthesia, is not quite the wilting violet she seems. After the inevitable showdown, the film ends on a note of comic reconciliation with the two women resuming their careers and Moore fulfilling his vocation as mother. What would have given it the satisfying ending it needs, is the scene where the two women meet and set *their* terms for the extended family! —M.H.

TIM SHEAFFER

VOGUE, March, 1985



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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ART ... ART ... ART ...

Kandinsky's 1937 fantasia of organic forms—"Center with Accompaniment"

KANDINSKY: THE PARIS PICTURES

Kandinsky in Paris: 1934-1944; the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York City; through April 14

Booted out of Germany by the Nazis in 1933, Vasily Kandinsky was forced to start a new life—at age sixty-six—in Paris. The Russian-born artist had spent his most creative and productive years in Germany, most recently as an instructor at the Bauhaus. It required resilience and humility to begin life anew in Paris. The city's Russian émigré colony shunned him, Picasso never deigned to meet him, and the press sometimes linked him erroneously to the most famous Russian painter in Paris—Marc Chagall. In Germany there was no market for Kandinsky's "decadent" art, and in France there wasn't a dealer who wanted to handle him.

Luckily, Kandinsky had a few zealous admirers in New York City, who amassed one of the world's largest and finest collections of his work—for the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. Normally, when the Guggenheim wants to put on a superb Kandinsky show, all it has to do is to raid its own storerooms. But in recent years, the museum has been engaged in an epic, three-part survey of Kandinsky's art, borrowed from a multitude of private and public collections.

The first of the exhibitions, mounted three years ago, was *Kandinsky in Munich: 1896-1914*, which featured the audacious, pioneering abstractions, begun in about 1910, that made Kandinsky such a prophetic figure for the Abstract Expressionists. (The lyrical, freely improvised abstractions of the Munich period continue to be the works that command the most widespread respect—and the highest prices.) The second installment was *Kandinsky: Russian and Bauhaus Years, 1915-1933*, chronicling his activities during the years of the Russian Revolution, when he served briefly as an art administrator in Moscow, and his influential role at the Bauhaus, whose faculty he joined in 1922.

The current exhibition concentrates on the least-known period of Kandinsky's work, from the time he settled in his apartment in Neuilly-sur-Seine, near Paris, to his death eleven years later. This exhibition contains more than two hundred works by Kandinsky and also provides a context for them by including work by Miró, Arp, Mondrian, and the artists of the Abstraction-Création group. Many critics consider Kandinsky's last decade to be anticlimactic, of only secondary importance. Yet, as this exhibition demonstrates, he produced some of his most exhilarating, joyous, and inventive work there. Kandinsky's Paris-made art is notable for its expanded repertory of forms; its novel, offbeat colors; and its general loosening up. The Paris pictures are far more vivacious, lighthearted, and whimsical than the relatively pedagogical work with its straitlaced geometry made during the Bauhaus years. He began drawing organic shapes, directly inspired by illustrations he found and cut out of scientific journals—pictures of microscopic cross-sections, embryos, and extinct or merely exotic plants and animals.

Miró, whom Kandinsky met in 1934 and considered "a real little volcano," was the artist in France whom Kandinsky most admired. And, perhaps not surprisingly, Miró's influence is abundantly evident in the organic, seemingly animate forms that swarm over Kandinsky's canvases. (There are also hints of Arp, another new-found friend in France, and of Paul Klee, Kandinsky's longtime friend and former Bauhaus colleague.) Every artist, of course, is influenced in various ways by others. What is particularly startling in Kandinsky's case is how he arrived at radically different conclusions from Miró's: in lieu of the Spanish artist's poetic eroticism, Kandinsky attemped to merge, not always successfully, his "Russian" instinct for the spiritual with his "German" knack for pedagogic detail. He remained an analytic fantasist to the end.

In June, the show travels to the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston.

—DAVID BOURDON

COLLECTION MR AND MRS ADRIEN MAEGHT, COURTESY SOLOMON R GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

THE OUTSIDER

Pascal Verbena is a forty-three-year-old French artist who supports himself by working in the Marseilles post office. A stocky, raffish-looking figure with shoulder-length hair and overflowing mustache, he often wears a black hat with a wide, floppy brim that swoops low over his chocolaty eyes. He resembles a bohemian artist of the Post-Impressionist era rather than someone to whom you would voluntarily entrust a crucial telegram.

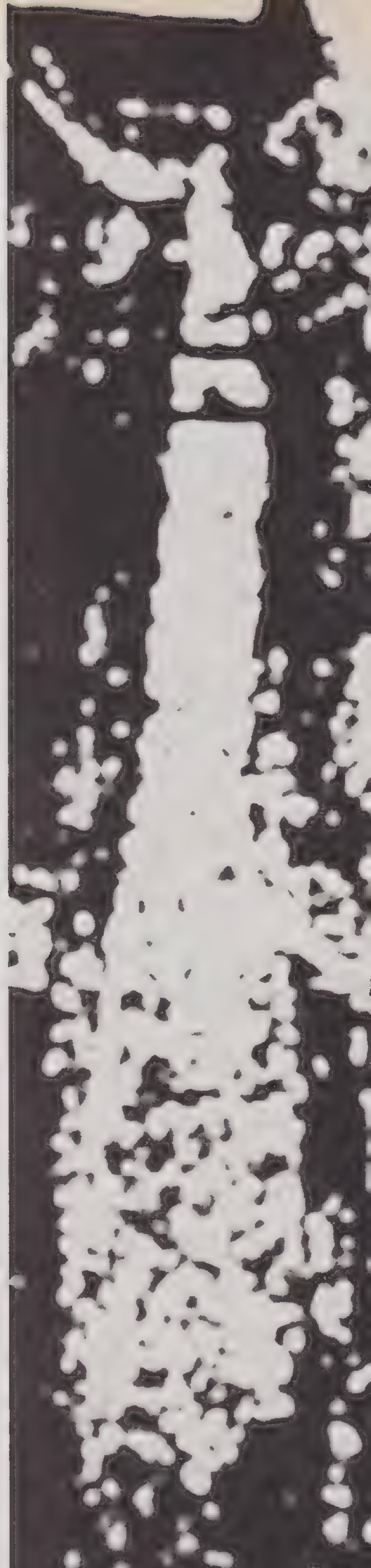
Verbena visited New York City last November in connection with his first one-man show in this country at the Rosa Esman Gallery. It was one of the most refreshing and delightful debuts of the season.

Verbena makes cabinet-like constructions of weathered grey wood—poetic, macabre contraptions that seem partly fashioned by sea winds and tides. He finds the wood—mostly flotsam from wrecked ships—on the seacoast near his home, and he meticulously laminates the wood in Minimalist-type grids with a homemade fish glue. (Concocting his own fish glue is part of his "ritual" in making a piece.)

His toylike devices are sometimes outfitted with carved wooden figures (whales, Hamlet, a devil, rabbit, and dog), often secreted in drawers and niches. The contructions usually feature movable elements—swiveling doors, sliding grilled gates that slam downward like a medieval portcullis, rope-and-pulley counterweights, and wooden balls that roll with ominous clatter down inclined runways. *(Continued on page 104)*

B M CARAMANTE

Verbena with one of his weathered-wood constructions



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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ART...

(Continued) Noise is an important element for Verbena.

Though new to this country, Verbena's art has been acclaimed in Europe for years. In France he is considered a maker of *Art brut* and in England he is called an Outsider; both terms apply to academically untrained artists whose primary concern is to express their inner visions. The term *Art brut* was coined by French painter Jean Dubuffet, who began championing and collecting this genre of art in the 'forties. For Dubuffet, *Art brut* means something like "art in the raw," unadulterated by the art world's traditions and taboos and feels no pressure to be original or trendy.

Verbena began making art in 1962. A collector (and friend of Dubuffet) happened upon the Marseilles postal worker, purchased eighty pieces for himself, and put the artist in touch with a Paris art gallery, Atelier Jacob, that specialized in *Art brut*. Verbena had his first solo show there in 1972. By the late 'seventies he was playing a prominent role in major group shows, such as *Les Singuliers de l'Art* at the Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris and *Outsiders* at the Hayward Gallery in London.

This spring Verbena will have a one-person exhibition at the Collection de l'Art Brut founded by Dubuffet in Lausanne. —D.B.

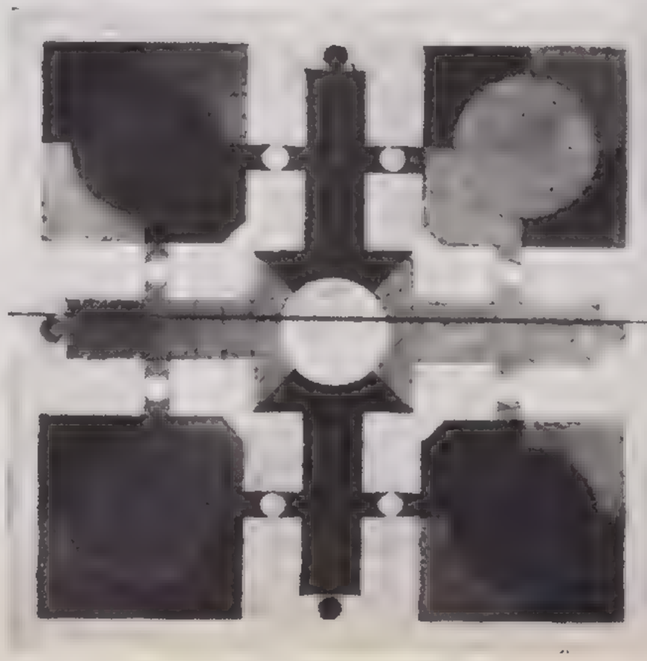
IT'S ALL IN THE GAME

Certain games offer a charmed continuity, a connectedness to our childhood's favorite idle hours. Playing cards preoccupied the mad French King Charles VI in 1392. And board games have been around a lot longer than Parker Brothers and plastic chips—in fact, they were found in the royal tombs of Ur, dating from 3000 BC. The biggest then/now difference is in the craftsmanship. *Lost in the Shuffle: Playing Cards and Board Games from Bygone Days* at the New-York Historical Society (through March 31) and *Winning Moves: Painted Gameboards of North America* at New York City's Museum of American Folk Art (through March 3, then traveling) show these games in their glorious, previous incarnations.

Lost in the Shuffle includes European and American decks from the sixteenth century to the present. Many of them are illuminated, engraved, or hand-inked—sophisticated drawings for simple pleasures. There are gambling and wedding decks, tarot cards, and transformation cards where standard suits are delicately, ingeniously penned into something else—clubs into butterflies, hearts into barristers (*above*). The cards map out an entire world view on a piece of paper the size of a pocket Kleenex.

Winning Moves is a very different show. The board games, made in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries are striking in their humble luxury. Some borders are painted false marble in an attempt to imitate more expensive ones. Other boards are wonderfully warm with earth colors and strong geometric shapes. The past, present, and future are all in the cards . . . and on the game boards. —DANA COWIN

Artists work at play. *Above, left,* early German engraved card where a suit takes a new shape, 1805. *Above, center and right,* clever promotional deck designed for Tiffany's, 1879. Board games: *top, right,* Palm Tree, a racing game, probably inspired by cribbage. *Right,* Parcheesi board painted barn red, ochre, light blue, nineteenth century.



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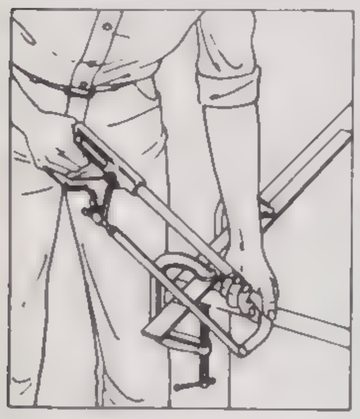

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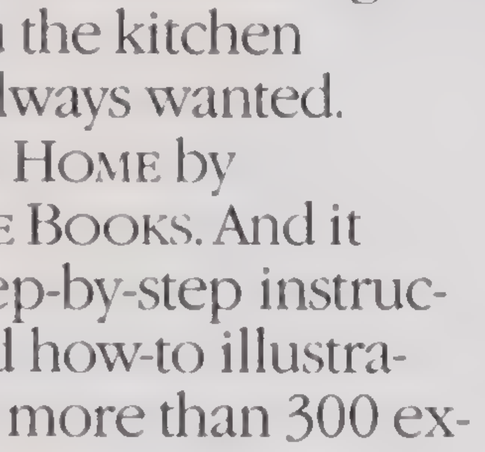

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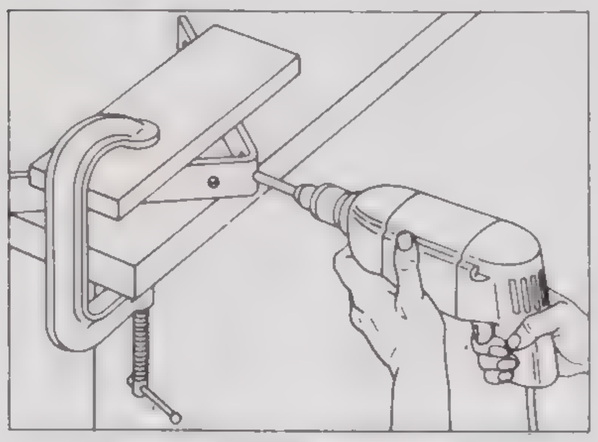

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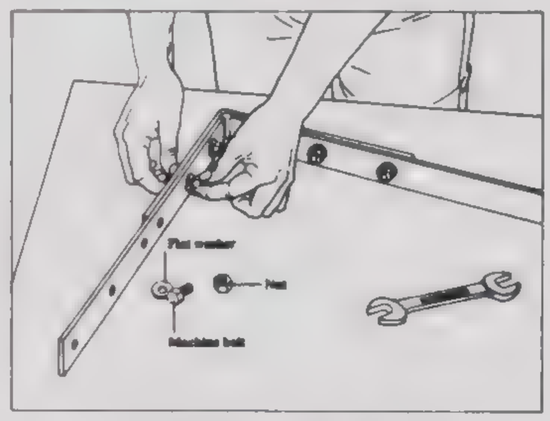

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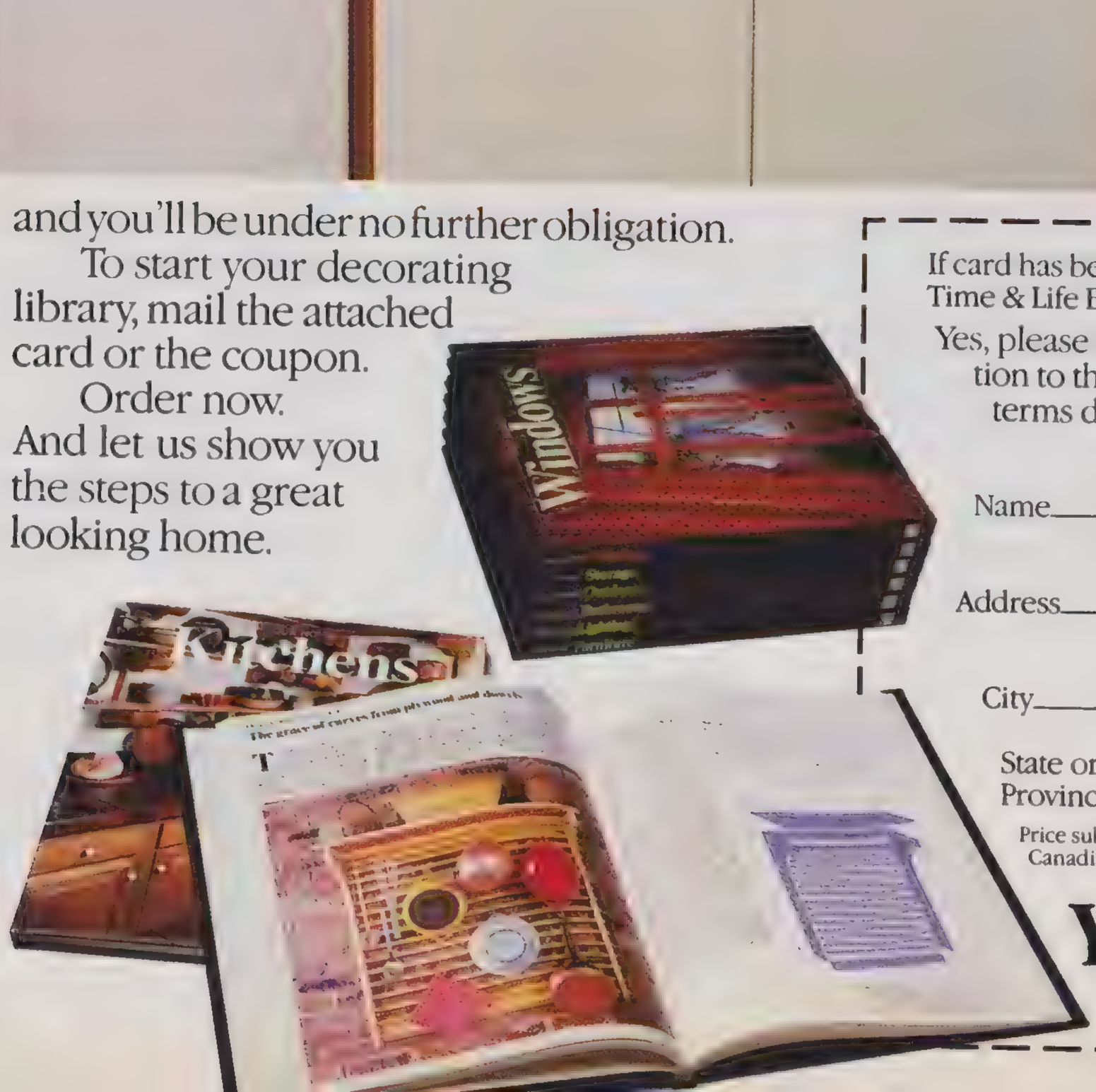

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MUSIC...

MADONNA: RETRO SEX?

It used to be that women in pop, if they wanted to get on stage, had to play the bimbo. Fantasy machines, they strutted, smiled, sang, and tapped tambourines. Feminism has changed that, allowing women to be whatever they want, from militant feminists like the Slits to self-assured musicians (almost coincidentally a girl group) like the Bangles. So Madonna, with her excruciatingly sexual bared belly and fire-starting underwear, seems a bit old-fashioned—a pretty dinosaur. Overt sexuality for most women rock musicians is something to parody or ignore, an archaic way of getting cab fare. Not for Madonna, who at press time has sold a staggering six million records in the U.S. alone, and whose *Like a Virgin* is walking out of record stores at the clip of forty thousand a day: we're talking sales, honey.

There's nothing either new or wrong with this stance: if she wants to wear a belt that says "Boy Toy" to raise sales, that's her business. But the striking thing about Madonna isn't just her use of her midriff, it's also her flair for demographics. She nets the swarms of under-fifteen boys by singing in a plaintive, urgently erotic "Oh, won't somebody come and save me" voice. For the elders, she and her producers deliver a calculatedly half-hearted, hybrid version of popular American music—a little funk here mixed with some rock there—pleasing in its neutrality, offensive to none. Two steps forward, one step back. —PETER WATROUS

STEVEN MEISEL

RHYS CHATHAM: CITY HEAT

Downtown composer Rhys Chatham was a budding young minimalist when he ran across the music of new-wave guitar thumpers the Ramones. Their simple but rhythmically persistent brand of rock captured Chatham; and along with New York composers Glenn Branca and Jeffrey Lohn, he forged a raucous, ecstatic new type of urban music. Combining the intellectual experimentalism and textural sophistication of the classical avant-garde with the rhythmic brashness and visceral punch of rock, Chatham's music *sounds* urban.

On *Factor X* (NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC, 10012), his newest record, Chatham uses guitars and a drummer to weld shimmering, loud walls of metallic overtones (the silvery sound of a piano key that's struck and left depressed) that are at once meditative and danceable. One entire side is devoted to a brass octet strutting funkily through staggered rhythms, pushed on by insistent drumming. Funny, raw, smart and sophisticated, this is the aural equivalent of a night in the East Village. —P.W.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MUSIC...

Cynthia Haymon as plucky American heroine Tubman

HARRIET TUBMAN: OPERA'S GOSPEL TRUTH

Writing operas may be the world's most uncertain occupation, but Thea Musgrave has made a grand success of it. Musicians admire her forceful melodies, audiences her provocative drama, impresarios her ability to pull in customers. Her version of *A Christmas Carol* examined the prickly character of Ebenezer Scrooge; *Mary, Queen of Scots* probed power plays among royals. In sharp contrast, *The Voice of Ariadne* made a lyrical study of a breaking-apart marriage. This month Norfolk's Virginia Opera Association premieres the Scottish-born composer's latest work, *Harriet: The Woman Called Moses*, based on the life of Harriet Tubman, heroine of America's slave days. The performance on March 3 will be broadcast live on national classical-music stations, as well as in Canada, Britain and Europe.

"The principal characters are black," says Musgrave, fifty-six, a voluble, tweedy woman who talks as compellingly as she composes. "Harriet Tubman was a great American heroine," she says over the din of a Manhattan coffee shop. "This young girl, ex-slave and all—illiterate, ignorant, without any backup of any sort—escaped from slavery, went into the North and then went back South nineteen times to rescue over three hundred other slaves. There was a big reward out for her. What kind of person was she to have the grits and stamina and vision to do something like that?"

Musgrave, who now lives in Norfolk, Virginia, hopes her music will explain what kind of person Tubman was. "Of course it's my own music," she declares, "but there are spirituals in it too. Harriet used spirituals as signals. The plantation masters thought 'Oh those happy slaves singing their songs,' but one spiritual meant 'Danger!' and another meant 'You're being watched!' 'Go Down Moses' is in the opera, because when Harriet showed up singing it, people knew it meant 'Get ready to go.' They'd usually go on a Saturday when all the printing presses were closed: the whites couldn't print reward notices until Monday morning!" Musgrave laughs. "That girl not only had fervor, she had a sense of humor!" —ROBERT JONES

Top photo: WILLIAM COUPON. Hair and make-up: ARTHUR SCOTT FOR THE BENJAMIN SALON, NYC. Photo below: SUSAN PIPER KUBLICK

THEATER...

James Whitmore and Audra Lindley in William Gibson's *Handy Dandy*

HIT OR MISSILE

Is Broadway Ready for The Bomb?

"Depend upon it, sir," said Samuel Johnson, "when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully." But what if you don't believe in the sentence? Or if the hangman keeps crying wolf?

This is the problem faced by any writer who wishes to make theater out of the theme that haunts modern audiences: the threat of mass nuclear destruction. Theater cannot resort to the boiled flesh and the desolate panoramas of film and TV. Neither can it allow itself the excesses of sentiment that the topic readily sparks—not if it is to be *good* *(Continued on page 115)*

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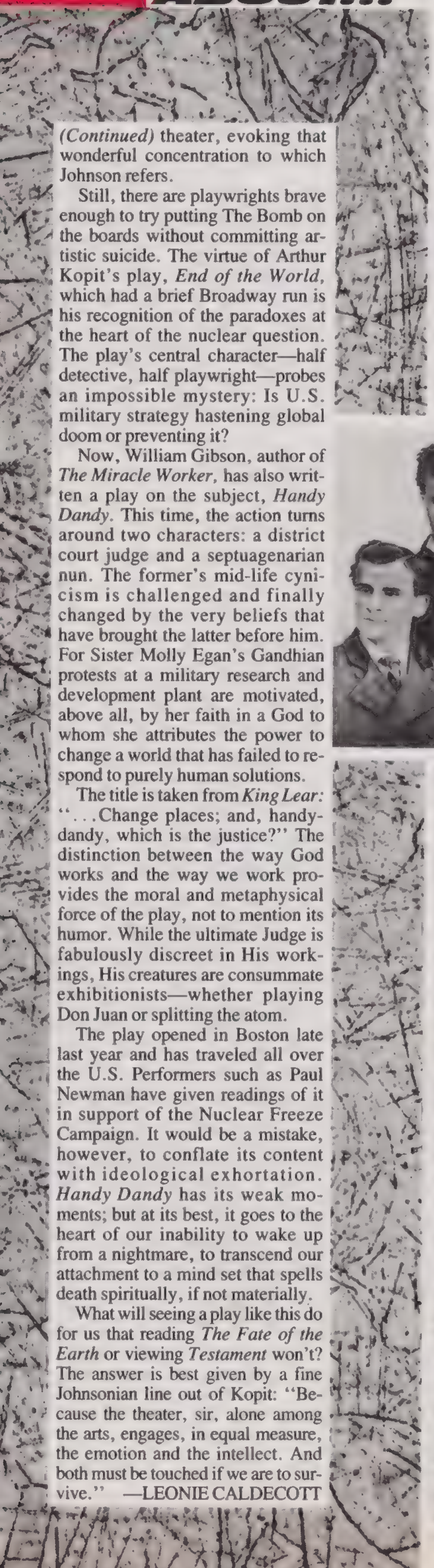
THEATER...



(Continued) theater, evoking that wonderful concentration to which Johnson refers.

Still, there are playwrights brave enough to try putting The Bomb on the boards without committing artistic suicide. The virtue of Arthur Kopit's play, *End of the World,* which had a brief Broadway run is his recognition of the paradoxes at the heart of the nuclear question. The play's central character—half detective, half playwright—probes an impossible mystery: Is U.S. military strategy hastening global doom or preventing it?

Now, William Gibson, author of *The Miracle Worker,* has also written a play on the subject, *Handy Dandy*. This time, the action turns around two characters: a district court judge and a septuagenarian nun. The former's mid-life cynicism is challenged and finally changed by the very beliefs that have brought the latter before him. For Sister Molly Egan's Gandhian protests at a military research and development plant are motivated, above all, by her faith in a God to whom she attributes the power to change a world that has failed to respond to purely human solutions.

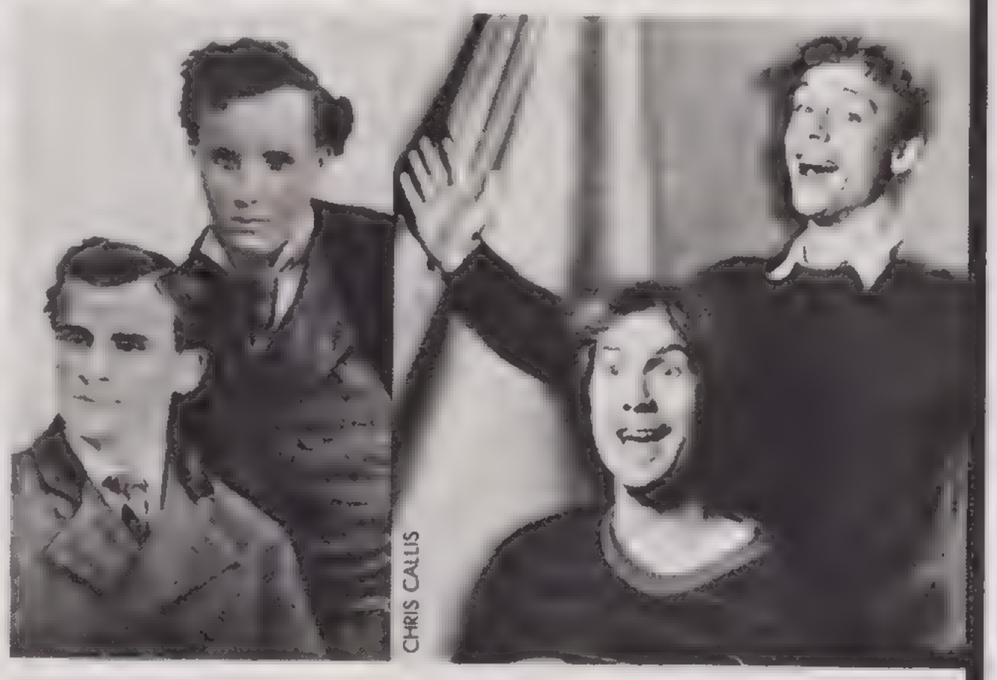
The title is taken from *King Lear:* "...Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice?" The distinction between the way God works and the way we work provides the moral and metaphysical force of the play, not to mention its humor. While the ultimate Judge is fabulously discreet in His workings, His creatures are consummate exhibitionists—whether playing Don Juan or splitting the atom.

The play opened in Boston late last year and has traveled all over the U.S. Performers such as Paul Newman have given readings of it in support of the Nuclear Freeze Campaign. It would be a mistake, however, to conflate its content with ideological exhortation. *Handy Dandy* has its weak moments; but at its best, it goes to the heart of our inability to wake up from a nightmare, to transcend our attachment to a mind set that spells death spiritually, if not materially.

What will seeing a play like this do for us that reading *The Fate of the Earth* or viewing *Testament* won't? The answer is best given by a fine Johnsonian line out of Kopit: "Because the theater, sir, alone among the arts, engages, in equal measure, the emotion and the intellect. And both must be touched if we are to survive." —LEONIE CALDECOTT

AFFAIRS OF THE HART

If Mark Hamill was looking for a dramatic way to explode his Luke Skywalker-innocent-in-outer-space image, he's found the perfect vehicle with *Harrigan 'n Hart,* the first new musical of Broadway's 1985 season. As Tony Hart, Hamill is one half of a partnership that in the 1870s and '80s changed the course of American musical comedy, making songs and stories based on New York's polyglot lower classes. Along with Harrigan (played by Harry Groener, memorable as one of *Cats*'s most agile felines), and Hart's nettlesome wife (Christine Ebersole, from the film



CHRIS CALLIS

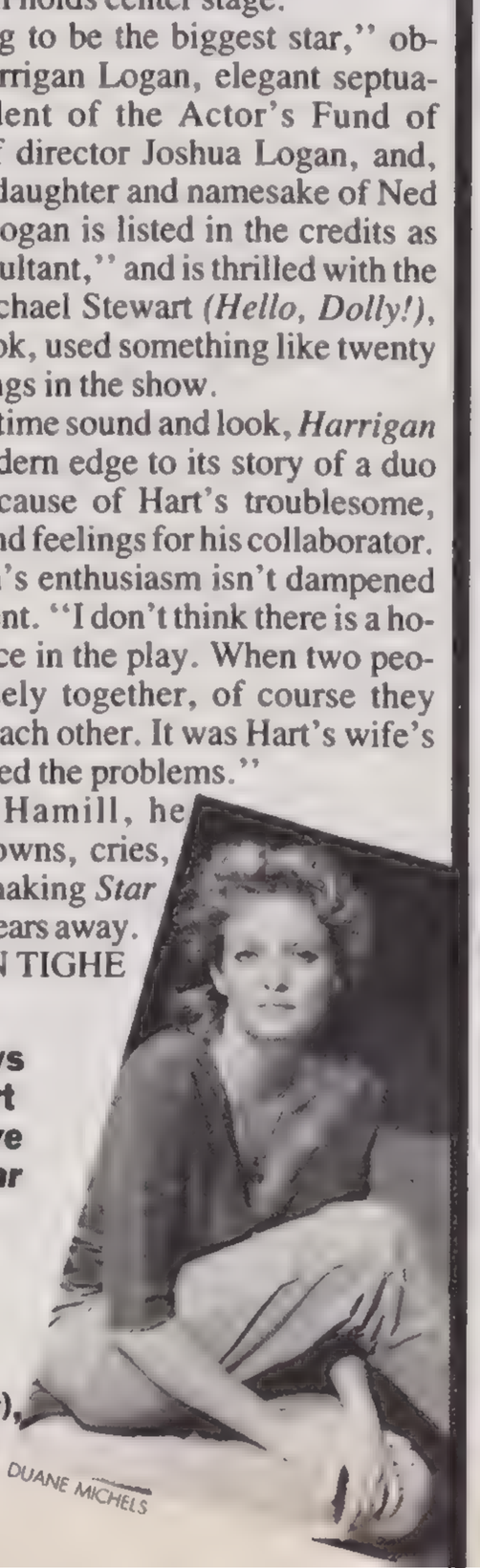
Amadeus), Hamill holds center stage.

"Mark is going to be the biggest star," observes Nedda Harrigan Logan, elegant septuagenarian, president of the Actor's Fund of America, wife of director Joshua Logan, and, not incidentally, daughter and namesake of Ned Harrigan. Mrs. Logan is listed in the credits as "production consultant," and is thrilled with the association. "Michael Stewart *(Hello, Dolly!)*, who wrote the book, used something like twenty of my father's songs in the show.

Despite its old-time sound and look, *Harrigan 'n Hart* has a modern edge to its story of a duo that broke up because of Hart's troublesome, perhaps overly fond feelings for his collaborator. But Nedda Logan's enthusiasm isn't dampened by this undercurrent. "I don't think there is a homosexual reference in the play. When two people work so closely together, of course they come to care for each other. It was Hart's wife's jealousy that caused the problems."

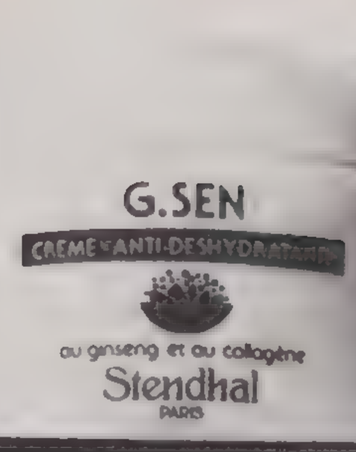
As for Mark Hamill, he sings, dances, clowns, cries, and succeeds in making *Star Wars* seem light-years away.

—MARY ANN TIGHE



DUANE MICHELS

Above left, musical joy boys Harrigan 'n Hart played by, *above right,* Mark (*Star Wars*) Hamill (*standing*) and Harry (*Cats*) Groener. Christine Ebersole, (*right*), is the wronged wife



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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

SURE-ENOUGH COWBOYS

Douglas Kent Hall may be the only photographer in America who started out not only wanting to be a cowboy but actually being one. Now living in a small town near Santa Fe, New Mexico, he has recently completed a series of photographs of working cowboys.

This series includes some of his most brilliant pictures so far. These cowboys, as opposed to urban cowboys, drugstore cowboys, rodeo cowboys, or movie cowboys, stay on horseback all day long working cattle. And when they stand before the camera—in Hall's best photos, they are standing, looking straight into the camera lens—their detached way of life shows. They look different from the rest of us. Their hands are hooked into their belts, they lean weight on one leg, they look untroubled, at ease, and perfectly natural. As Hall says in his most recent book, *Working Cowboys*, (Holt, Rinehart and Winston): "The cowboy, the 'sure enough' cowboy, as punchers like to say in reference to the genuine article, doesn't exactly diminish when he kicks his right foot from the stirrup and swings to the ground."

So mythologized, so imbued with qualities most American males choose to identify with—loyalty, self-reliance, fearlessness—it is almost impossible to see the cowboy as a working man. The men that Hall has photographed seem a unique combination of the heroic loner who rides across the silver screen into a sunset and the average working stiff.

Even the clothing worn by Hall's subjects seems extraordinary. The men are carefully, sometimes fussily attired. One of them wears handmade boots with black French calf vamps and high, full-stitched red patent leather tops. The spurs, with big, spiky rowels, are Mexican silver. He also wears a dark vest, a silk wild-rag knotted at his throat, leather cuffs that reach from his wrists to his elbows, a pair of black silk armbands, and a hat with a band and stampede string of finely braided horsehair. Charles M. Russell, the great painter of the American West, wrote that "Cowboys were mighty particular about their rig, an' in all the camps you'd find a fashion leader. From a cow-puncher's idea these fellers was sure good to look at...." And indeed, with Hall's photographs, it's easy to share Russell's enthusiasm. Though the cowboy is presented with a clarity and straightforwardness that wars with our notions of his glamour, he still possesses a dignity that we associate with no other line of work.

The serious, confident look on the cowboys' faces says something about the long days spent alone on the silent expanses of prairie or desert. One of the cowboys in Hall's book, who admits to disliking being around a lot of people, says, "I usually just smoke three packs a day, but whenever I get around people I smoke five. I'll tell you what, we have to psych ourselves up just to go to town."

Hall tends to photograph in series—probably because, as he has written, he sees life as impossible to hold onto while it is being lived. For example, he did another book, *The Great American Rainbow Boogie*, about people who fetishize their vans. A group ensures against the danger of overlooking the small, minor, barely present gesture or detail that can inform, reveal, and even astonish. Each part of the series acts as a boundary. It is a metaphor for the certainties of time. "The split-second blink of the shutter taught me that time does not pass," says Hall. "It is we who pass, we pass through time and waste only ourselves." A series, on a more mundane level, can be a way of taking the pressure off individual photographs to exist as finalities. For Hall, however, this is not the case. Though his photographs often have a casual quality, they are never merely notational.

"I like the rules, parameters, lines of demarcation," he says. "All of which give me the absolute freedom to work, to create. Each time I pick up a camera or slide a negative into my enlarger these rules come into play. There are no accidents, no exceptions. I have trained my eye to respond to action."

There is nothing provisional about Hall's enterprise; it is both broad and, in individual photographs, scrupulously resolved. His pictures have an edge, a magical certainty about them that not only justifies but honors their subjects, no matter how odd or how exploited. —MARK STRAND

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Charles Dance

CROWN'S JEWELS

The Sun Hasn't Set On Our Favorite Cast

In a series filled with wonderful characters, *Jewel in the Crown*'s Daphne Manners, a gawky, enchanting British girl, is the one who lingers. "It's been very nice to have played her, because somehow people think I'm her, and have treated me with great fondness and kindness subsequently," says Susan Wooldridge. "I think people grow to love Daphne because she touches a cord of shyness that we all have. But she's shy *and* brave, and that's a rather wooing combination. She had incredible honesty—she could look at herself and see precisely how people viewed her. When I was asked to read for Daphne I was delighted, because normally on TV I'd only been offered 'Angela enters page 68; Angela exits page 71.' "

Unlike her infinitely endearing Daphne, Wooldridge is slender and graceful, her clothes flamboyant where Daphne's were drab. But Daphne emerges in Wooldridge's sweet, forthright manner, and occasionally wistful mien. Over lunch in her book-lined, comfortably haphazard flat in west London, she describes how she was transformed.

"We decided that Daphne was plain; plain not equalling ugly, but plain equalling unadorned." I also thought Daphne probably had bad taste in clothes: she'd simply say, 'Oh, that will be fine,' and put it on. The early '40s were somewhat impoverished of line; if you tie those frocks tight, then you have a waist, so we left them loose, which hopefully suggested a big bum and everything swaying along with it.

"The colors were very important—we spent days at theatrical costumers looking at dreadful floral prints. In the scene where I dance with Hari Kumar, I'm wearing my real sizzler dress: lime green and black. We called it 'the killer frock' because it was just the most appalling colors."

For Wooldridge, now in her early thirties, Daphne marked the turning point in a career spent mostly in repertory theater. She has just filmed Noel Coward's *Hay Fever* for the BBC, and this spring will star on British television as the glamorous sculptress wife of explorer Robert Scott in *The Last Place on Earth*, a series on its way to the U.S.

Art Malik played Daphne's brooding lover, Hari Kumar, a tragic young Indian brought up in England to be an upperclass gentleman only to discover upon returning "home" to India that he has become invisible. Malik, who holds joint British-Pakistani citizenship, is amused by his sudden incarnation as a heart-throb. "If the press is to be believed," he says, smiling, "I could become some sort of sex symbol—with a small 's' as far as I'm concerned—and make a career out of it, but that scares me because it dwells too much on the physicality of one's acting. What happens when I'm forty-five and no longer getting those kinds of roles?"

Because of Hari, Malik, thirty-two, has become something of a hero to Britain's Asian community, which is odd, says Malik, "because Hari was not a martyr to the Indian cause and never wanted to be."

Malik is also co-starring in David Lean's *A Passage to India* as a fiery Indian lawyer, and has just finished a season in Manchester playing "the pale young gentleman" Herbert Pocket in *Great Expectations*, a role which, for once, didn't require the British-raised, classically trained Malik to fake an Indian accent.

Charles Dance, dubbed "the thinking woman's crumpet" for his crisp, wry performance as Guy Perron, the British chap who wins Sarah Layton (Geraldine James), also has benefitted from his role. After fifteen years in the business, Dance is starring opposite Meryl Streep in the film version of David Hare's hit play *Plenty*, playing her well-bred, self-possessed, and occasionally self-pitying husband.

Jewel's independent Perron was much more to Dance's liking. "I believe in Guy Perron. Most of the time he said things that I would say: behaved in a way that I would behave. There's a vulnerability, a questioning of his beliefs, his background, and his upbringing.

Face to face, Dance, thirty-eight, lanky in bottle-green cords and a navy blue pullover, is friendly but guarded. Not even sharing a piece of pecan pie relaxes him enough to reveal the self-deprecating, funny guy mutual friends assure me hides beneath the cool exterior. "Given the right material, I'll crack right down the middle, because that's what I'm paid to do, but I'm cracking right down the middle through the medium of somebody else. When you're talking to *me*, then it's dodgy ground."

—FRANCESCA SIMON

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

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CASTLES ON THE AIR

"At a funeral you meet all the interesting people," says the charming and confident Prince Thurn und Taxis, by which he means his relatives. "I can always recognize them in the street," his wife says of aristocrats in general. "They all have those noses, they have big noses. My father and mother have those big noses, and my husband has one of those noses they are all running around with."

The Prince and Princess belong to one of six aristocratic families profiled in *Aristocrats*, a curious and irresistible series on the Arts & Entertainment cable channel this month. The Thurn und Taxis are ridiculously rich. So is the Duke of Westminster, an odious, smug puppy always busy clumping around with guns, piling limp grouse corpses onto his helicopter, and fighting reform acts that might diminish his family's incomprehensibly vast wealth. Watching with increasing agitation, one is soon reduced to sputtering absurd things like, "Wouldn't *one* castle be sufficient?" as if castles were ever meant to be anything as pokey as sufficient. The narrator and writer of the series, Robert Lacey, is quite aware of how disturbing this preposterous wealth and privilege can be to the modern consciousness and constantly needles the aristocrats with democracy and Communists, terrorists and taxes.

Still, we sometimes find ourselves rooting for the old blue bloods. The impoverished (even relatively impoverished) ones have particular appeal. Like the De Ganays *(above)*, a French family lunching hurriedly and good-naturedly, cordoned off in a dining room like museum pieces, before the public arrives to gape at their château. Or Duchess Medinaceli, whose father left the titles and castles to her and his entire fortune to his daughter from a second marriage. As the Duchess's many castles crumble, one of her sons struggles to run her husband's plastics factory; another sighs helplessly at the family's unprofitable cork trees; and a third, who restores old buildings, remarks that his Communist friends are a bit snobbish. He lives in a renovated pigeon coop. For those of us who both cherish and detest the idea of an aristocracy, *Aristocrats* is immensely satisfying. —CATHLEEN SCHINE

BBC/PHOTOREPORTERS. Photo, *right* RAY JONES/STALEY-WISE GALLERY THE KOBAL COLLECTION

What becomes a legend most? TV, it would seem. Late-night movie classics keep them as green as our memories, but the networks keep them working. Jane Wyman tends the grapes of *Falcon Crest;* Liz Taylor, grapeless, chews scenery on *Hotel.* Coming soon: Ava Gardner in NBC's mini-series *A.D.* The gorgeous barefoot contessa's been virtually retired since *The Night of the Iguana;* now she gets to show her claws as Agrippina, Nero's mother, who marries, then poisons her Uncle Claudius and is murdered by her son. With roles like this, it's no wonder that TV seems more hospitable to the grand style than film; and Ava's evil empress should make Morgan Fairchild's Racine look like a paper doll. —TRACY YOUNG

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PERFUME

interview:

Louis Malle

Stranger in a strange land—a French take on the American dream

By Jonathan Cott

"Alamo Bay"—Malle (right) on American civilization and its discontents

In 1952, after a short spell in film school, the then twenty-year-old Louis Malle joined up as an assistant to undersea explorer Jacques-Yves Cousteau. According to Cousteau, Malle became one of the most talented underwater cinematographers in the world and collaborated with Cousteau as co-director on *The Silent World* (1956).

Since emerging onto the dry land, Malle has, in one fascinating film after another, been observing the mores and manners of our peculiar walking-and-talking earthbound species with the surprised clarity and ironic regard of a merman washed up on some exotic shore only to find it overgrown with condominiums and two-legged mammals gliding through the waves on wooden boards.

Since 1957, when he made his first feature—*Elevator to the Gallows*, an ironic *film noir* starring Jeanne Moreau as a woman who arranges with her aging war-hero lover to murder her husband—Malle has focused on civilization's pleasures and discontents. He went on to explore themes such as adultery (*The Lovers*), suicide (*The Fire Within*), incest (*Murmur of the Heart*), and the banality of fascist evil (*Lacombe, Lucien*) with a candor and intelligence that have served, not simply—in Stendhal's words—to ridicule "the vices that corrupt society," but rather to "attack the vice of the spirit of society itself."

In the late 'sixties, Malle spent several years on and off in India, filming *Calcutta* and *Phantom India*, the brilliant seven-part documentary in which he commented as a befuddled, perceptive, and awed Westerner on a country he often found hard to fathom.

Then, in the mid-'seventies, Malle's wanderlust led him to move to the United States. Like his fellow French social observer Alexis de Tocqueville, who had arrived here a century before to write *Democracy in America*, he began to investigate what De Tocqueville had seen as that "state of incessant change of place, feelings, and fortunes" that characterized the life of Americans then and now, and to examine the contradictions De Tocqueville had noticed between the "ideas" of democracy and the often thwarted hopes of those who came to this country expecting immediate fulfillment of the American Dream.

It is interesting that De Tocqueville's analysis of the United States has rarely been more powerfully embodied than in the films of Malle's "American" period—*Pretty Baby*, *Atlantic City*, *My Dinner with Andre*, *Crackers*, and now *Alamo Bay*. Malle's latest film is based on the recent conflict between Vietnamese and local American shrimp fishermen on the Texas coast. It tells the story of one of these men, Shang (Ed Harris), a "good old boy" disillusioned by the American Dream, and Glory (Amy Madigan), his ex-high school sweetheart with whom he is conducting an extra-marital affair. Glory, who works for her father (a shrimp exporter who hires cheap Vietnamese laborers), befriends one of these former Boat People, a young man named Dinh (Ho Nguyen). It is this "stranger" who acts the role of the Western cowboy hero, fighting the redneck outlaw bullies for his rights as an American citizen; their violent confrontation is straight out of *High Noon*. The result is one of the most revealing and disturbing films about the political and psychic state of America made in recent years.

"People tell me that I've been doing a study of this country," says Malle. Speaking to me in his New York City apartment where he lives with his wife, Candice Bergen, he reflects on the films he has made in America during the past six years. Talking to Malle, one is immediately struck by that almost ascetic leanness and unstudied good looks that have led one of his acquaintances to see him as "an extraordinarily intelligent matinee idol." He perfectly conveys the quality the Italians call *sprezzatura*, which suggests a personal and social *(Continued on page 132)*

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louis malle

(Continued from page 128)

nonchalance. And like his seamlessly crafted movies—which call attention to their subjects and not to themselves—Malle, in his manner and speech, reflects a kind of selfless curiosity, skeptical magnanimity, and bemused tolerance so characteristic of great French observers of the inner and outer life such as Montaigne, De Tocqueville, and the Goncourt brothers.

"I decided to come work here," Malle told me, "because I was very curious about the States, and my films were simply attempts to look around. As a port of entry, my first movie, *Pretty Baby*, was a natural because it was about New Orleans culture, which is half-French. And what made *Atlantic City* similar was that it also was about a place where there was a sense of decay and change."

Between *Atlantic City* and *Alamo Bay*, Malle, in fact, made two other films, *My Dinner with Andre* and *Crackers*. But the idea for *Alamo Bay* actually came during the editing of *Atlantic City*. "During that time," Malle says, "I read an article by an Austin-based journalist named Ross Milloy about violent incidents taking place between Vietnamese refugees and local fishermen in Florida and Texas. So I got in touch with Ross, and he took me down to a little town on the Galveston Bay—four miles from the Johnson Space Center.

"There I saw bumper stickers on cars saying *America For Americans First*. I got to talk to some of the local fishermen who spoke bitterly about the Vietnamese being funded by the government and infiltrated by the Communists and the Catholic Church. And then shortly later, I came across a double-page photo in *Life* magazine showing these fat, bearded KKK guys with their sheets and hoods and machine guns patrolling the bay on their boats. The image was both silly and scary, but that was also something that triggered my decision to make the movie. And that very scene, in fact, takes place in the film.

> *Malle's been called "an extraordinarily intelligent matinee idol"*

"The media had been full of stories about the Boat People; and now the Vietnamese were settling here, and suddenly the Vietnam War was starting all over again in South Texas! And the fact that a lot of the local fishermen had fought in Vietnam made this story loaded with irony—it's an immigrant story with several twists, to say the least!"

Not the least of the ironies concerning *Alamo Bay* is the fact that the director is himself an immigrant to this country. "One day, I came across a man," says Malle, "a Cajun, originally from Louisiana, who was employing the Vietnamese, and he was talking to one of the immigrants in French. So here I was, this French director-turned-American, investigating what was happening in South Texas, and found people speaking French!

"To me, the position of being an observer is completely fascinating. It's the position I've always wanted to be in, actually, because I've tried to take a slightly distant view of events and emotions and report on them. I'm just finishing a documentary on a small town in Minnesota entitled *God's Country*. But at the same time it's not easy. That sense of estrangement that one needs puts one in a strange place, especially in between films.

"And sometimes I have a nostalgia for and envy people who travel just around their room, doing what Truffaut did, which was to sit at his little table and tell his own stories. That's why I loved the two visions in *My Dinner with Andre*—at first I felt: of course, I'm André Gregory traveling all over the world. But as I got into the making of the film, I began to feel just as close to Wally Shawn, who liked to stay at home and have his morning cup of coffee and read his newspaper. Now I'm trying not so much to *understand* the world as to *feel* the world. It's great to do it here—there's a lot to feel—but I may be heading somewhere else."

Jonathan Cott's *most recent books are "Conversations with Glenn Gould," and "Dylan."*

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I have a great dog, Sam, who I bought at Macy's when he was reduced for clearance. I like to take him for walks because when I'm in good shape I don't get in the way of myself. Time goes so fast that I like to make as much of it as I can; I hate to waste a minute. Someday I'd like to teach in an art school and have twin boys. I love seedless green grapes.

Photography: Oliviero Toscani

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eyes only

Bold frames: clean-cut to whimsical… contacts: new comfort

Watch the changes in eyeglass shapes: there are fewer rules, more choices, real variety. This season, the style consistency: oversized, bold frames, such as Ralph Lauren's aviator, *above left,* and Cartier's, *above,* or Paolo Bovesi for Optica's amusing asymmetric, *below.* The direction in frame materials: shine, either from precious metals (Cartier aviators are 22k gold-filled!) or polished plastic. Newest: mirrored lenses in gold or rainbow colors. What's apparent: eyeglasses are meant to be changed, used as much for effect as for function.

On the runways, sunglasses were given an extra embellishment. *Counter-clockwise from left:* At Chantal Thomass, sunglasses-*cum*-earrings...At Jean-Paul Gaultier, the ''jeweled'' eyeglass strap...And at Claude Montana, sunglasses built into a straw hat! All glasses, earrings, hat by Alain Mikli.

Contacts comfort

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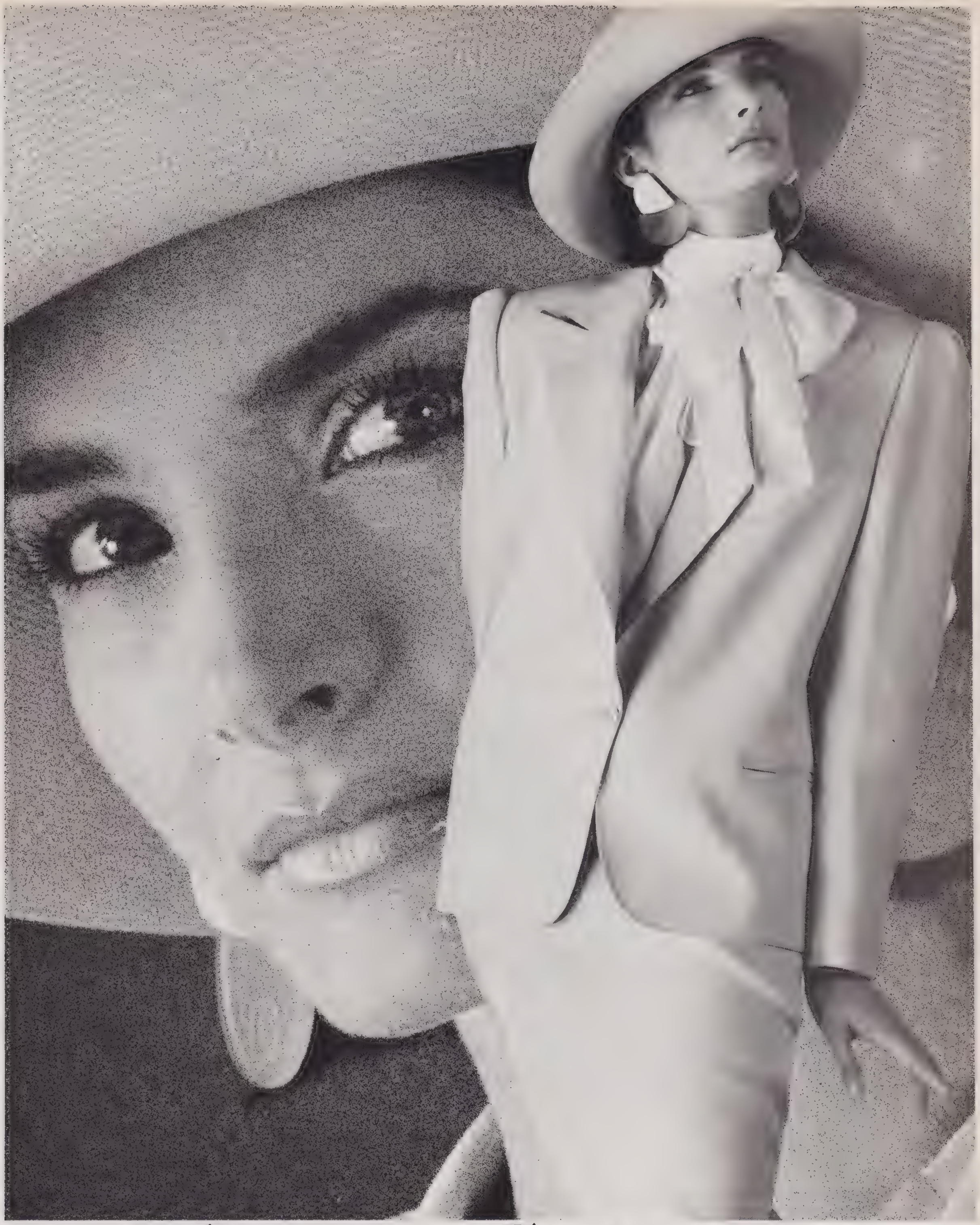

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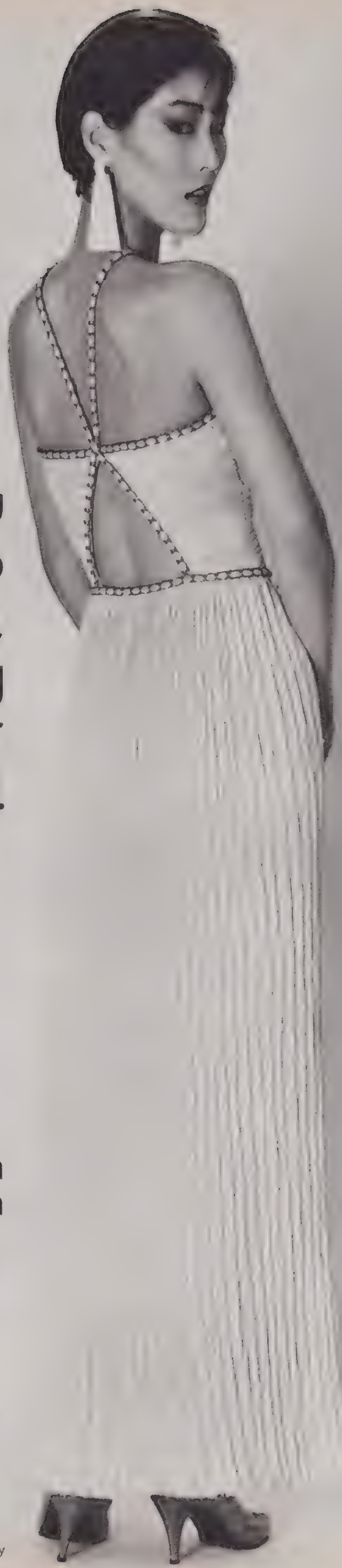

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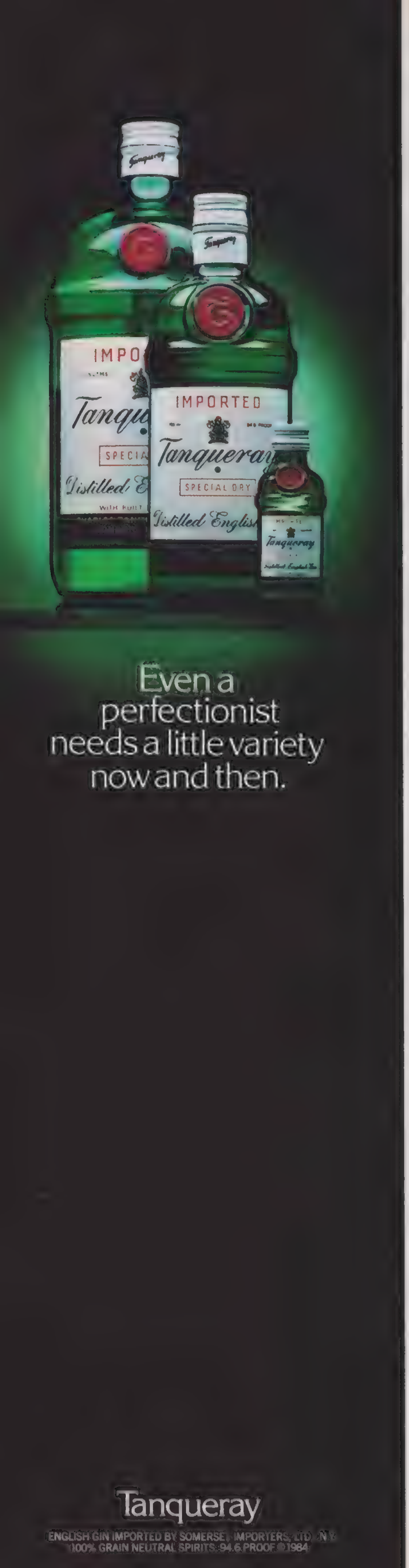
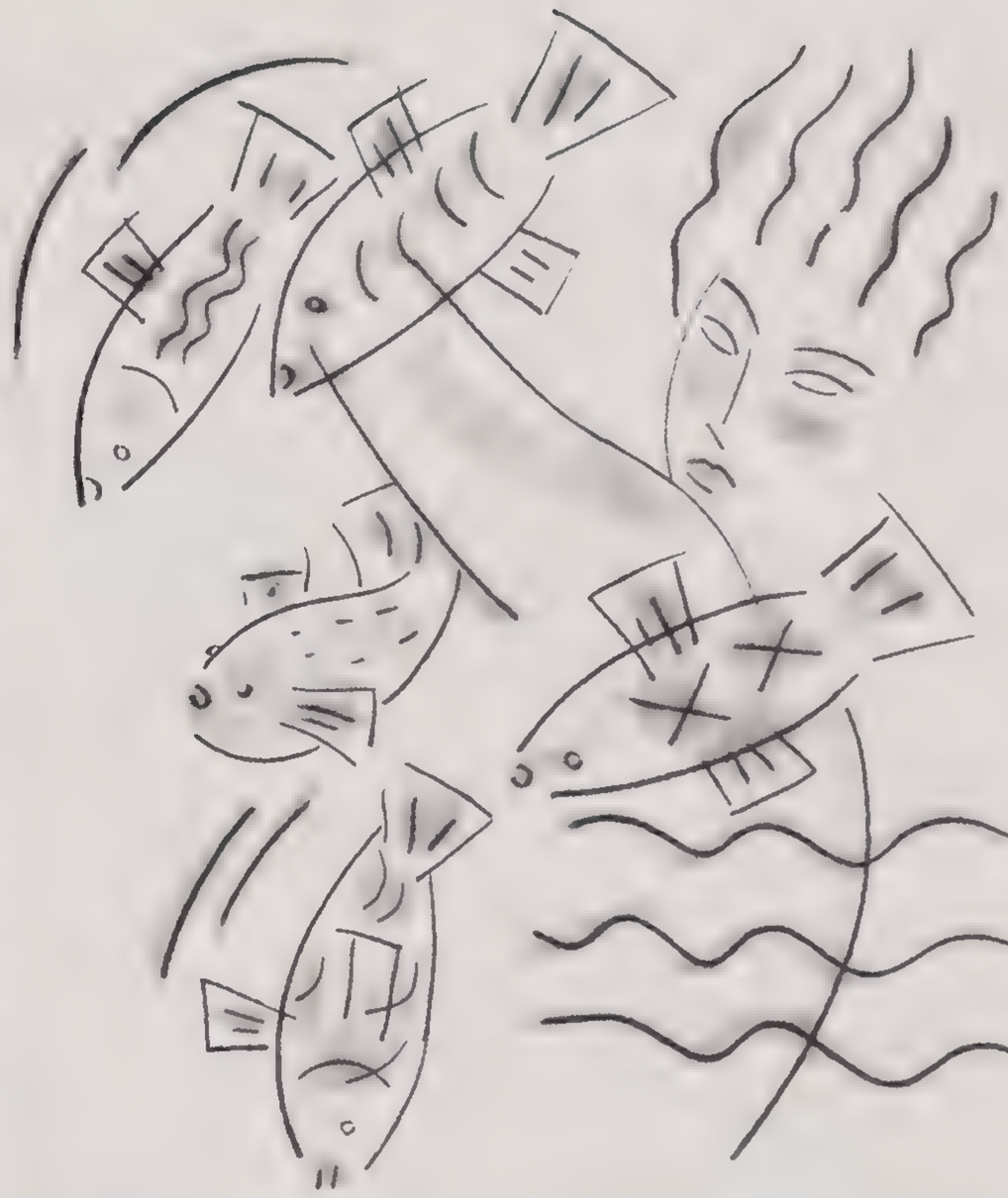


horoscope

By Rockie Gardiner



March Zodiac

While fantasies can run rampant in the weeks under Pisces' influence, there's also a tendency to retreat and wonder if you are being too impressionable, too sympathetic. So when Mercury moves into the me-first sign of Aries on March 6th, you can expect to concentrate on following your brain for a while, not your heart. Romance will just seem less important: on the 13th, the lovely Venus-Mars conjunction of the past eight weeks comes to an end. Then, the planet of love changes direction and ponders recent relationships while Mars forges ahead into Taurus to search for money and security. The vernal equinox on the 20th and the Aries new moon on the 21st officially usher in spring, but because Mercury and Uranus—the thinking person's planets—also go retrograde that week, people from the past will seem much more interesting than those you see in your immediate future.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20 Those who crave a fanciful change in birthday rituals have their wishes fulfilled around the full moon. That's when you may get all the attention you ever wanted from all the Virgos who ever counted, plus an Aquarian diversion you didn't expect. Getting away around the 17th to indulge in purely personal pleasures should be postponed until the end of the week. Instead, make a bold career move, while inspiration and experimentation are working for you and your reputation.

Aries MARCH 21–APRIL 19 As spring and your birthday approach, you could be caught in a reflective mood—dwelling on past loves or on the one that is presently slipping away. Making money offers some compensation and, while Mercury and Venus are retrograde in Aries, a suitable way to pass the time. The only difficulty appears around the 20th, when an ideal you hold strongly may be opposed by a powerful Scorpio. Think your position through because your mind isn't on the here-and-now as much as it is on what might have been.

Taurus APRIL 20–MAY 20 There are hardly any noticeable changes in your busy life during the first two weeks. Once your Venus ruler changes direction on the 13th, though, it's time to reflect on the cost of pleasures past. Call on your practical streak to work out what proportion of all that fun is tax-deductible, and seek advice from an attractive Arian or Aquarian whose friendship you thought you'd lost. Since your ruling planets, Uranus and Venus, are in harmony, amity is there for the asking.

Gemini MAY 21–JUNE 21 You have a fine chance of reaching your ultimate goals by paying diligent attention to work's boring details during the first week; you'd also do well to avoid pessimistic Virgos and Pisceans who are stricken by a contagious case of full-moon jitters on the 6th. As your Mercury ruler advances into ambitious Aries, you'll have all the energy and optimism you need to succeed, especially if you set up backup plans for when Mercury goes retrograde on the 27th.

Cancer JUNE 22–JULY 22 Although the Virgo full moon on the 6th can put your critical faculties to the test, easy answers to any sudden problem at work will still be available to you. Until Pisces is over on the 21st, moon children can be uncannily clever at giving down-to-earth advice, especially to the Capricorns and Scorpios who want to see some light at the end of their tunnels. Somehow you manage to maintain your romantic touch while all around you are losing theirs. Keep headed in a straightforward direction and you can bypass the spring doldrums.

Leo JULY 23–AUGUST 22 A twist of fate around the full moon on the 6th may turn into a compelling reason to delve more deeply into an unusual business or love affair. While it would be saner and safer to deal with longstanding domestic matters the week of the 18th, the Aries sun will stoke the Leo spirit of adventure and set your heart on escaping from anything cold and wet, like a wimpy Capricorn or a weepy Pisces. By the end of the month you're free from nasty astral aspects. *(Continued on page 162)*

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horoscope

(Continued from page 160)

Virgo AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22 Ah, Pisces! Sweet mystery men of life, the sign designed to drive Virgos to distraction. This month, you are simultaneously attracted and annoyed by the whimsical, the elusive, the fey—all qualities opposite your real nature. But when your Mercury ruler goes retrograde on the 24th, your basic need for substance and emotional stability returns. This change can have a radical effect on your living arrangements.

Libra SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 22 By now, the constant companionship of the past two months may be a bit too much, even for the sign that best loves togetherness. Hints that you and your beloved are drifting apart for a while should be met calmly; it's in the stars. While your Venus ruler is in seclusion and retrograde, let your Aries or Scorpio associates loose to make some money—both you and Venus need the rest. Except for a surprise encounter with an old school friend or new neighbor around the 28th, March is a blessedly quiet month.

Scorpio OCTOBER 23–NOVEMBER 21 During the first week, when the temptation to do something out of the ordinary with an Aquarian or Sagittarian is greatest, your self-image is at its lowest. Putting yourself on the edge will probably be expensive: you could lose your stature, if not your shirt. The week of the 18th is better for a romantic—not financial—gamble, because deluding yourself about a romance can't hurt *too* badly. Getting more involved with your work is the best alternative—and, during this mixed-up month, happily harmless.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21 Travel advisory for the first week: don't. However fine the weather, the Sagittarian astrological climate is not conducive to safe journeys or successful forays into new territories. Wait until St. Patrick's Day, when the wearing of the green may bring you to greener pastures materially and to a budding romance with a Taurus or Libra. If you're counting on keeping the luck of the Irish (and there's hardly a Sagittarian who doesn't), plant your ideas or seed money during the last week, when your mind is most fertile.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19 When wise Saturn, your ruling planet, turns around on the 6th to reflect on the past, you hold a very personal retrospective of your own life's work—what you've done, what you're presently working out, where you seem to be headed, and how to best present your show to critics and devotees alike. The best reviews will come around the 18th, when a Leo's good sense or a Scorpio's good taste prevails. Once your function is known, the forms it takes can be truly appreciated.

Aquarius JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18 Pressure from the sudden demands of friends or finances during the first week may make your blood boil. Let your emotions erupt—it will be healthier than trying to maintain your famous Aquarian cool. You can assume that self-possessed pose around the new moon, when fascinating tidbits of information tweak your insatiable curiosity or a former lover strokes your heartstrings. Because pleasure-loving Venus trines Uranus, your ruler, at the end of the month, you can expect your social life to soar.

VOGUE, March, 1985

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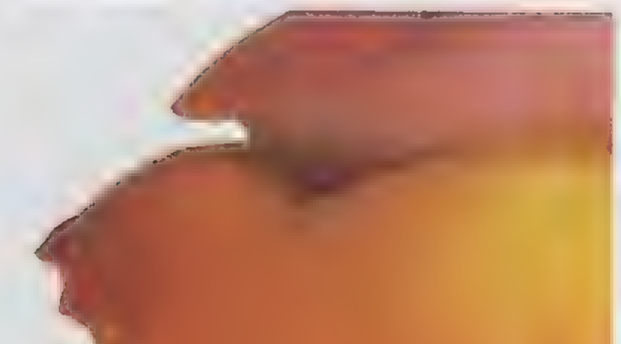

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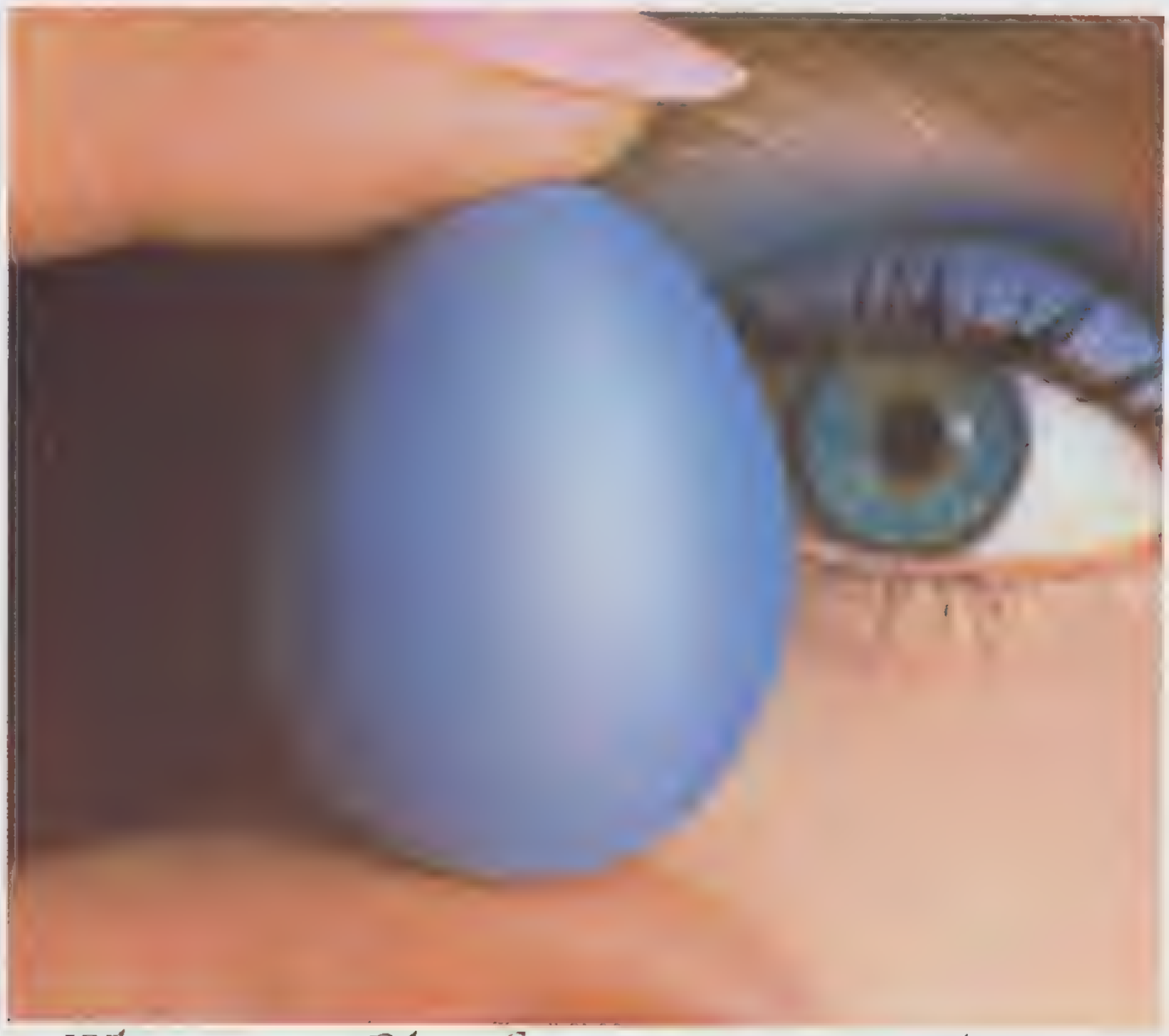

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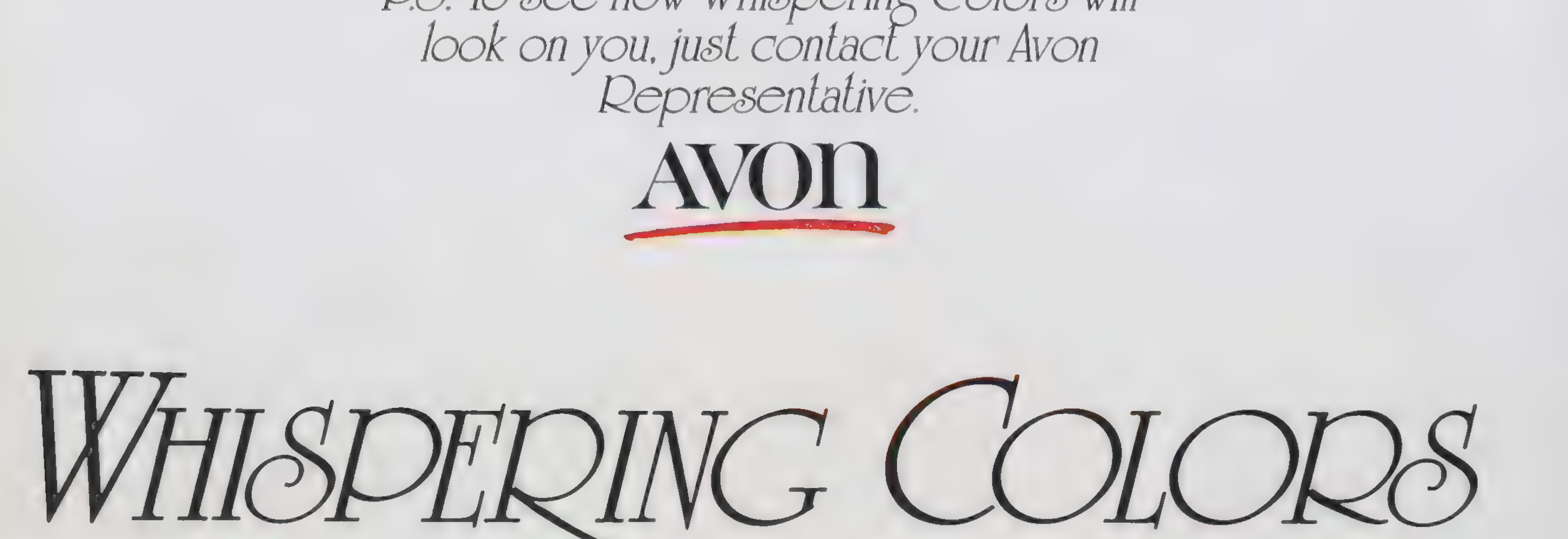

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Between Us

One doctor's deeds...
tips from NYC's tops
...business as hot news

By Lorraine Davis

IN HER OWN WORDS . . .

"In this day of mass production, it's very important for lawyers, or for almost anyone in any line of work, to retain a feeling for craft. I think that is the one aspect of work from which you can probably draw the most comfort and gain the most fulfillment. Try to do the very best you can with what you're working on. It's the pursuit of excellence in what you're handling at the moment."—*Rose Elizabeth Bird, Chief Justice of California*

"Sometimes women don't support each other in the ways that they can. I'm not only talking about women leaders who do not support women who are junior, that's an old story; there's another side to it, women who are not leaders often don't support those who are."—*Carol C. Nadelson, M.D., president elect, American Psychiatric Association*

"I believe we live in a country where we can speak out, and I speak out. It's vitally important always to *do* something. I like to encourage people to get involved in their communities. I would like very much to see the heads of the United States government and the Soviet government in *constant* discussion. Big companies have board meetings on a regular basis; there should be ongoing 'chairmen of the board' meetings. What is crisis? Crisis is a built-up tension and lack of communication."—*Judy Collins, singer, songwriter, peace activist*

THE SUBJECT IS BUSINESS

"Business journalism has become more rigorous. Never dull, it's a challenging field." This is the news beat chosen by Arlene Hershman, who as editor of *Dun's Business Month* (published by Dun & Bradstreet) is the first woman to head that or any other major business magazine.

Beginning her career in the early '60s on small trade publications in California, after a B.A. at the University of Wisconsin and graduate study in comparative literature at the University of California at Berkeley, Ms. Hershman sought a more sophisticated journalism in New York. "You have to start out at a menial level at a mundane publication, then work your way up. Our young employees are really swift and ambitious, interested in business—particularly the women. They've gotten over the prejudice that business is boring.

"You can specialize in marketing, investing, real estate, management, recruiting, technology, government—in each, writers have to become experts because they have to interview experts. It's your mastery that gives you something to market."

Ms. Hershman, a native of Brooklyn, became a finance writer, joined *Dun's* in 1967. Of her newest role as top editor, she said, "I spend more time dealing with people, less time dealing with words. My previous writing experience is of little use. People need to be motivated or de-motivated. These people become the media through which I'm going to get the job done. And business journalism is a field where what people write *can* make a difference."

MAKING IT IN NYC . . .

To help us celebrate Women's History Month (March), National Women's History Week (3rd to 9th) and International Women's Day (8th), the New York City Commission on the Status of Women is publishing *Women Making History: Conversations with Fifteen New Yorkers.* Four interviewers (women) talked with the likes of first female U.S.V.P. candidate Geraldine Ferraro, Henri Bendel store president Geraldine Stutz, stock-market pioneer (first women seated on NY Exchange) Muriel Siebert, handicapped marathon runner Linda Down, dancer/choreographer Laura Dean, pediatrician Helen Rodriguez-Trias, entrepreneur Ruth Clark, La Mama theater impresario Ellen Stewart, and seven others whose careers have made history in NYC. The book will be used, with supporting material, in classrooms from high school on down. For information, write: NYC Commission On Status of Women, Conversations, 52 Chambers St., Suite 207, NYC 10007.

MS. DOC: "PROTECTING THE DIGNITY OF PEOPLE"

Some things Jane T. Carswell, M.D., first woman honored as "Family Doctor of the Year" by the American Academy of Family Physicians, has helped to develop for North Carolina's Caldwell County and the town of Lenoir: low-cost housing, home for battered women where children and husbands also receive counseling, in-home hospice service for the terminally ill and their families, and senior citizens' residence. (Her medical specialty, created in 1969, stresses preventive care, is the only major one requiring doctors' recertification every seven years.)

MARCH MATTERS:

For mind-benders: March 7-10, Tenth National Conference on Feminist Psychology; Penta Hotel, NYC; "The Future of Feminism"; information, Association for Women in Psychology, 410 West 24th St., NYC 10011 . . . Job holders: March 14, "Comparable Worth/Pay Equity: Discrimination Dilemma of the '80s," forum evening by New York County Lawyers' Association, 14 Vesey Street, NYC; information, Kay Murray, (212) 514-8600, x211 . . . Legal eagles: March 21-24, Sixteenth National Conference on Women and the Law; Penta Hotel, NYC; "Building Bridges Not Walls"; information, New York University School of Law, (212) 598-2384 . . . Raft-riders: March 24-30, Rafting on the Rio Grande; information, Woodswomen, 2550 Pillsbury Avenue, South, Minneapolis MN 55404, (612) 870-8291 . . . Ski-slopers: March 24, Tenth Year Birthday Party; Women's Way Ski Seminars, Squaw Valley; information, Squaw Valley USA Ski School, P.O. Box 2007, Olympic Valley CA 95730, (916) 583-0119 . . . Female scholars: March 29-31, Southeastern Women's Studies Association; University of Alabama; "Regional and World Feminism: Texts and Contexts"; information, Elizabeth Meese, P.O. Box 2906, U. of Alabama, University AL 35486, (205) 348-7007. . . .

WOMAN TALK

"Hannah Arendt . . . held that we must
learn about what is private as well
as what is public if we wish
to understand human life and its meaning;
and that among the strongest thinkers
are poets, storytellers, and rebels."
—Elizabeth Kamarck Minnich,
in "Between Women," edited
by Carol Ascher, Louise De Salvo, and
Sara Ruddick (Beacon Press).

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Mind Health

Sex in marriage—the natural rhythms ...love with the proper test tube... do women make better friends?

By Carol Tavris

LIVING HAPPILY—AND HEALTHILY—WITH STRESS

Psychology and medicine both focus on the causes of illness; their method, tracking down pathological sources, is called "pathogenic." But according to Aaron Antonovsky, Ph.D., a medical sociologist at Ben Gurion University in Israel, we also need to know what generates health—the "salutogenic" approach.

The pathogenic approach, says Antonovsky, divides people into two groups, the healthy and the sick, and seeks single causes of problems: for example, "Type A" behavior is said to create heart attacks; suppressed anger, to produce ulcers. And it has led us to assume that all stress is bad (although we are now learning that some types of stress are neutral, and many are beneficial). Finally, the pathogenic method ignores *exceptions*: the Type A people who do not have coronaries, the anger-suppressors who do not get ulcers.

The "salutogenic" approach, by contrast, regards health and disease as a continuum. "This paradigm maintains that everyone, by virtue of being human, is in a high-risk group," says Antonovsky. With this approach, a person's concerns change—from "How can I eradicate this or that kind of stress?" to "How can I learn to live, and live well, with these stresses, and possibly even turn them to my advantage?" To find some answers, Antonovsky has studied the exceptions, those who remained healthy in unhealthy environments—concentration camp survivors, for instance—to see what moved them toward the "health" end of the scale.

Antonovsky discovered that the tendency toward good health is based on what he calls the "sense of coherence," a psychological orientation toward the world consisting of three interrelated parts:

- *Comprehensibility*, the extent to which a person finds the world meaningful, orderly, and consistent instead of chaotic, random, and unpredictable. This doesn't mean the world must be viewed as perfectly wonderful, says Antonovsky, only as understandable.
- *Manageability*, the person's sense of being able to cope with events by relying on her own resources or by getting help, and not by grieving endlessly.
- *Meaningfulness*, the deep feeling that life makes sense emotionally, that life's demands are worthy of commitment.

Possessing the sense of coherence does not mean that a healthy person sees *all* of life as comprehensible, manageable, or meaningful; but the stronger this sense, the more likely a person is to cope well, to avoid threats, to turn unavoidable problems into challenges, and to handle the "dis-eases" of life.

WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR

Women are supposed to be the best kind of friends—intimate, disclosing, supportive. Men are supposed to be more remote and domineering; but a new study finds that the two styles of friendship are more related to a person's primary motivations—for intimacy or for power—than to gender.

Dan P. McAdams, Ph.D., of Loyola University of Chicago, and a team of colleagues, surveyed over one hundred men and women about their friends and recent experiences with them. Those of both sexes who had high needs for intimacy reported more self-disclosure, more listening, more concern for their friends' well-being than did men or women who are not motivated by a need for intimacy. And those who have a drive for power downplayed issues of trust and concern, emphasizing, instead, self-advancement and being the center of attention. They prefer socializing in groups and "bull sessions" to intimate pairs.

High-power people are not necessarily exploiting their friends, the researchers say; they simply regard friends as they regard the rest of the world—as something to be organized and controlled. In choosing friends, it seems, look for their motivation, not their gender.

MARRIAGE: END OF THE AFFAIR?

Since Kinsey, every study of sex in marriage has found that sex is alive and thriving—but decreases in frequency over the years. Some observers are alarmed by the decrease, assuming that it means drive, desire, and love are also diminishing. Others say that it is perfectly natural, nothing to be alarmed about, and that the passion and yearning typical of romantic courtship or forbidden affairs cannot be sustained forever anyway.

In her book "Is There Sex After Marriage?" (Little, Brown), Carol Botwin disentangles the many causes of couples' lower sex drive. She explores "the natural history of sex in marriage"—the expectable stress points of pregnancy, raising children, career pressures, time constraints (in which sex often becomes the last, exhausted activity of a busy day), and the realistic ways that familiarity makes sex with a partner different from sex with a new lover. But then Botwin examines the individual problems that couples may have that drown their desire for each other: unrealistic expectations, anger, conflict, fear of intimacy, power battles, trying to have sex "to match the statistics." In this era of inflated promises about the permanence of passion, the research that Botwin reports is both reassuring and helpful.

THE FERTILITY REVOLUTION—WHAT WOMEN HAVE TO LOSE

Test tube babies, embryo transfers, surrogate motherhood, artificial insemination, sperm donors, the mechanical womb, cloning. . . the evocative words of a brave new world. Most people are used to thinking of the new technology of reproduction as a liberating force for infertile people. But every day the news brings stories of legal and emotional battles: who "owns" a donated embryo? What are the "rights" of sperm donors? If a surrogate mother changes her mind and doesn't want to give her baby to the couple who "commissioned" her pregnancy, may she do so?

In her powerful book, *The Mother Machine* (to be published next month by Harper & Row), medical writer Gena Corea argues forcefully that women are being used and abused by the new fertility technology, and that they are pawns of male values, male political and scientific power, and male exploitation. Corea backs up her case with well-documented evidence from history, research, and law, and from extensive interviews with lawyers, scientists, surrogates, and women who have been artificially inseminated because they are single or their husbands infertile.

Male domination, you ask? When a woman decided on her own to be artificially inseminated, a court granted the sperm donor visiting rights and support responsibilities; his status expanded to that of biological father, and the mother in effect had an unwanted marriage forced upon her. But among women who already have a husband, the sperm donor's status shrinks to that of a blood donor; he has merely loaned the couple a precious bodily fluid, and has no more rights to the result. When wives are inseminated with donor sperm because their husbands are infertile, many husbands resent the baby, treat the wife as if she had been guilty of adultery, and ultimately leave the marriage, according to Corea's research. When the wife is infertile, the husband may insist on using a surrogate who will bear "his" baby—even if the couple has already adopted a child. Such wives, Corea finds, tend to go along with their husbands in desperation, knowing that if he doesn't have "his" child he may leave her.

The male conquest of outer space, says Corea, is now matched by a fierce determination to conquer inner space, the female's power of reproduction. Given the continued allure of eugenics (only the "best" people should be allowed to reproduce) and a technology that suggests the possibility of cloning, Corea's warning is timely. Her anger is provocative, and may offend some readers, but her message—to beware of the emotional, legal, and political dangers of this reproductive revolution—is compelling.

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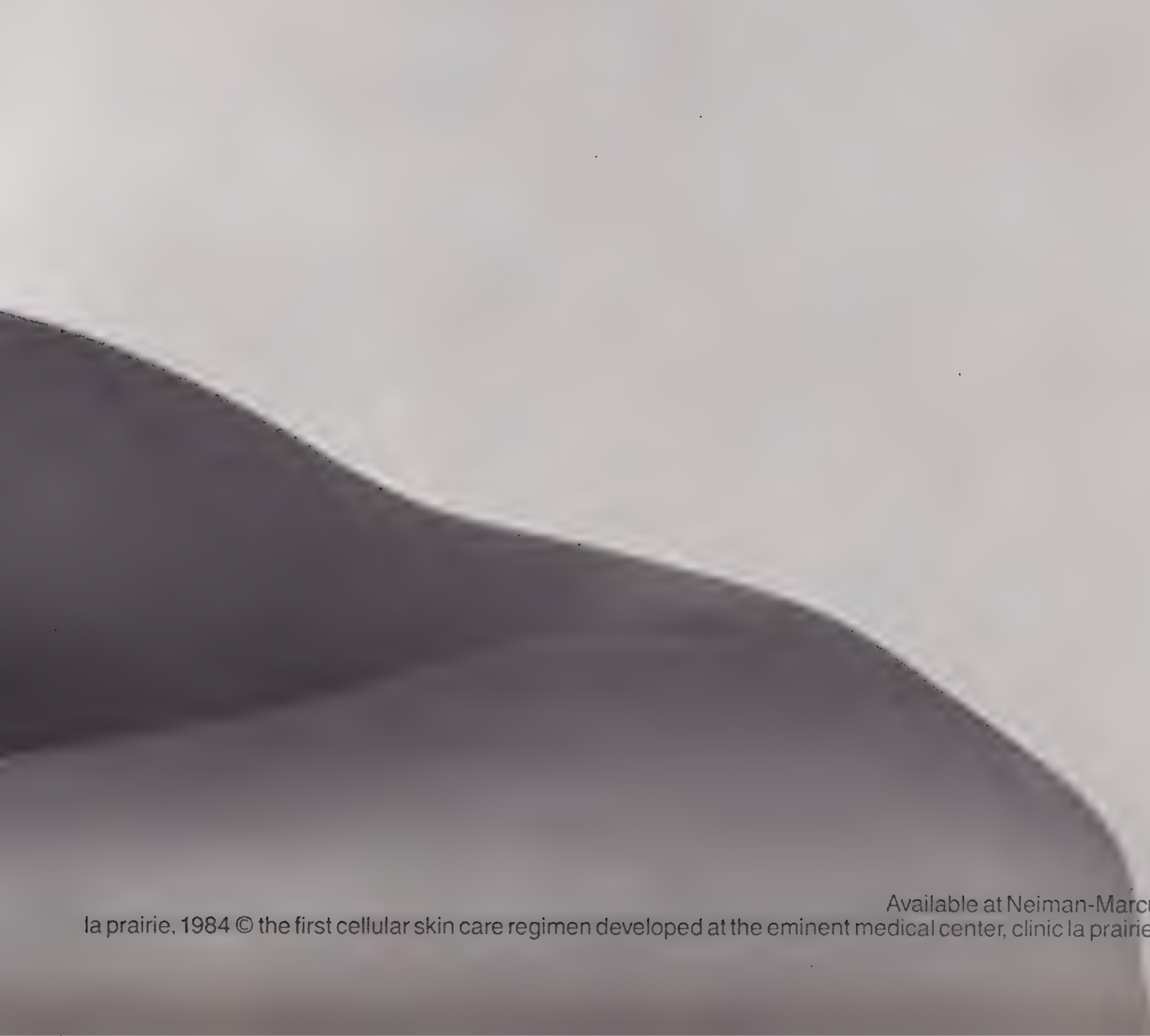

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New attention to styling based on well-thought-out concepts...on sophisticated new ways of handling hair...

News for spring and summer: inventive. Reflected here and later this issue, it stems from a solid understanding of hairstyling, taken one sophisticated step further.

It could be Christiaan's new way with parting—diagonally, across the crown anywhere but side or center: "A simple premise that gives new visual images to the head" ...Or Suga's way with longer hair (the length many seem ready for): layered in three "shifts"—"a short fringe around the face first, eyebrow length next, longer-than-eyebrows last"—that enable a variety of looks depending on how many are brushed forward ...Fresh, too: a total brushing forward of hair, creating a soft, feathery cap capturing the new femininity in the air...And a return to more "set," or controlled, styling, whether to simulate a windswept look, or to slick hair back to accomodate an amusing hair ornament—inventiveness of your own.

New way of parting hair from Christiaan. *Near right:* diagonally, hair combed in two directions, held with gel...and, *above,* loosened with fingers. Sketch, *far right:* stylist Angel Adorno's "windswept" layers —set with fingers, gel.

Major changes: hair growing longer—though short remains an option...layering around the face—to brush forward or back—for every style and every length...for welcome versatility

Photo, *above:* Feathery, forward—new hair direction from stylist Ray Allington... *Near right:* A bit of nylon net, a rose (it could be a piece of jewelry) tucked in brushed-back hair for fun...And, *far right:* Suga's three-layered approach to a longer length, swept off the face to avoid long hair "drag."

For hair that is thinning, needs a boost: a new kind of wig. From Dianne Valvo at the Glemby Salon, NYC's Bergdorf Goodman, and similarly, from Ruth Regina in Bay Harbour Island, FL (305-866-1226), an innovative "cutout" wig design: the natural hair is combed through, blended with the wig hair. The wig color is custom-blended in a variety of shades to avoid a flat unnatural look. And the wig is lightweight—only a little more than an ounce. The total result: more comfort; a much more natural look.

Photos, *top and center:* ARTHUR ELGORT Makeup by François Nars Illustrations: ANTONIO NIO
Photo, *bottom left:* DOMINIQUE ISSERMANN Photo, *bottom right:* PENN

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Q&A

Makeup to erase fatigue...boosting hair's shine...cell extracts explained

Q Before—or after—a long workday, how can I use makeup to look more refreshed than I feel?

A "Begin with a facial scrub and a moisturizing beauty mask to cleanse your pores, stimulate circulation," suggests makeup artist Way Bandy. "You'll look, feel better even before you apply makeup."

Certain makeup staples are important, too, such as a bright lipstick, "preferably red," says Bandy. "In terms of blusher, think of clear, bright color, matte texture—nothing iridescent or shimmering, which can accentuate skin flaws. A soft real pink in a matte powder will help any skin type or color."

How to apply blusher? *Lightly* on cheeks, chin, along forehead at hairline and—especially helpful—a light stroke on browbone between eyelid and brow. "This will help to 'brighten' the eyes," says Bandy. "Dust baby talcum or a light powder over your face to help blend and soften the color."

Make up your eyes as you usually do, but avoid the temptation to "overdo." "Trying to cover shadows with layers of concealer can make the skin around eyes look 'crepey' and dry," warns Bandy. "Make sure to use an eyelash curler to open eyes and, if necessary, eyedrops to remove redness."

Tip: Mix a few drops of a tinted moisturizer with your foundation in the palm of your hand and apply as usual. The pink tint will "lift" skin color, add glow. Also, wear large, sparkling earrings to enliven a tired face.

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Q My hair is beginning to lose its luster. How can I make it look shinier?

A Shine is one sign of healthy hair, and keeping hair well-trimmed is a good basic start to getting it. "Damaged, split hair won't reflect light well and so won't look shiny," says Linda Nash, group product manager for Chesebrough-Pond's. "Hair is shiniest when cuticles are even and lie flat to reflect light well."

Best way to flatten cuticles: Use a non-greasy conditioner that penetrates hair layers, but rinses easily (Rave's new two-minute Hair Masque and the J.F. Lazartigue Vita-crème twenty-minute conditioner at Bruno Le Salon are two). "Although there's a theory that rinsing with cold water helps to flatten cuticles, we've no proof that it works; warm water probably works better to rinse out dirt, excess shampoo," Nash says.

Hair shine tends to lessen with age, partly because the scalp's sebaceous glands produce less and less oil, making hair drier, cuticles more uneven. "Also, as one ages, the means of abusing hair add up—electric rollers, blow dryers, perms, color treatments—all roughening the cuticles. So using a good conditioner becomes even more important," Nash notes. If your hair is damaged or color-treated, look for a conditioner especially made for your hair type; usually it will contain more proteins, work "harder" to help hair maintain shine.

Q I've heard about cell extracts in skin-care products. How do they work?

A We took your question to Michel Tordjman, M.D., and Maurice Nahon, Ph.D., founders of Laboratoires Filorga in Paris (makers of Forelle skin-care products, which contain preserved animal extracts). "A smooth, supple look and feel to skin is a result of steady cell regeneration," Dr. Nahon explains. "As you age, natural cell regeneration slows, and older, flat cells will make skin appear less elastic and smooth. Simple moisturizers stay on skin and help cells retain moisture, but products with embryo cell extracts—or animal collagens or elastins—are meant to work from within. Preserved embryo cell extracts in skin-care products can penetrate deep into cell layers, encourage and aid this cell renewal, helping to restore and maintain skin's natural elasticity."

"These products have a cumulative effect: the more you use, the more supple and soft the skin will remain," says Dr. Tordjman. "And because all skin cells need the same nutrients to reproduce, embryo cell extracts can be used on any skin at any age, even oily skin, as they don't affect the oil/water balance." ▽

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On exercise methods...fitness for kids... executive women: a survey

OLYMPIC ATHLETES:

What they're teaching us about fitness

What you saw last summer at the Olympics was a sneak preview of what's to come. Much of America's success at the games was directly attributable to a new training attitude combining planned efforts in nutrition, pyschology, and physical preparation—all part of the new "Elite Athlete Project."

"Only five sports were part of the pilot project," said Irving Dardik, M.D., chairman, U.S. Olympic Committee's Sports Medicine Council, and the expert behind the Elite Project. "For 1988, all sports will be enrolled. The effects will be incredible."

Over the next four years, athlete training will be handled by a small group of scientists—psychologists, physiologists concerned with nutrition and cardiovascular functions, experts in biomechanics—guided by NASA scientists and chronobiologists who will decide which technologies work best together, and then adapt them over time.

"Timing is the key factor," says Dr. Dardik. "We are concerned with adapting these technologies to our body rhythms as they change over time, to hormones which go up and down cyclically, to iron levels that go up in the morning and down in the evening. We want to know when is the best time to exercise; how we can overcome jet lag."

According to Dr. Dardik—who has adapted the Elite training program for the general public in a new book Quantam Fitness (Pocket Books, 1984), written with Denis Waitley, Ph.D.—the same attitudes and procedures can lead us all to higher levels of physical fitness.

The main points of the Elite Athlete program:

- *Mentally, a positive image is important—visualizing a perfect maneuver before attempting it.*
- *Forget calorie counting. Focus on eating vital foods—especially fresh fruits and vegetables high in fiber. Fiber is filling and is relatively low in calories, replaces fat and cholesterol.*
- *Before entering an exercise program, get a checkup; then design a plan to satisfy your needs. While fitness without work is a fantasy, the work does not have to be dull. Select a variety of exercises; develop upper and lower body, arms and legs. Seek balance in your plan, especially pelvic balance, which Dr. Dardik calls "the true basis for excellence of movement." Incorporate periods of rest; drink plenty of water.*

"People get locked into things like jogging," says Dr. Dardik. "But jogging is far from perfect; your body experiences vertical pounding. I prefer skipping rope. There's less shock, and you vary the exertion on your heart by lifting your knees more or less. Plus it guarantees pelvic balance."

When Dr. Dardik talks about shock to the skeletal system or the need for fiber, water, rest—he has scientific proof. At the Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs, where the Elite Project is based, activities are filmed and computer tested.

When speaking of exercise, Dr. Dardik always comes back to this point: fitness—like athletic excellence—comes not from any one thing but from a well-planned and balanced program.

"By dealing with the mental, physical, and nutritional aspects of fitness, you get not only the positive effect of each, but what I call the quantum effect: they feed one another, and the effect is greater than the sum of all three." —SKIP ROZIN

how female execs exercise

A sign of the times: a recent survey of over three hundred female executives across the U.S. showed that high-powered working women are likely to be testing their physical potential almost as hard as they do their career possibilities. Among other Etonic Women & Sports Report findings:

- **Many professional women credit sports with a significant role in their career development. Forty-four percent believe physical activity has increased their competitive spirit.**
- **Much of the women's time spent playing sports is in the company of clients or co-workers; but, to some degree, male/female "role-playing" continues: while 85 percent of the women said they felt free to be competitive with female associates, only 79 percent would be fierce competitors against a male colleague, with even fewer—65 percent—willing to put up a tough fight against a male client.**
- **The most popular physical activity: aerobic exercise, followed by swimming, running, and racquetball, with more than half the women polled getting their workouts in health clubs or gyms.**

("Fitness Now" continued on page 216)

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(Continued from page 213)

Exercise for kids: how safe?

Experts tell us it's never too late to start exercising. But the question now: Is it ever too early? Exercise classes for children are springing up all over the country—encouraging infants as young as four weeks to do modified sit-ups, push-ups, kicks.

Advocates claim that exercise "stimulates" a baby's development, makes healthier, stronger children. Suzy Prudden, author of *Suzy Prudden's Exercise Program for Young Children* (Workman Publishing), says that exercise encourages a baby to learn physical skills early and may even help mental growth. Other fitness experts disagree.

"Most exercise won't hurt a normal child," says Michael Traister, M.D., assistant professor of clinical pediatrics, New York University School of Medicine. "But exercise probably won't make a baby a developmental superstar. In fact, there's no evidence that exercise advances development at all. The only good reason to follow an infant exercise program: it's fun for you and your baby."

Exercises aimed at teaching babies to sit, crawl, or walk early don't work. "Babies follow a natural developmental pattern—no matter what you do," says Dr. Traister. Most babies get a sufficient "workout" through normal play.

Although physical danger from kids' exercise programs is minimal, the greater risk may be emotional. Overly competitive or programmed classes don't encourage a child's sense of joy in movement—an especially important concept for young girls to develop.

Children who exercise may learn new skills, delight in the physical challenges, but they won't necessarily become more coordinated or graceful. "Children don't have the same training ability adults do," says Dr. Traister. "For example, they *won't* become stronger through exercise. You can't stimulate muscle mass until there are enough adult hormones."

On the plus side: A child's self-image is largely based on physical competence. In a good exercise class—where children play freely, move to music, have fun with simple equipment—a child gains body confidence.

What about swim classes? The National YMCA advises against swim instruction classes for pre-threes. A child can't *learn* to swim until skill and coordination are sufficiently developed. The Y recommends water fun or water adjustment classes instead. For older children: Find a class where the emphasis is on fun, safety. Remember: you can't "drown-proof" a child.

Possible dangers: water intoxication in babies—a serious problem that results from swallowing too much water; but far more common: diarrhea. "When there are a lot of babies in the water who aren't toilet trained, viruses and bacteria get passed around," says Dr. Traister.

The general rule for all children's exercise classes: be sure that they are well-supervised, that children aren't pushed beyond their natural limits. The ultimate goal: to inspire a love for activity that will last through adulthood.

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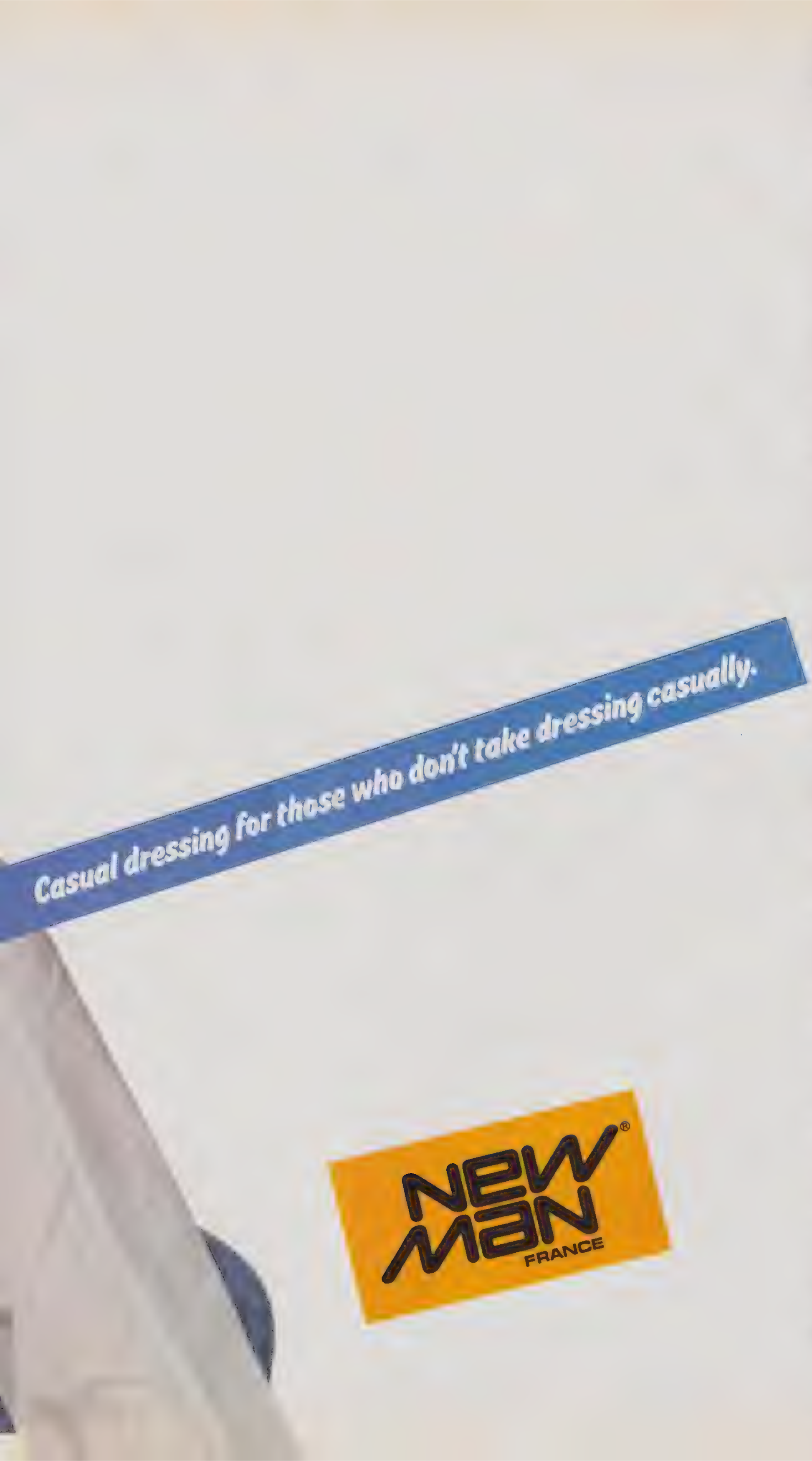

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ending pain— the "safe" ways?

Assets and dangers of new nonprescription drugs and doctors' guidelines for use

By Melva Weber

We spend about one and one-half billion dollars a year for over-the-counter pain medications in the United States. Americans buy them in supermarkets, drugstores, discount centers and are bombarded by advertising and television commercials that stress health benefits of analgesics and suggest them for almost every discomfort.

Now on the market, and backed by gigantic sales promotions, are new nonprescription forms of ibuprofen, an analgesic that has been available by prescription for a decade and became so popular that an estimated six hundred thousand people were said to use it daily. The new nonprescription ibuprofen is made by two manufacturers under the names Advil and Nuprin; but look for additional over-the-counter brands to appear by mid-1985, when the drug's patent expires.

Will traditional analgesics such as aspirin and acetaminophen recede in sales with the new entries in the field? Not likely. The force of sales promotion will more likely lead to an even wider popular acceptance and more use of analgesics.

Medical leaders generally agree that these "new" analgesics described as "nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drugs," or NSAIDs, can be extremely useful and effective both for episodes of acute pain, such as menstrual cramps and headaches, and for recurrent and chronic problems such as arthritis pain. But many health experts view with alarm the possibility of casual overuse or misuse of these nonprescription drugs under the impression that they're mild and harmless, hardly to be regarded as drugs at all. A significant risk is that people may fail to tell their physicians prescribing other medications that they're also taking nonprescription remedies.

Physicians' reports in medical journals have described the health dangers associated with NSAIDs, notably that of acute kidney failure. In a consensus conference at the National Institutes of Health, a panel of experts warned about analgesic-associated kidney disease. In particular, pain relievers that combine aspirin and acetaminophen, or aspirin substitute, have been implicated in widespread kidney damage leading to end-stage renal failure. The now-banned ingredient phenacetin, once widely used in APC (aspirin-phenacetin-caffeine) tablets, was found to contribute heavily to kidney disease.

The panel reported that kidney disease caused by taking pain pills accounts for about 2 percent of end-stage renal disease throughout the United States, but there are population pockets where the incidence is as high as 10 percent. In these areas, heavy use of "headache powders" is likely to be predominant. Because of the increased risks of the aspirin-acetaminophen combinations, and because increased benefit over the use of the drugs by themselves could not be established, the conference recommended that such mixed analgesics should be withdrawn from nonprescription sale.

John S. Derryberry, M.D., of Shelbyville, Tennessee, is past president of the American Academy of Family Physicians. He also served on the NIH panel that explored kidney diseases caused by pain drugs. Vogue asked him for guidelines on using over-the-counter NSAID analgesics, particularly on a long-term or regular basis for chronic pain such as arthritis. He responded with the advice that follows:

WHEN TO TAKE NSAIDs:

Most of these drugs are for significant inflammation, swelling, stiffness, and joint pain: the hallmarks of true arthritis. They shouldn't be used as a panacea for everything else just because they can be purchased at the store. For occasional, instead of regular, use, such as menstrual cramps, the newer drugs that are strong prostaglandin inhibitors (such as ibuprofen) are very effective and often useful where milder analgesics aren't enough.

WHEN NOT TO TAKE NSAIDs:

If you have reactions to similar drugs, including aspirin and salicylates, chances are you also have sensitivity to other NSAIDs. Aspirin-sensitive people do not, however, have cross-reactions to acetaminophen, which is a different drug.

If you are pregnant or breast-feeding, don't take analgesics (or in fact any other drug) without a doctor's advice.

If you have breathing problems such as asthma, any blood disorder, heart disease, high blood pressure, any kind of kidney disease, or any stomach or intestinal disorder, don't take these drugs except under a physician's direction.

Because these drugs are based on a sodium molecule, you *(Continued on page 237)*

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painkillers

(Continued from page 230)

should avoid them if you are on a salt-restricted diet.

If you are on other, prescribed medications, don't take NSAIDs on your own. Ask the doctor who prescribed for you. Taking even an aspirin when you're on anticoagulants is particularly dangerous and can cause bleeding from almost any organ. Don't try to help along your prescribed arthritis medication by taking nonprescription NSAIDs. You might be double-dosing.

Cut off alcoholic drinks completely when taking NSAIDs.

If you're planning any surgery, including dental surgery, or if you are approaching childbirth, be sure your doctor knows every medication you're taking, including over-the-counter ones. Be especially careful before any surgery to alert your doctor to your aspirin-taking habits; aspirin can produce excessive bleeding in surgery.

To gain full benefits of taking NSAIDs for chronic or regular pain, you must take them regularly, in adequate doses, and long enough for them to take effect. This means you should have medical direction, to avoid an inadequate (and therefore useless) dose as well as an excessive (and possibly toxic) dose. With a doctor's guidance you may steer between the extremes and establish a true therapeutic dosage, often using the less expensive over-the-counter drugs.

SIDE EFFECTS AND OVERDOSE SIGNALS:

One of the symptoms of too much analgesic, including aspirin, is buzzing and ringing in the ears. A common sign of allergy to NSAIDs is skin rash and itchy hives. Bloody or black, tarry stools are a frequent complication. Blurring or changes in vision, or decrease in hearing should be checked out. These problems may happen to older people, but they shouldn't be taken for granted. They may be side effects of analgesics.

Rarer, but certainly requiring attention, is blood in the urine or painful urination. It's important to drink plenty of water, especially when taking analgesics. Unexplained sore throat or fever can result from drugs rather than infection; doctors call this drug fever, and it usually arises from overdosage.

For authoritative information on nonprescription drugs and also on the more commonly prescribed drugs, Dr. Derryberry recommends, as a home handbook *About Your Medicines*, a publication of the United States Pharmacopeial Convention, Inc., the official body of the pharmacology profession. It may be purchased at some drugstores and pharmacies, and single copies may be ordered by writing to U.S. Pharmacopeial Convention, 12601 Twinbrook Parkway, Rockville, Maryland 20852. Enclose check or money order for $5.95. ▽

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SKIN CARE

"non-comedogenic" ...the new watchword in moisturizers.

"Moisturize your skin as though it's fragile," caution skin care experts. "For continued use, a non-comedogenic formula is clearly better for your face."

It's a risky fact of skin life! The moisturizer your skin craves to stay smooth and young-looking can also clog your pores, causing roughness and tiny bumps. That's known as a "comedogenic" reaction.

In an effort to avoid negative side-effects you may already have been banning irritants like fragrance, color and allergens from your moisturizers. But, that's not enough. The hidden comedogenic risk is *there*.

The news: non-comedogenic moisturizing. Impossible a few years ago, it's now a proven laboratory advance. Now you don't have to give up safety in your search for beauty if you select a moisturizer that is both non-comedogenic and effective.

What non-comedogenic means to your face: A special formula balanced so purely and carefully it's not likely to cause clogged pores, eruptions or annoying bumps and red patches. Not even if you use it daily or over long periods of time.

Is your moisturizer non-comedogenic? Even some of the most trusted moisturizers can be harmful and pore-clogging. That's why dermatologists have urged companies to perfect the advanced formulation and testing that creates a truly non-comedogenic moisturizer—without giving up the vital ingredients that make your face soft and smooth. Dermatologists beg you to "ask questions, read packages and to be ruthless!" Your moisturizer should be clearly labelled "non-comedogenic."

One new moisturizer has gone all out to satisfy the "safety first" rule skin experts believe critical for your skin. A moisturizer so fanatically pure its ingredients meet the rigid standards of U.S. Pharmacoepia. Formulated by the Neutrogena Company, it is called Neutrogena Moisture.® Their formula is dermatologist-tested and clinically proven to be non-comedogenic, non-irritating and hypo-allergenic.

Can you play it safe and moisturize effectively? Lab results* are gratifying. After 3 hours on the skin, Epidermal Dielectric Water Content Tests show that on average Neutrogena Moisture adds twice as much moisture to the skin compared to other leading moisturizers tested.

*Excerpt from Neutrogena Skin Care Institute Report.

How to play it even safer. Neutrogena Moisture also helps keep your skin safe from premature aging. Much of the potentially wrinkle-forming sun damage to your skin happens in everyday life (not on your Acapulco vacation or beach weekends!) You need daily sun protection from ultra-violet rays. So Neutrogena Moisture has a light SPF5 sunscreen to guard against potentially harmful daily exposure.

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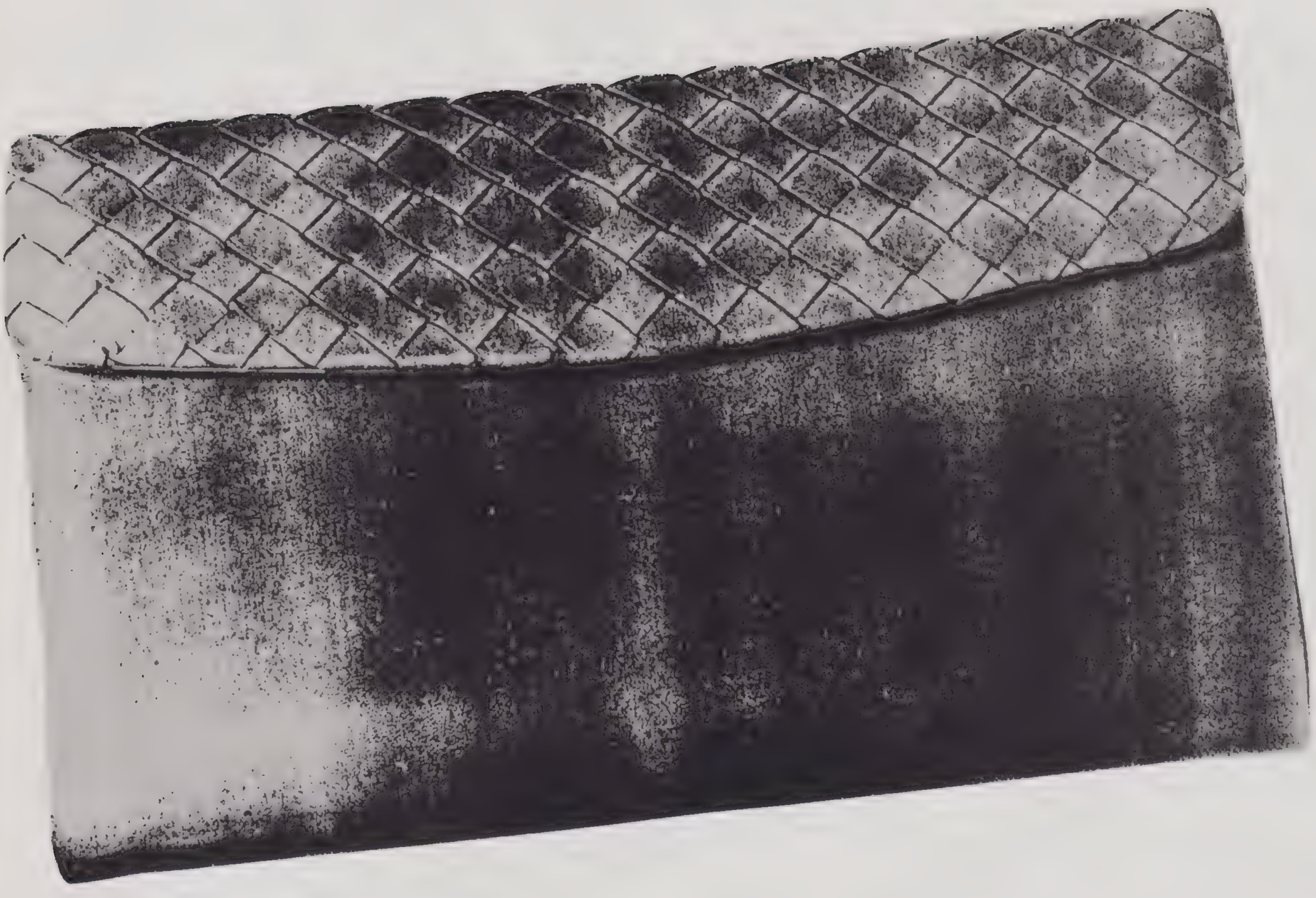

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Vice President

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HAIR NOW

cut, color

New approach to cuts for lift, volume...color trends: from natural to frankly fake

First consideration in hair's attractiveness: its cut. "When you find yourself playing with your hair often, that's telling you something. If you have to comb or brush your hair repeatedly to keep it looking neat, then it's time for a cut," says Charles Booth, owner of NYC's and Montreal's La Coupe Salon, in his new book *How to Cut, Curl and Care for Your Hair* (MacMillan; with Sharon Esche) ...Fine-hair boost: Gad Cohen (also of La Coupe) gives hair "fake layers"—by feathering hair at its part, where weight isn't essential. Snipped ends make hair sit higher on the head, give the illusion of fullness...An end to "scissor shock": Vartan at Vartali Salon, NYC, treats scissors-shy women in three separate visits. First, long hair is cut to shoulder length. At the second visit, layers and shape are cut into hair. The third cut shortens, finishes the look.

Inspiration for today's dramatic short cuts comes straight from the barber shop. Example, *left:* Double-length hair, with back and sides shaved short, front pieces left long. To shape short hair, add shine, hairstylist Alex Hilliard uses fingers and a barbershop-style hair dressing.

Color flash

Today, there's a more daring approach to haircolor, more imagination in application. The result: natural, lively hair tones with real depth, shine. At Salon Cardeau in Seattle, Michael and Nancy Van Ditto mix up to ten tints in a single color wash. When applied to hair, colors "fall into place," giving real color dimension....Color splashing at NYC's Pipino-Buccheri Salon is similar in concept. The difference: only hair tips are dipped in color for a subtle change....At the opposite extreme is the trend toward intentionally fake coloring. Roots are darkened, tips lightened from ashy blond to chestnut....For a seasonal color lift, Barry Murac at Donsuki Salon, NYC, uses a gelatin-based conditioning color glaze....Louis Licari, La Coupe's colorist, Clairol's spokesperson, and one of NYC's best haircolorists, gives away his haircolor secrets in *Color Your Life... with Hair Color* (G.P. Putnam Sons; with Sharon Esche).

NEW APPEAL...

Today, the best colorists and cutters pay as much attention to the way hair looks in the salon as to the way it will look two months later. The result: haircolor with "invisible" grow-out, cuts that maintain shape, and fewer trips to the salon....This season, evening hair is an embellishment of daytime styles. Whether it's long hair casually pushed on top of the head, above right, or short hair "finger lifted" with mousse, the look is unstudied, un-coiffed, and very attractive.

Top photo: ARTHUR ELGORT, hair by Christiaan; middle, bottom: ELISABETH NOVICK, hair by Alex Hilliard.

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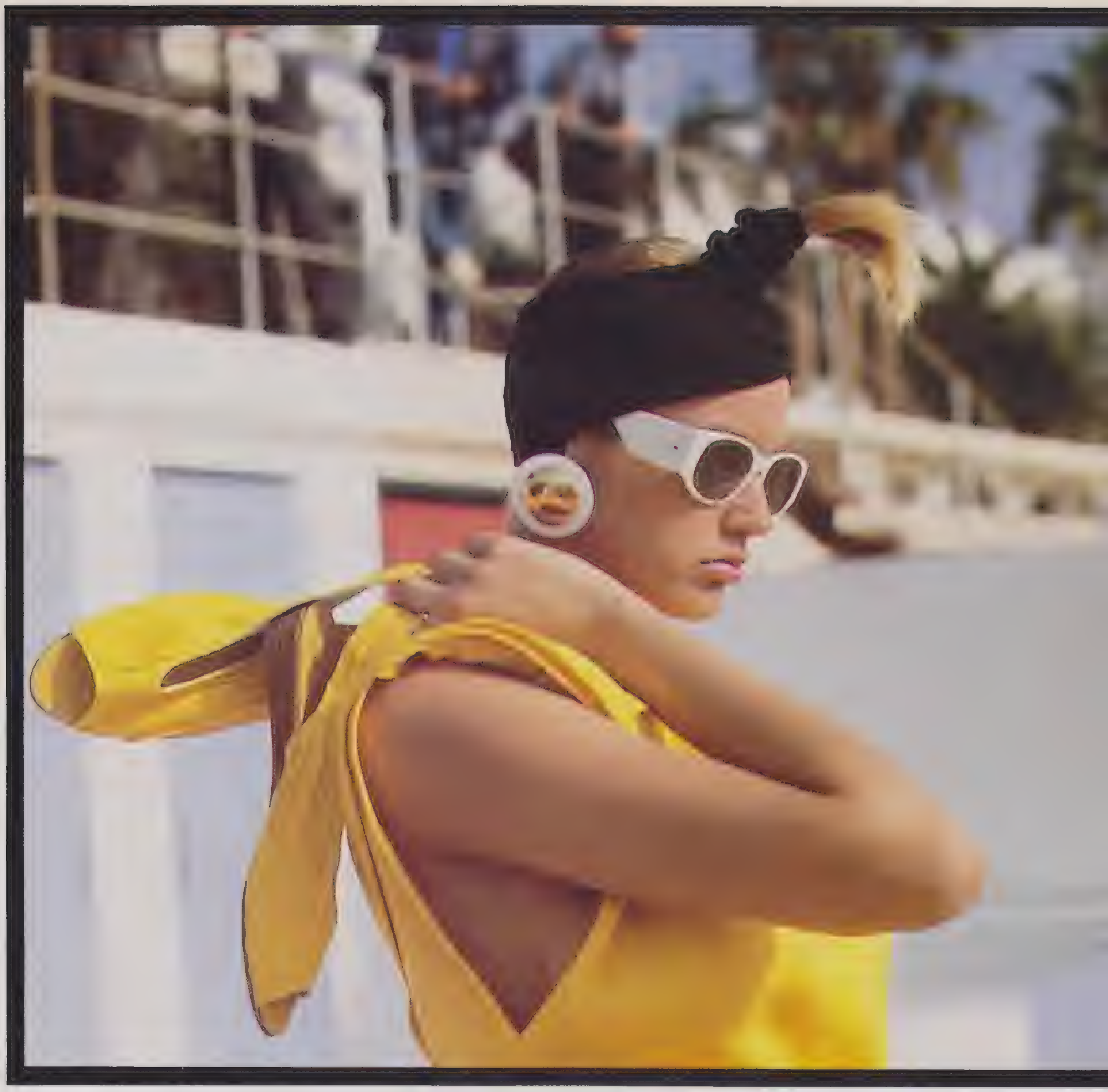

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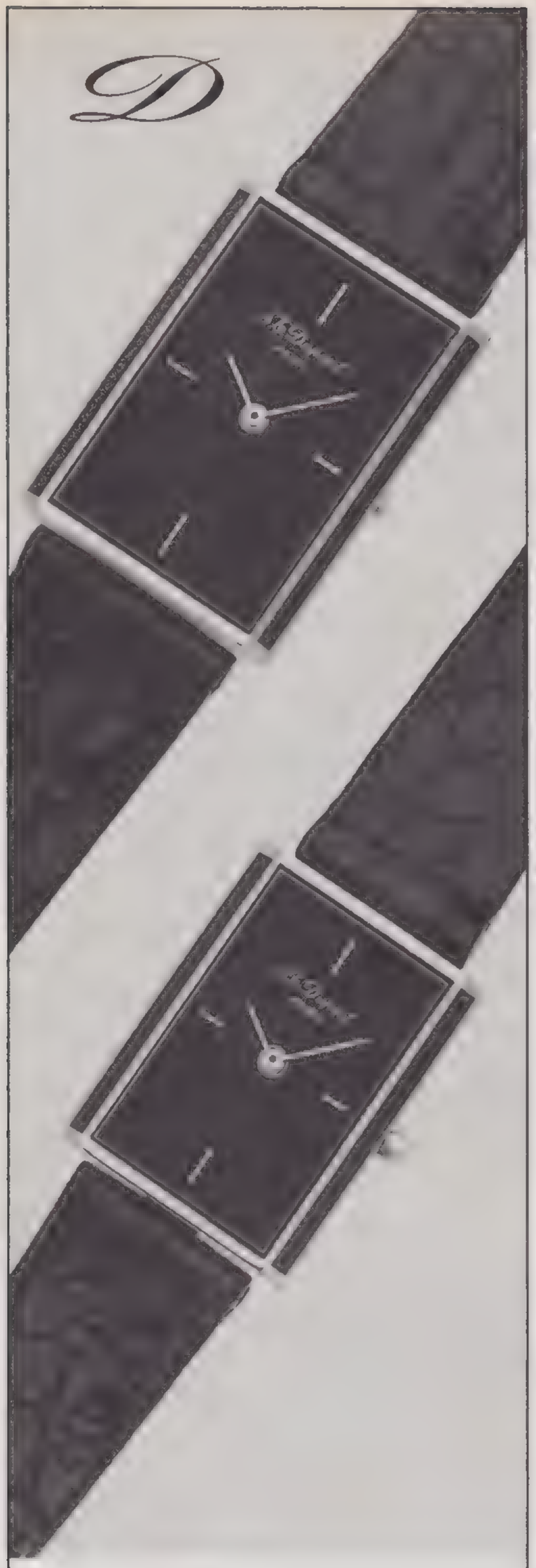

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Managing Your Money

By Gigi Mahon

Living well—precious details…new, not-so-flat tax…how safe is your money-market fund?

TAXES—THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

It has been months since it was proposed by the Treasury and it will be months more before Congress acts, but at some point in the not *too* terribly distant future, there's going to be a new tax act. Whatever form it finally takes, the bill will do no less than cause us to rethink our tax planning and strategy totally.

What started out to be a simple "flat tax," turned out, in proposal, to be not flat, but flattish, and not so simple. There would be three tax brackets, instead of the current sixteen, and the max tax would be slashed from 50 percent to 35 percent for individuals earning $38,100 and up. So far so good. But wait. Deductions would be dramatically limited.

For example, charitable contributions would no longer be deductible, unless they exceeded 2 percent of adjusted gross income. That's bound to make everyone reevaluate his own philanthropic urges, which, in turn, should hurt not-for-profit institutions. Also gone by the boards would be tax-free life insurance, child care, and death benefits.

Another provision that could have big repercussions is the disallowance of deductions for state and local taxes. People in highly taxed areas—the highest being New York City—might be tempted to move. Mayors and governors are already worrying out loud about such a drain in revenues.

Of most immediate concern to a lot of taxpayers, though, are provisions affecting their houses. A proposal calling for no tax break on mortgage interest on the family manse went by the wayside, for obvious political reasons. Still, property taxes, under the Treasury Department proposals, could no longer be written off, which, again, might affect where people buy homes. Also, if you take into consideration the lower tax brackets, the after-tax value of current interest deductions will be reduced by as much as 30 percent. Moreover, the proposals call for making it tough-to-impossible to deduct interest on a second home. All of that will likely depress housing values, especially in resort areas.

Some people who were thinking of selling property later are now reacting to the new tax proposals by trying to sell sooner. On the other side of the equation, many would-be buyers have taken to the sidelines. And some people who already own two homes are looking into refinancing—mortgaging their primary residence to the hilt and using the funds to pay down mortgages on second homes.

It's not too early, either, to start rethinking a couple of other key proposals. Many tax shelters will become dinosaurs. Publicly offered shelters normally take the form of limited partnerships, which pass deductible losses through to the partners. Under the proposals, if there are more than thirty-five limited partners, the shelter would be taxed as a corporation, meaning no pass-through of losses. And even the kids' trust funds aren't sacred. Under the proposals, if a child is under fourteen, his investment income over $2,000 will be taxed at his parents' rates.

Some of the tax-law proposals call for income to be indexed to inflation. Capital gains on stock, for instance, would receive that treatment. So much for simplicity. If you didn't need a good accountant before, you may well need one soon.

WHY THE GOOD LIFE COSTS SO MUCH

While we keep reading that inflation is way down, it doesn't ever feel that way, leading one to wonder whether the "cost of living" economists talk about has anything much to do with real life. Most of the standard indices of inflation measure the prices of goods; increases in their prices have tapered off. But what don't show up in any meaningful way are the costs of services, from photocopying to getting cavities filled. Those continue to rise, for a simple reason—unlike the makers of steel or clothing, people providing services aren't bullied about by foreign competition.

A man who has kept entertaining track of that painful fact is Raymond De Voe, Jr., publisher of a stock-market commentary that bears his name. He has been compiling his "Trivia Index" since long before the game of a similar name was popular. De Voe keeps tabs on prices of forty-five "little ticket" items. Many are services, such as "shirt washed, pressed, and boxed," "podiatrist session," and "bounced check." Others are goods, but not of the variety that would influence the Consumer Price Index, the standard measure of inflation. Note, for example, the presence of Brooks Brothers "gentlemen's neckties" and first-class postage stamps. The Trivia Index, unlike the CPI, has gone way up.

For the latest two-year period surveyed, the average price on the Trivia Index was up 23 percent, or nearly four times the rise on the CPI. The shirt laundering cost $1.50 recently versus $1.25 in the prior index. The bounced-check fee had soared 25 percent, to $7.50 from $6.00. And the Brooks Brothers tie had skyrocketed in price from $16.50 to over $25.

What can we do? We could hand wash our dry-cleanables, stop sending letters, give up little luxuries like manicures and apéritifs. But none of that is practical or convenient or fun. And there may be cause for hope. The admission price of first-run movies has stayed at $5 since 1982. A theater owner told De Voe, "We feel it's a fair price for now." *("Money" continued on page 246)*

Puffy Eyes. Crow's Feet. Help is in sight!

Your eyes are the first place to betray your age. Don't be alarmed. Let Clarins, France's premier skin care authority, come to the rescue — with effective eye contour treatments based on natural plant extracts.

Clarins recognizes the causes.
Squinting. Blinking. Smiling. Crying. These are constant aggressions the delicate eye contour area endures. Even the daily application and removal of eye makeup take a toll. Add stress, fatigue, pollution . . . and it's no wonder your eyes reveal signs of aging. Clearly, the need for special eye contour care is urgent!

Clarins is the Problem-Solver.
Clarins created light, non-oily products to effectively treat the fragile skin tissue surrounding the eyes. (Oily formulations actually cause eyes to "puff-up"!) For 30 years, Clarins gentle eye contour treatments have proven to be successful in the Clarins Parisian "Institut de Beauté". Based on natural plant extracts, these treatments are dermatologically and allergy-tested.

Clarins Eye-Contour Gel helps to reduce puffiness.
Soothing actions of camomile and cornflower relax and calm delicate eye contours. Marigold and other natural plant extracts help to relieve irritation. Recommended as a morning refresher to diminish puffiness and dark circles. A favorite among contact lens wearers, Clarins Eye-Contour Gel may also be applied during the day, sparingly, even over makeup.

Clarins Eye-Contour Balm minimizes expression lines.
Nourish. Revitalize. Soften and smooth. These are the actions of Clarins Eye-Contour Balm. Rose and cornflower extracts, among other natural (non-oily) ingredients, act to moisturize and help fade expression lines — restoring the youthful appearance of eye contours. See lasting results with daily application.

Clarins Skin Care Specialists offer personal beauty advice.
Consult with Clarins' Skin Care Specialist and have your personal Beauty Prescription completed.. And, receive a sample of a Clarins product, selected just for you! Clarins specializes in skin care for face, bust, body and tanning. Act today and join millions of women throughout the world who depend on Clarins to answer their skin care needs.

Eye-Contour Gel with natural plant extracts	• Helps reduce puffiness, bags, and dark circles • Soothes and refreshes with camomile and cornflower • Gently relaxes with calming marigold
Eye-Contour Balm with natural plant extracts	• Minimizes expression lines and first signs of aging • Moisturizes and revitalizes eye contours • Softens with light, non-oily ingredients such as rose and cornflower

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managing your money

(Continued from page 244)

TWO INVESTMENTS IN ONE

Once spurned because they were a hybrid—neither stock nor bond—today convertible bonds are becoming popular again, and for those same reasons. Convertibles are fixed-income corporate securities—either bonds or preferred stocks—that can be exchanged for the issuing company's common stock. Their popularity wanes in raging bull markets, because they don't have as much profit potential as common stock. But less inspiring markets make them appealing again, because the risk of loss is not as high. The yields on convertibles are higher than those on the underlying stock, which cushions the convert's decline should the stock price fall.

One catch is that convertibles can be tricky to figure out. For instance, you have to know that the "conversion price" is the price at which the securities can be converted into common stock. It is set at the time the bond is issued, normally at about 20 percent higher than the stock price. It is because of that "conversion premium," as it is called, that convertibles don't rise as quickly in price as the stock does.

Most convertible bonds are issued with maturity dates set twenty or thirty years in the future. But almost nobody plans to hold them that long. Instead, the hope is that the price of the underlying common stock will rise to the conversion price, at which point conversion to stock becomes worthwhile. Were the price of the underlying stock to drop dramatically, the premium could rise to 100 percent or more. What's left is called a "busted" convertible. It will sell entirely on the basis of its value as a bond, and provide a yield close to that of similarly rated nonconvertible bonds.

MONEY-MARKET SAFETY

Like Xerox machines, money-market funds are one of those new fixtures in our lives that it's hard to remember ever having done without; but the funds have been around for only about ten years. Lately, what with some banks and corporations looking a tad shaky and even going under, investors have begun to wonder just how safe their money is in the funds.

How safe a fund is depends on what it invests in, the "quality of assets."

It's easy to find out what's in a particular fund—just ask them. It's not as easy to decide which one to invest in. There's a pretty good investment truism that the lower the risk, the lower the reward, and vice-versa. Funds that sport mostly U.S.-backed investments are more secure but won't offer as high a yield as ones with lots of corporate obligations.

If you want someone to do some of your research for you, there's an outfit in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, called the Institute for Econometric Research that publishes a newsletter called *Money Fund Safety Ratings*. As the name implies, it rates all of the major funds by quality of assets, and thus safety.

The odds right now are that your fund will not go under. So why should you care? For a lot of reasons, not the least of which is that odds have been wrong before. A parallel can be found with banks. The odds favor *most* banks' staying solvent, but lately we have seen an occasional failure or near failure. Same goes for corporations. In theory, it could go for money-market funds too.

Signs of Aging? Rediscover Youthful Radiance!

Defy the passage of time! Discover the new hope that Clarins revitalizing "Cell Extracts" treatments provide. They effectively combat signs of aging – dehydration and fine lines . . . adding years of youthful radiance to help face the future with renewed confidence.

Clarins recognizes the causes.
As time goes by, cell renewal progressively slows down, causing the natural beauty of youthful skin to diminish. Moisture balance weakens; skin's freshness fades. Stress, sun exposure and extreme hot/cold temperatures contribute their damaging effects. Skin needs an energizing moisture boost!

Clarins is the Problem-Solver.
Restore skin's youthful vitality with Clarins "Cell Extracts" Moisturizing Treatments. They work to fortify moisture balance and increase cell renewal (scientific test results reflect an improvement of over 36%). The formulations contain nourishing plant oils and revitalizing cell extracts, selected for their ability to promote a softer, smoother, more youthful skin. Dermatologically and allergy-tested.

Clarins "Cell Extracts" Moisturizing Base – the perfect beginning to a beautiful day.
Light in texture, rich in cell extracts and a protective moisture barrier! Clarins Moisturizing Base ensures a beautiful, long-lasting makeup while providing the additional benefits of cell extracts. Offers protection from UVA/UVB rays too. For all skin types (especially combination/oily).

Clarins "Cell Extracts" Moisturizing Cream smooths the way to renewed radiance!
Slow down the biological clock with Clarins Moisturizing Cream. Working to bring new vitality to the epidermis, its silky rich formulation is concentrated in cell extracts. Nourishing plant oils help restore moisture and UV filters provide protection. Recommended for evening use.

Clarins Skin Care Specialists offer personal beauty advice.
Consult with a Clarins Skin Care Specialist and have your personal Beauty Prescription completed. And, receive a sample of a Clarins face, body or tanning treatment selected just for you. Act today and join those who have already discovered Clarins answers their skin care needs.

"Cell Extracts" Moisturizing Base	• Light textured day cream to help accelerate cell renewal and promote moisture balance • Softens and smooths skin texture while providing the perfect makeup base • Offers protection from UVA/UVB rays
"Cell Extracts" Moisturizing Cream	• Silky rich revitalizing cream to help replenish essential moisture and stimulate cell renewal • Helps to revive youthful radiance and combat against visible signs of aging

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Lines & Wrinkles? Face the Future Firmly!

Restore skin's youthful appearance! Let Clarins effective "anti-aging" skin care treatments rescue you from those tell-tale signs that betray your biological age.

Clarins recognizes the causes.
Skin's youthful suppleness and moisture balance diminish, particularly after the age of 35. The natural aging process causes cell renewal to slow down. Add an unfriendly environment . . . Lines, wrinkles, and dehydration are inevitable. The result: skin slackens and facial features appear less defined.

Clarins is the Problem-Solver.
Clarins "anti-aging" treatments fulfill the urgent demand for special facial care. Rejuvenating Multi-Régénérante treatment creams drench skin with moisture and nourishment. A program of Biological Skin Tightener ampoules strengthen skin's elasticity and firm facial features. Results of these natural formulations are time-proven, thanks to thirty years of experience and advanced research at Clarins' Parisian "Institut de Beaute". They are, of course, dermatologically and allergy-tested.

Clarins Multi-Régénérante revives skin's youthful glow.
Replenish skin's moisture balance with essential nutrients. Accelerate cell renewal and reinforce skin's natural defenses. Soften lines/wrinkles and rediscover youthful radiance! These are the benefits of Clarins rejuvenating Multi-Régénérante creams. There are two! Multi-Régénérante for all skin types – formulated with 12 select "anti-aging" ingredients (including gin seng and milk protein). And, to address the deficiencies of very dry, very devitalized skin – the new Multi-Régénérante "Speciale" treatment, rich in unsaponifiable extracts of moringa and shea butter.

Clarins Biological Skin Tightener gives facial features a "lift"!
Effective and easy to use! Treat facial skin to a 32 day program of Biological Skin Tightener ampoules and see the results – visibly firmer facial features and contours. Its gentle, yet intensive tightening properties strengthen skin's elasticity. Horse chestnut (tightening) and pineapple (reduces puffiness) are key natural extracts that act to promote maximum results. For all skin types. Can also be applied around the delicate eye contour area to soften crow's feet.

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Multi-Régénérante for all skin types "Speciale" for very dry, very devitalized skin	• Rich in natural plant extracts to moisturize, nourish and rejuvenate the epidermal layer • Provides necessary nutrients to replenish balance and accelerate cellular renewal • Visibly softens lines and wrinkles • Relieves tight, taut discomfort of dehydration
Biological Skin Tightener	• Intensive 32 day ampoule treatment program • Gently tightens fine lines and slackened skin • Strengthens skin's elasticity and firms facial features and contours

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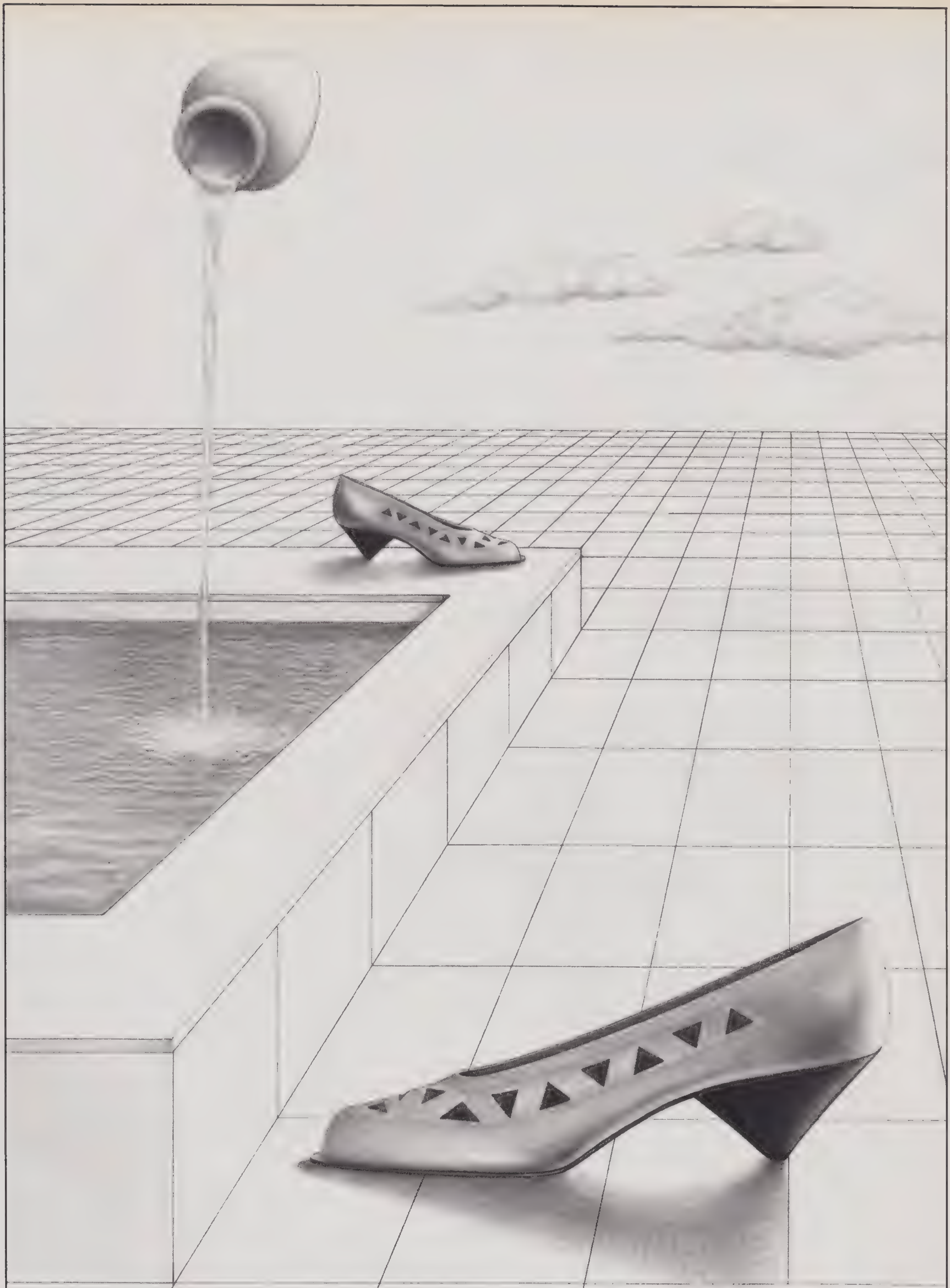
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Health

Glue that heals wounds…new ways to "grow" blood…earlier detection of strokes…warning for diabetic women

By Melva Weber

STROKES: PREVENTIVE TACTICS

Doctors used to describe stroke as a "cerebrovascular accident" that attacked without warning, interrupting the flow of blood to the brain by a clot or by bleeding. Strokes can bring immediate death or paralysis, with loss of speech, memory, or brain and nerve function. But medical practice has found that stroke is not unpredictable or inevitable. Instead, it is a "chain of events that takes place in the body over a period of years," in the words of William Kannel, M.D., of Boston University Medical Center.

Stroke death rates have dropped 45 percent during the past sixteen years, a period in which strong efforts have been made to detect and treat high blood pressure, a key risk factor for stroke. Other factors that cut down stroke incidence: treatment of heart disease by drugs, diet, and surgery; and the detection and treatment of "little strokes," transient ischemic attacks that may be mild in effect but may precede other and more severe strokes.

At the Ochsner Clinic in New Orleans, Louisiana, John Ochsner, M.D., urges fellow physicians performing checkups to use their stethoscopes not just to listen to the patient's chest but to listen to the neck. The carotid artery, which can be felt just beneath the ear, produces blood-flow sounds that reveal the formation of fatty plaques in the blood-vessel walls. If warning sounds are heard, more precise testing can check out the extent of narrowing. Severe clogging of this artery leads to stroke; but carotid surgery to "clean out" the artery may be lifesaving. According to Dr. Ochsner, both the techniques and the results of carotid surgery have greatly improved during the past twenty-five years.

In the publication "Acute Care Medicine," Kenneth J. Kurtz, M.D., of the University of Nevada School of Medicine, Reno, instructed fellow physicians in stethoscope techniques of "dynamic vascular auscultation" to track down the noises of the bloodstream in the neck, leg, and abdominal arteries and to help in determining whether there's significant blockage. Dr. Kurtz says all post-menopausal women and all men past age forty should be regularly auscultated, particularly for sounds in the neck artery.

BLOOD-VESSEL BREAKTHROUGH

Blood supply is essential to most living tissue; hence, the ability to grow new blood vessels quickly when organ or tissue circulation is impaired can be lifesaving in stroke, heart or brain damage, wounds, burns, and many other conditions. Conversely, the ability to curtail runaway blood-vessel growth, such as in vascularized cancers and tumors, would provide powerful medical control of disease.

At Boston University School of Medicine, a multispecialist research team headed by Harry S. Goldsmith, M.D., has extracted a body substance that promotes growth of new blood vessels when placed in different organs or tissues. The growth-promoting factor was found in the omentum, the large flap of membrane that lies like a coverlet above most of the abdominal organs. The investigators extracted a potent angiogenic (blood-vessel-starting) factor from the omental tissues of cats; then they applied it to corneal tissues of rabbits, where normally there are no blood vessels. In seven to ten days, new blood vessels formed a "dense and richly structured network within the cornea," the researchers reported in "The Journal of the American Medical Association."

The Boston team is at work to purify the growth-factor substance in order to determine its chemical structure. Studies will be needed to verify the preliminary findings.

WOMEN, DIABETES, AND HEART RISKS

Flash for diabetic women: Across the population, women have less risk than men of clogged blood vessels that may lead to heart disease; but researchers at the University of Washington, Seattle, say that women with diabetes lose this protection from heart problems and have rates of arteriosclerotic disease approaching or equal to those of men.

In a study led by Robert H. Knopp, M.D., the Seattle team compared male and female diabetics of both the insulin-dependent and non-insulin-dependent types, those under different treatment regimens and non-diabetic controls. They measured blood-triglyceride (fat) levels as well as blood levels of three lipoproteins: HDL, LDL and VLDL, the substances that transport cholesterol in the body. HDL is the "good" cholesterol believed to protect from fatty plaque buildup, and LDL and VLDL are viewed as increasing atherosclerosis.

Diabetic women had consistently greater degrees of lipoprotein abnormality than diabetic men. And regardless of the type of diabetes or the treatment being given, women had higher VLDL-triglyceride and LDL-cholesterol levels and lower HDLs than either diabetic men or non-diabetic control subjects. In the light of evidence that coronary heart disease can be prevented by lowering cholesterol, it may be important for women with diabetes to reduce LDL cholesterol—and to achieve the best blood-sugar control, to lose any excess weight, to treat high blood pressure if it occurs, and to avoid smoking.

FACE VALUE

Hospitalized babies who must be protected from infections may spend their early lives in a world of masked faces—parents, nurses, doctors, even visitors. At New York's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, Ruth Codier Resch, Ph.D., and Yehuda Nir, M.D., observed that infants with combined immunodeficiency syndrome, who may require protective isolation for prolonged times, were profoundly deficient in communication through speech, gestures, and facial expressions. And no wonder—the babies never saw whole human faces. Toddlers and babies in the hospital tended to be blank-faced and unable to communicate or to learn to eat normally. Inadequate development made their illness both more complicated and more dangerous.

"Why not transparent face masks?" Doctors Resch and Nir ask in a letter to *The New England Journal of Medicine.* They believe the need to see other human faces is important for most hospitalized patients of all ages. Drs. Resch and Nir, in conjunction with a major American manufacturer, are looking into developing transparent face masks for future medical use in hospitals.

SPLEEN SAVERS

A soft, pulpy organ packed with blood and blood parts, the spleen can be removed surgically and the patient survive; but now physicians know that splenectomy brings unacceptably high risks of later infection, so they seek to avoid removing the organ for minor conditions. At the University of California, L.A., a surgery-pathology team has designed a technique for stopping bleeding and sealing surface tissues of injured spleens using biologic glue, an adhesive that contains human fibrinogen, a clotting agent. Reporting in *Archives of Surgery*, the four UCLA doctors described the spleen-mending procedure: "Fibrin sealant," as the glue is called, is clear and viscous when applied to the wound surface, sets into a white, rubberlike substance within seconds. In the course of healing, the glue is completely absorbed. Drs. Harry B. Kram, William C. Shoemaker, Stanley T. Hino, and Daniel P. Harley report the glue can be applied to bleeding wounds, avoids need for sutures (which themselves may injure the fragile spleen) and promotes healing.

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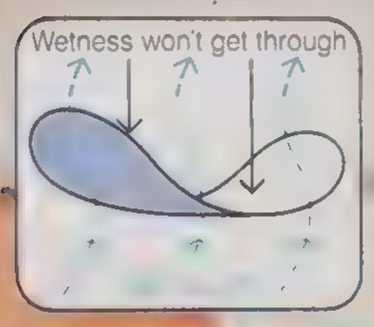

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FITNESS

Q&A

Swimming to lose weight...pulse-taking...body wraps, organ stress

Q Is it possible to lose weight through swimming? If so, is the weight loss due to fat loss or to perspiration?

A "In order to burn fat, swimming must be done at a brisk pace for a sustained period," said Irving Dardik, M.D., chairman, U.S. Olympic Sports Medicine Council. A leisurely swim does *not* count; but "as long as swimming is performed aerobically, several times a week, it is a good way to reduce fat."

To ensure an aerobic level: you must raise your heartbeat to 70-80 percent of its maximum rate. To calculate this figure, use the general formula: 220 - your age x .70 (.80) = desired pulse. After each swimming session, hold a finger to your wrist for six seconds; multiply by ten to get your pulse beats per minute and to be sure you're in your target heart-rate zone. If you're a beginner, exercise to 70 percent of your maximum heart rate; more intermediate and advanced exercisers can work up to 80 percent.

Swimming laps does cause temporary water loss. "The body loses a certain amount as vapor because a swimmer breathes through her mouth," explained Dr. Dardik. "Also, the humidity of an indoor-pool environment may evoke a sauna-like response, which elicits further water loss through perspiration. Because pool water cools the body, a swimmer doesn't sweat in the usual sense; she does lose moisture due to exertion, which—unlike fat loss—is temporary."

Q I know that taking my pulse during exercise is important; but should I take it at the neck or the wrist?

A While most exercisers are taught to take their pulse by feeling the carotid artery in the neck, it is safer to use the radial artery at the wrist, noted cardiologist Henry A. Solomon, M.D., of The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, in his book, *The Exercise Myth* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Pressing on the carotid artery, in some cases, can cause a sudden slowing of the heart and a fall in blood pressure that could lead to blackout. Taking your pulse at the wrist may be a bit harder; but it's worth it.

Q Could an older woman who does weight-bearing exercise (e.g., running) experience problems such as drooping breasts and prolapsed uterus since her connective tissue is less elastic?

A "Body parts cannot be jolted out of place by weight-bearing physical activity," said Christine Haycock, M.D., associate professor of surgery, University of Medicine and Dentistry, New Jersey. "The uterus will slip only when support tissue in the pelvis is stretched internally, as in pregnancy." However, once these ligaments are weakened, the repeated bouncing of some exercises may cause stress incontinence, which can be corrected surgically. As for drooping breasts, Dr. Haycock feels that a well-fitted sports bra offers any needed support.

Q I've read that body wraps are unhealthy; yet they're often part of a spa regimen. What are the guidelines?

A Body wraps, herbal wraps, plastic or rubber sweatsuits all work on the same principle: they leech water from the body by stimulating perspiration. Any weight loss is simple water loss; fat deposits remain unaffected. The Food and Drug Administration reminds consumers such weight loss is temporary: water weight usually returns by your next meal.

But unless body wraps are done in a supervised environment, they can be hazardous to your health. Excessive body-fluid loss may cause an imbalance of important body chemicals or may even lead to severe dehydration. A sauna offers the same cleansing benefits without the risk of depleting the body's water supply.

Body-wrap users should follow sauna procedure by setting a time limit of ten minutes per session and following up the treatment by drinking at least one glass of water. If you are currently taking any medication—especially diuretics—or being treated for an illness, check your doctor before having a body wrap.

VOGUE, March, 1985

RAÚL VEGA

KAREN ALEXANDER

THE KAREN ALEXANDER COLLECTION IS AVAILABLE AT THE STORES LISTED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

intimate secrets

Why every star is writing her beauty/fitness memoirs is only half the story. The other: these books are the hottest sellers around...

By Susan Stewart

In a press release accompanying her new book *Raquel: The Raquel Welch Total Beauty and Fitness Program* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston), Welch describes her difficulty in writing *just* a fitness book. "When writing about building strength... I was making comparisons to missile deployments... Try as I might to stifle myself, it was to no avail."

Luckily for us, however, Welch's publisher did. Her book fills two hundred sixty-two pages anyway, and most of them are photographs of a great-looking Welch demonstrating Hatha yoga. Between the pictures: her philosophy on "the significance between yoga and life"—along with her diet "advice." Just one of many Raquel tips: never eat fruits and vegetables at the same time.

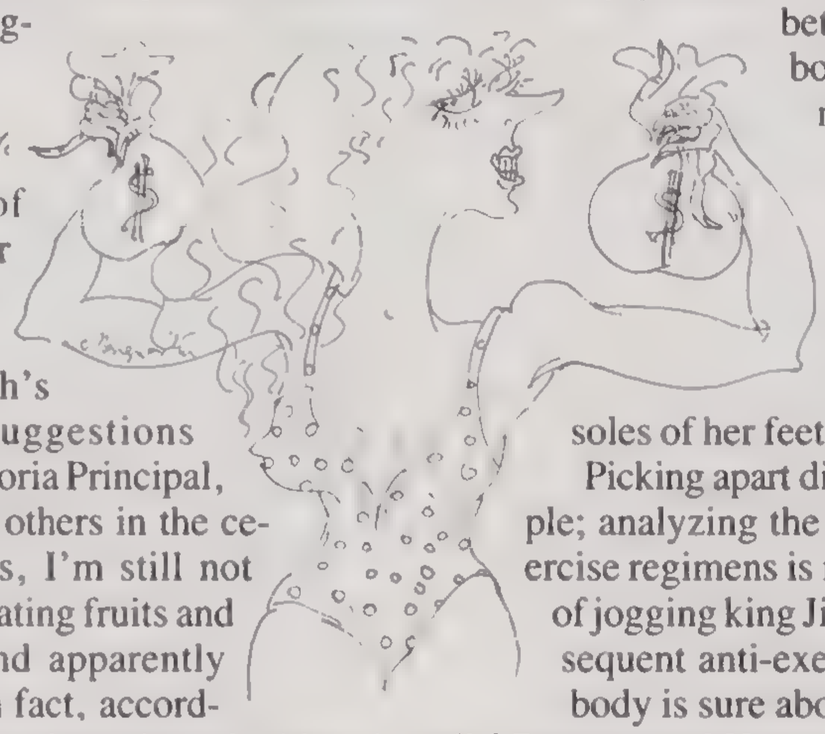
After reading Welch's secrets and similar suggestions from Linda Evans, Victoria Principal, Morgan Fairchild, and others in the celebrity-fitness business, I'm still not convinced. I continue eating fruits and vegetables together and apparently lead an "unfit" life. In fact, according to the fitness queens, about the only thing exercise can't do is mend their broken fingernails. For that you need cement and the patience of Job.

Although they disagree on most fitness issues—such as whether cellulite is just plain fat or something else—the fitness queens share a tendency toward one thing: frequent nail disasters, whose repair they describe at length. (No wonder the fitness queens need armies of "experts" to service all their beauty needs! Burdened by the maintenance of strong nails and remarkable bodies, these women must really struggle just to find the time to read a script.)

One way they save time is by not eating. The fitness queens' diets range from healthful broiled chicken to bizarre rituals. Welch's plan is the wierdest; but Victoria Principal's is right behind. Principal has no problem with the foods that ordinarily tempt us but feels her arteries clog when she looks at salami. So she follows a sort of linguistic diet, avoiding foods that end with "-eef" and "-ami."

To compensate for their sparse meals, the fitness queens inhale vitamins. "Some doctors will no doubt scream," actress Britt Ekland admits, listing her daily dosage: up to 6000 mgs. of Vitamin C, between 800 and 12,000 of E, and so on. "Ten times the recommended daily dosage of any vitamin is a megadose," says Syracuse University nutrition professor Sarah Short, Ph.D. "And with megadoses you are no longer talking vitamins but drugs."

Intelligent women know that. Why don't the fitness queens? But there is *more*. Principal takes antacids to counter "garlic breath" and "grapefruit stomach." Welch "doesn't touch" dairy products? At forty-four, she'd better think about her bones. Ekland recommends carrot juice instead of the sun for a winter tan. "Fine," says Dr. Short, "if she wants the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet to turn yellow."



Picking apart diets like these is simple; analyzing the fitness queens' exercise regimens is not. Since the death of jogging king Jim Fixx and the subsequent anti-exercise backlash, nobody is sure about anything. Jog or walk? Burn or not? How much is too much?

The fitness queens are sure, but they're all sure about *different* things. Perhaps we can blame the confusion on Jane Fonda, who started all this in the first place.

Whatever their reasons, the fitness queens love to quibble with Fonda. Some refuse to feel her famous burn. Others feel it in new ways. "When Winnie massages my fatty areas," says *Dynasty's* Linda Evans, "it is very painful." Still, there are limits. You will defeat the purpose of jogging, Principal points out, if you get hit by a car.

"The question they are all raising," says William Haskell, Ph.D., associate professor of medicine at Stanford University, "is 'how much do you have to exercise to get some benefit?' Fonda's suggestion to exercise to the point of muscle fatigue—and some burning pain—is derived from athletic training. But for muscle tone, exercising to the point of pain is certainly not required," unless you make

(Continued on page 264)

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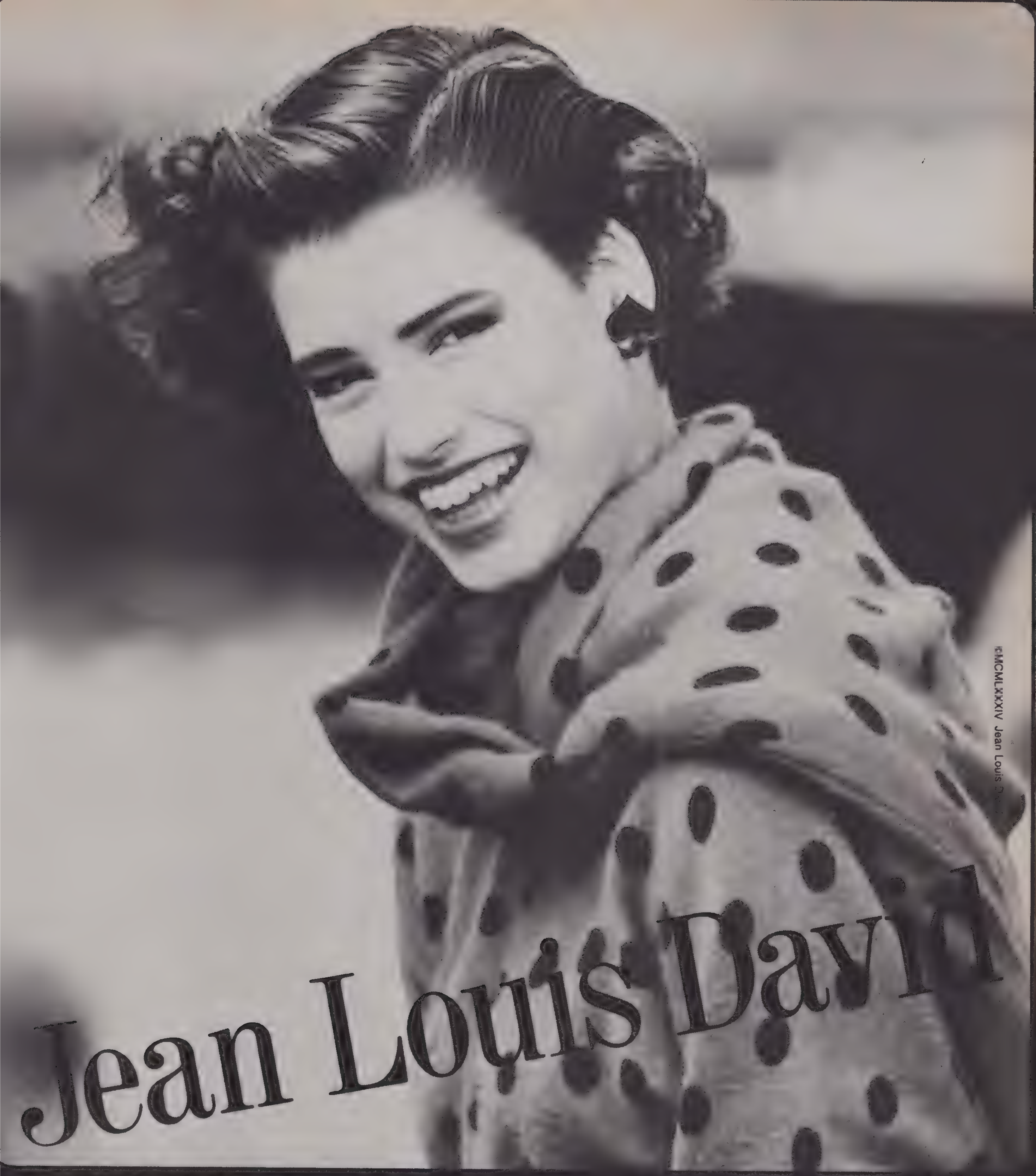

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I told her she didn't have to go that far.

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(Continued from page 260)

your living by playing the part of an ingenue into your forties, as fitness queens do.

Lacking that motivation, most of us seem to prefer *reading* about bizarre diets to following them. The question is why? Why do smart women buy these "fitness and diet" books? Maybe it's the fatuous mood of the '80s, where yogurt commercials are built on the theme of "greatness." Maybe it's every woman's desire for a "bubble butt" like Victoria Principal's, or at least a decent manicure. Maybe it's voyeurism. Or simply entertainment. Here are the world's great beauties, talking pimples, bikini waxes, and appearing without makeup. Who cares how these women stay gorgeous? We want to see them at their *worst*.

Why do they show us? Surely the fitness queens are not bothered by the collective illusion that they were born beautiful. Surely their sense of civic duty is not so strong that they write these books as a public service. Money, of course; but the fitness queens could find easier books to write. Why this?

Because, as Welch admits, they can't write about nuclear war. Already rich, famous, and beautiful, the fitness queens hunger for only one thing: *to be taken seriously*. So they write. Too young for autobiographies (Ekland aside; she's written hers), they resort to narratives based on their glorious bodies, whose shapes they have prolonged in defiance of nature. This is gossip at its most intimate; we are in the bathroom together.

Intimacy breeds confidences. Once they have let us in on their skin problems, the fitness queens share a darker secret: the poignant wish of a beautiful woman. It is there, between the lines: I have a great body, but I have a brain, too!

Sadly, the harder the fitness queens try to earn our respect, the sillier they sound, whether discussing hair removal or spiritualism.

But why detail their unhappy youths? They may be role models now, but every fitness queen lived the tragedy of the bikini era, when she believed her beautiful soul was shackled by a large, unattractive body.

After all this talk of flaws, I wondered if there is such a thing as "natural" beauty. Is it *really* this hard? Then I read Sophia Loren's book.

In *Women & Beauty* (William Morrow and Company), Loren tells us she eats three meals a day, avoids poker (because she smokes when she plays cards), stretches like a cat when she wakes up, and does a few exercises for her "trouble spots." Loren's regimen is notable for its unstylish, nostalgic look: We haven't seen leg lifts like these since Jack La Lanne.

But of course, we mutter, reaching for a potato chip, she is Loren and we are not.

That is a beauty book.

Susan Stewart *is a journalist and newspaper columnist.*

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speaking poems

For Tess Gallagher,

writing is making contact...

here, a new poem, in

a taut, intimate voice

By Cathleen Medwick

Poets, like most other people, have a way of transcending categories. There are poets' poets, and (you might say) people's poets, who seem to be reaching out to readers and embracing their lives. Tess Gallagher is both of these kinds. Her poems are lyrical, introspective, conversational, direct. She is not afraid to resort to dialogue or to dramatic monologue—techniques that, for some poets, would be equivalent to speaking in tongues. She indulges only rarely in language that is oblique and inaccessible. More often, she sounds as if she is resuming an old acquaintance, filling you in on what happened while you were gone. Her themes are the borders between dream and reality, childhood and adulthood, between countries, and between interacting parts of the self. "I started out," she says, speaking of her growth as a woman and as a writer, "with the feeling that I had to acknowledge having been given instructions as a young woman which I was no longer able to maintain allegiance to, and that the instructions had changed." She is also concerned, increasingly, with what she calls "caretaking—the care one takes for others, how one listens to others." Every poem is a composition for at least two people, a speaker and a listener. What makes Tess Gallagher so unusual a poet is that she listens as well as she speaks.

She grew up in the small seaport town of Port Angeles, Washington, "the place I keep coming back to." Her father was a longshoreman and logger, her mother a farm girl from Missouri. Tess married a Marine Corps pilot in 1964. Several years later, she married poet Michael Burkhard—hoping, she says now, for a "parallel relationship with another writer. We could each do the things we loved to do in our writing, and help each other, and have a growing relationship"—the relationship she now has with writer Raymond Carver. Reading Carver's work brought her back to story writing ("I began to think, 'Wow! This is fun! I'd like to try this again.' So I just did"). Gallagher has also tried writing screenplays and essays. She writes to be heard.

"I think of what I'm doing as something that's going to affect lives. I'm very conscious of that. Poetry is always going to be written for more people than ever receive it. I'd love to see my poems right in there [in bookstores] next to the romance novels, you know?"

Gallagher unabashedly admits that she thinks poems should give "courage and consolation." Her poems about her dying father in her recently published book *Willingly* (Graywolf Press) often combine plain-spoken grief with gentle humor—a quality reviewers sometimes overlook in her work. Like Rilke, a writer she loves, she deals with "early pain and bitter experience," and in her best poems "the sorrows and the delights come together, and comment upon each other."

If poems speak so intimately about human lives, why don't more people in America read poetry? Possibly because it's difficult ("The taste for things difficult has moved into other areas of American life, but is somewhat lost in our literature, perhaps"), or because some poets seem to be having private conversations with themselves. Gallagher would be the last to condemn these, "because you see there are certain kinds of insular poetry—meditative, intricate poems—that are very important to me. Those poems nourish other poets, and different kinds of readers. It's like some scientist who's doing a very specialized kind of research." Still, Tess Gallagher's most "pure" lyrics, as well as her narratives, move outward from the self to the larger circumference of the world. Lately, she has traveled to Brazil, where she found herself writing poems quite literally as gifts. Brazilians, unlike most Americans, consider poetry essential to their lives. "Some Americans feel that poetry, because it does examine lives very closely, and sometimes comes out of great pain, threatens people—and that poetry is having difficulty finding an audience because of that. I don't know. I think people are more able than that." Gallagher would prefer to blame the lack of interest in poetry on poor marketing by book companies. But whatever the reason, she persists in writing, *(Continued on page 276)*

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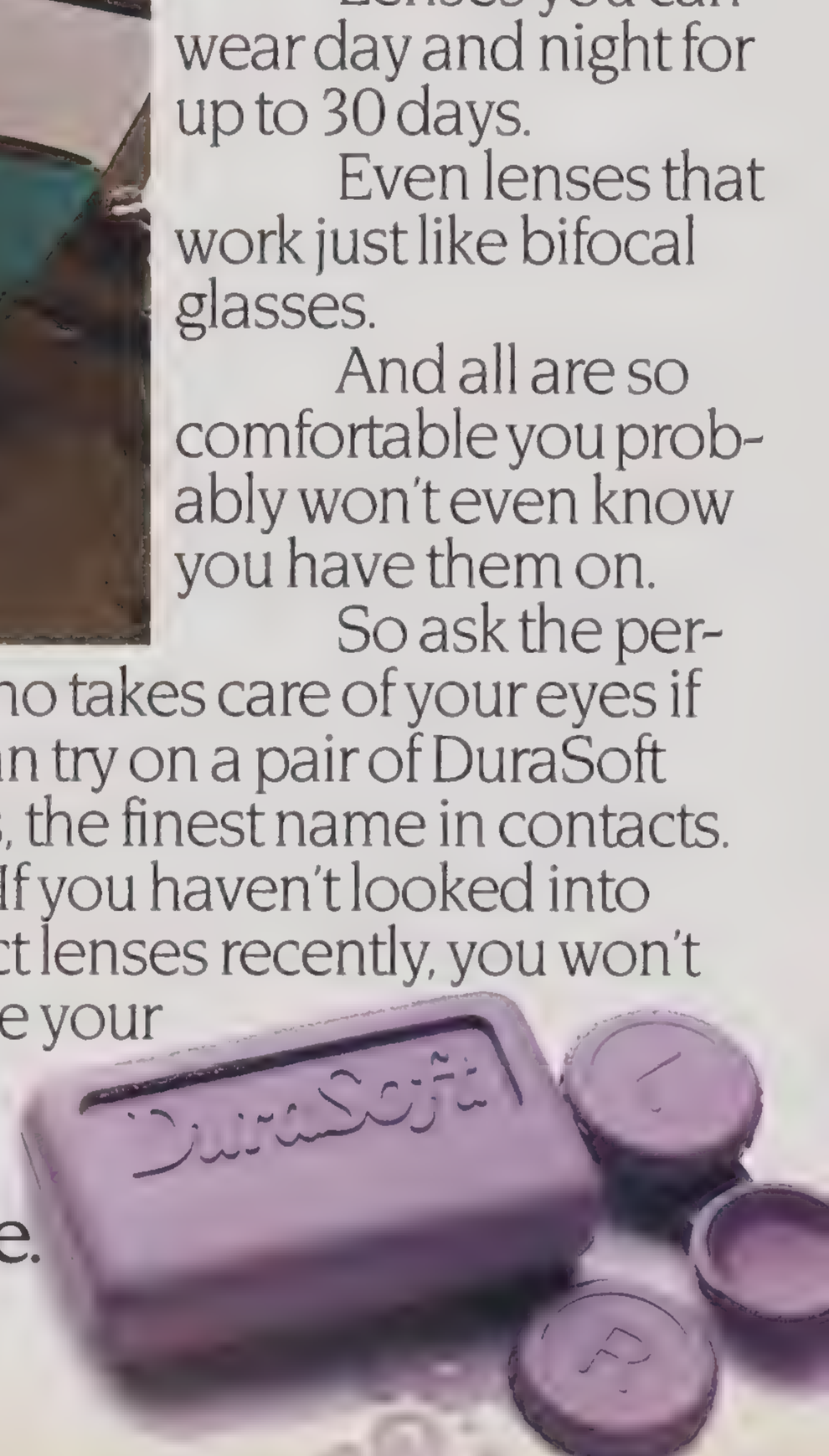

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tess gallagher

(Continued from page 272)

listening, witnessing. "If you're a writer, you have to deal with the things that are tearing you up, affecting you." A prescription, of course, for life as well as poetry. For Gallagher, such boundaries are meant to be defined, and then resolutely crossed.

THAT KIND OF THING

I'm ready to climb into the shower
at the luxury hotel in Bahia when he
arrives, the Information Officer
from the American Consulate of Salvador.
I'd just said to Ray, "I feel like we've
walked straight into a bank
where they keep people"—and this suite
invented, like the word "posh,"
by somebody
serious about pleasure in an off-handed
way. And this man—off-
handed too in a khaki shirt so tight on him
the buttons ripple open when he
sits down, revealing little jets of
flesh and chest hair.

So, crossing and uncrossing his
legs, he tells us what to expect: don't
wear jewelry into town or, if we do,
to make sure any chains we wore
were really gold, so when the thieves
yanked them from our necks we
wouldn't be beheaded. A woman had
walked into his office just the other day
with her throat ripped—one of those cheap
metal neck-chains—though he didn't want
to alarm us. And the tourist who met
a man with a pistol outside his hotel who
said to give him his wedding ring and
when it
wouldn't come off, the bandit
put the man's finger into his mouth and
sucked on it and said: this ring
is going to come off or I'll bite it

off. Ray lights up a cigarette, maybe even
two cigarettes, and slides the glass
balcony door open so the smoke can go out.
The ocean-sound comes in like an invisible
waterfall standing somewhere in the room
where we sit, eighteen floors up and,
as the receptionist said—not to worry,
"every room with a water view."

"You're just in time to see the sunset,"
says the Information Officer of
Salvador. "But did
the ring come off?" I ask.
"Oh sure," he says, with an air of the less
than trivial, this matter of rings and
fingers. "A lot of poverty here. A lot of
hunger." He's got a year to go in Salvador,
one of those places, he wants us to know, not
on the top of anyone's assignment list, even
a man like him, who's served most of
his time in Third World Countries—the gist
of his feeling being: they don't call them
"under-developed" for nothing.

Discussing then, the plight of
university professors working for so little
they have to hold sometimes
three, four jobs—
the Information Officer somehow relating this
to his important friend who
ran a golf course, a food
processing plant, and
a restaurant in another town—just to
make ends meet, we supposed, but never
made
the connection. "But the students, do they
support the professors in the strike?"
"Oh sure, students will go with anything
that's against the government. The
reactionary
left. They'd like to make a revolution, but
just when they're supposed to
demonstrate—it rains and they cancel
out—or the sun shines and it's such a nice
day they have to go to
the beach. No, it's a hard place
to be a revolutionary," he says, as if he'd
been one himself in some former
incarnation. But he's gone on to more
dignified
pursuits as befits a man who represents
a government whose banks have bankrolled
debts
so colossal its bankers would have to
confiscate whole countries
to turn this thing around, a man with
diapers to change—with a savvy glance in my
direction, protecting his flank, having
dropped
news of his Japanese wife who "poops out"
around 6 p.m. every night. "That woman
loves to cook!" and only the night before
"knocked out a banquet (does all
the cooking
herself). May is our busy month." They
haven't seen much of Brazil but got
down to São Paulo where the wife
spotted some hamburger joints and they hit
McDonalds, a Big Boy and a
Whopper—one, two,
three—that woman who loves
to cook. Jumping then

to this baby whose diaper might at this very
moment need changing, so he had to
get back, but whatever we needed, not
to hesitate. Give him a call. "That's what
I'm here for," (in this hell hole, he
seemed to want to add). Then as
afterthought, we'd need an interpreter—
"It's a problem. I have to do everything
in Portuguese," he says, as if
apologizing for
some deaf mute we'd eventually have to
meet. His hand out to me, but

speaking to Ray: "I read your stuff. Well
written. But, to be perfectly
honest, too depressing. I have to live
with that kind of thing
down here all the time." His hand cast
over his shoulder at the city. "Know
what I mean? But well written." Pumping
my hand then and us
not supposed to hesitate, but the waterfall
drowning out whatever else as the door

closed and we sat back on the couch,
smiling crazily
under the palm fronds
in the smoke-filled vault
with the lights of Salvador
shining in the distance and the Information
Officer of Salvador
gone home to his duties.

—Tess Gallagher
Bahia, Brazil,
1984

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If you've ever spent a day, a week or a month on any of the world's beautiful islands, you'll want to spend your life on Fisher Island. Like no other residential island on earth, Fisher Island was fashioned in luxury over a half century ago. Once the private estate of the Vanderbilts, this magnificent island is now being transformed into a unique, exclusive enclave for the elite.

Totally surrounded by the waters of Biscayne Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, Fisher Island is comfortably insulated from the rest of the world while being only minutes away. As a true island, there are no roads leading to Fisher Island, nor bridges connecting it to the Miami mainland. The only way you can get to Fisher Island is by boat, helicopter or seaplane. Or the Fisher Island fleet; a pair of 120-foot ferries and six, enclosed, 40-foot launches. Luxury transportation that will whisk you to and from the Miami mainland in approximately ten minutes while serving coffee and newspapers in the morning and cocktails at night.

The moment you set foot on this breathtaking 216-acre island you'll be treated to an abundance of sights seldom, if ever, seen in the world's most luxurious playgrounds. Parks with fish ponds, fountains, pools, 4,000 feet of oceanside beach, bougainvillea, an aviary, a shopping plaza, and, of course, the Vanderbilt Mansion. Once the focal point of legendary parties, the mansion has been exactingly restored to its original character. Now, as the Fisher Island Yacht and Racquet Club, it presents a setting for leisure-time pleasure few places in the world can compete with.

The Club will contain a Grand Ballroom, intimate dining rooms and lounge, complete with European art treasures and antiques. The cuisine will be prepared, and the wines selected and served, in the tradition of excellence established by the Vanderbilts themselves.

In addition to superb dining facilities, the Club contains a pool, 14 clay and 2 grass tennis courts, four paddleball courts, an international health spa, plus a fully equipped 86-slip, 10-feet deep marina with additional docking facilities designed to accommodate larger yachts.

Adjacent to the Fisher Island Club will be the beautiful Island Lodge, offering worldwide communications facilities, secretarial services, luxurious conference rooms and all the amenities of a full service, 5-star hotel, including a gourmet restaurant and lounge.

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In 1985, you can buy most new European cars through a Tourist Delivery Plan; but you *must* order and pay through a U.S. dealer before you leave. Why? Because new cars sold in the States must comply with the USA's stringent safety and environmental-protection regulations.

Every manufacturer builds special "American spec" models, very different from the cars they sell in Europe. Typically, you must order through a U.S. dealer six to eight weeks ahead. The price will be 8 to 13 percent less than the U.S. suggested retail price; you get the same financing, warranty, and service. When you arrive in Europe, you can pick up your new car at a factory center; companies such as Jaguar, Mercedes-Benz, Saab, Volvo, Alfa Romeo, and Volkswagen have fancy Tourist Delivery centers with boutiques, child-care centers, museums, factory tours, and—at Saab—even a sauna.

After your European trip, you return your car to either the factory center or a major city and fly home. The manufacturer adds the catalytic converter necessary for U.S. driving and ships your car to a dealer in the States, who cleans it, checks it, and delivers it to you.

Of course, your car is insured every step of the way. Even adding in service charges, customs duty, transportation, excise and gas-guzzler taxes, you can save about $3500 on a new Mercedes 500SEL or 500SEC, less on less expensive cars.

The best cars to buy in Europe are ones that are *not* discounted in the U.S. For instance, Mercedes, BMW, and Volvo models sell here at a premium; but it *could* cost you more to buy a Volkswagen or Peugot abroad. Of course, you'll still save rental car expenses. To rent a big Mercedes in Europe can cost you $1000 a month, and a Saab Turbo runs nearly $2000 a month. Tourist delivery can save you $3000 to $5000 in a month.

If you're just looking for inexpensive, trouble-free transportation in Europe, Renault offers the best deal of all. For a minimum of twenty-two days, you can lease any new model. Least expensive is the little R-5, which costs $490 for three weeks. Order from U.S. AMC/Renault dealers, pick up in Paris or other major city. —JEAN AND RICHARD TAYLOR-CONSTANTINE

"PERFORMANCE" DRIVING SCHOOLS

They come because they have a passion for fine automobiles and high speed, because they want to test the limits of their skill and their cars, or because they have had accidents that left them feeling like victims instead of drivers and they want to be in control of their machines. Some have been sent by their corporations because they are on the road most of the working day. More and more frequently, these people are women.

"I like to do exciting things, and this was one of the most exhilarating things I've done in my life," Katy Dunn said of last summer's trip to southern France for the week-long Elf Winfield driving school, easily the most glamorous of the lot: A four-star hotel on the beach at Bandol; French cuisine; open-wheel, single-seat racers capable of 120 miles per hour on the same course that will host the French Grand Prix this year. Like most of the competition-driving schools in the U.S., Elf Winfield offers chances at scholarships and sponsorships. (Information: Franam Racing Company in Minnesota, 612-541-1380.) Another overseas school, Jim Russell British School of Motor Racing, has a U.S. affiliate—714-656-3576—that runs competition classes in Quebec and North Carolina and at two tracks in California. (For those planning a trip to England, telephone 44-95-387-451 there.)

Already an above-average driver, Dunn has a competitive drive and a garage filled with some of the best European sports and race cars ever built. Her vacations are spent at vintage-car races.

Sonny Cesare is more typical of the men who come to driving schools than of the women: She came to be a professional. After the Jim Russell school, she talked her way into the mechanics training program, a trade by which she assembled the Formula Russell racers in exchange for a free season of racing.

Concentration, as well as physical stamina, is required of participants, according to Ron Meade, of the Connecticut-based Skip Barber Racing School (203-824-0771). But physical endurance plays a role, too, because a track's layout can demand heavy cornering and the stress of concentration can be exhausting.

The highway courses, like Barber's and those of the Pennsylvania-based Bertil Ross (in Blakeslee, 717-646-7227) and California's Bob Bondurant (in Sonoma, 707-938-4741), answer complaints of some competition-school graduates who say the handling and responses of formula cars share little in common with real-life *(Continued on page 296)*

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women & cars

(Continued from page 290)

driving and mass-produced cars. With an instructor seated in the passenger's seat, nuances can be corrected. Other drivers prefer the approach of the competition schools that use single seaters. There, instructors are spotted at critical points along the track to critique performances, and drivers work out many problems themselves. The highway-driving schools all make provisions for drivers who use only automatic transmissions, but even some of the race-oriented courses teach persons who have never shifted gears in their lives.

Bondurant and Barber use skid pads—road surfaces slicked with water or water-soluble oil—to get students practiced at controlling skids at low speeds. Ross uses his patented Slidecar, a modified Saab. But no matter which approach is used, graduates agree skid control and avoidance are among the most valuable lessons they take home.

—KATHLEEN HAMILTON

CAR CARE: A TEN-MINUTE CHECK-UP

- *Check shock absorbers by pushing down on each fender. If the car bounces more than twice, you may need new shocks.*
- *Examine your driveway or the spot under which your car was parked for drips; they could mean leaks from your engine.*
- *Examine all hoses and belts for cracks, leaks, and wear. Have belts tightened if they have more than half an inch of slack when depressed between the pulleys.*
- *To test brakes, apply steady pressure on the pedal when you hit about 25 miles per hour. Your car should slow to a complete stop; if it doesn't, your brakes may need adjustment or replacement. If the car pulls to one side when braking, test wheel alignment.*
- *Make sure your lights—including directional signals—are clean and working properly; check brake lights.*
- *Check windshield washer fluid; also make sure your wiper blades are not streaking, missing spots, or clattering; most blades need to be replaced twice a year.*
- *Check the battery monthly in cold weather, weekly in hot weather, daily on long trips. Make sure the cables are attached securely and free of corrosion. Check fluid.*
- *Check the air filter (right under the big metal "lid" of your engine) every month, and replace it when it's dirty.*
- *Shake your tail pipe (but make sure it's not hot) to see if the clamps are firm. If not, have them tightened.*
- *Always examine tires for wear, inflation.*

The AAA recommends that you have a mechanic give your car a professional tune-up once every six months.

—LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY

VOGUE, March, 1985

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no more fat hair

From one of theater's funniest women,

a witty, wicked exposé of the

"advantages" of aging By Betty Comden

My back is strong and well. It gives me no pain. It is there when I need it to help me lift the Sunday *New York Times*, propel me up my stairs, and bend over, not to the floor, for God's sake, but at least to somewhere between knee and ankle. Friends hiss enviously, "She has a back as supple as Hiawatha's and as sturdy as Arnold Schwarzenegger's." It seems everyone is in spasm, in traction, in agony, or in debt to orthopedists. "How come she isn't?" they keep hissing. I don't know how come. I only know that everything else is crumbling away gradually like the Parthenon. Sections of that great structure are now being carefully sealed up somewhere in Greece, but I don't think storing me away indoors can possibly halt the relentless progress of my erosion.

A few months ago, I was awakened by a wild pain in my left arm and shoulder plus lesser but still sincere pangs in the other arm and both legs. Then, a raging attack of pins and needles, more like stilettos and scissors, seized my right hand. After a moment or two of total disbelief, my quick diagnosis was that I was coming down with some exotic form of flu. I hauled myself up, and amid stifled moans, hobbled to the medicine chest where, although I could raise my arms only a few inches without screaming, I managed to reach for some medicine bottles.

First, however, I had to journey back to my bed to find my glasses; after a good deal of peering, I was able to make out which was Coricidin and which was aspirin. If I ever have to read directions in an emergency, the moment will be long gone by the time I get the glasses, locate the magnifying glass (because emergency directions are always in fine print), and place myself under a light bright and searing enough for brain surgery. This dimness of sight is the result of something called Fuch's cornea dystrophy; I had a cornea transplant operation, which improved the right eye enormously, for a while, but cataracts started forming and. . . . But that's a whole other story of a whole other crumbling.

Losing faith in aspirin, I took my body, all aching and racked with pain, to my regular doctor, an internist who diagnosed my trouble as "tension" and asked, "Why are you so tensed up?" Since he was one of three persons I had encountered that morning, I stoppethed him, and holding him with my good eye, began to tell him why. But when it began to look as if my tale would be even longer than the original Ancient Mariner's, he stoppethed me, and, forthwith, sendethed me off to a rheumatologist.

Much blood was drawn and many tests made. On the phone a few days later, the rheumatologist informed me, "You have one of two things. . . the symptoms are much alike. It is either a muscle thing, polymyalgia, or an arthritic thing. We call it 'elderly rheumatoid arthritis.' " He must have heard me turn pale on the phone because he quickly added, "Don't let the name upset you. It's the only kind we have other than 'juvenile rheumatoid arthritis.' "

"Haven't you anything in between?" I gasped, voice hoarse with rage, pride, and terror. "Let us say 'mature arthritis,' or, taking a cue from television, 'Prime-of-Your-Life arthritis,' or perhaps something imported like *arthrite d'un certain âge*, sold in the one- or two-ounce size with or without the spray?" I made a fairly good fist, only the third elderly arthritic finger refusing to join in, and shook it at the phone.

All the doctors I went to agreed that, although it might not cure my condition, it would help me feel better if I took regular exercise. Three times a week now, a comely sprite with the most gorgeous exercise outfits has been coming to my house and putting me through a series of body maneuvers. I am planning to buy exercise outfits as gorgeous as hers but, for the moment, am working out in a ravishing set of old thermal underwear, my other things being too loose for her to see exactly what is going on with me and my body. After about twenty minutes of working out, she takes me to Central Park and walks me, not keeping me on a leash exactly, but under sharp-eyed scrutiny, so that she can correct my posture as I go slouching toward Bethesda Fountain.

Sometimes on our walks, my depth perception is faulty and my exercise lady has to serve as my Seeing Eye dog as well, which thought returns me to the saga of my eyes. It began with the appearance of the creeping cornea dystrophy of which I spoke; but at the cry of "transplant!" from the lips of the first doctor I saw, or dimly made out, I decided to shop and consult with eight others, all of whom joined in the cry of "transplant!" The ninth one, however, prescribed eye drops, and I fell in love with him. I tried to hurl myself into his arms in gratitude but missed completely and wound up hugging his standing scale. But after a while, even he came to agree that my cornea should be set out to graze and that I needed someone else's.

I got on a list and waited, rather like waiting for my number to be called in a bakery, but when the delay *(Continued on page 302)*

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Optically Speaking, 2540 California St., Mountain View

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A N
R E
W

"advantages" of aging

(Continued from page 298)

became too long my doctor sent me off to Pittsburgh where apparently the cornea crop is as high as an elephant's eye, and I got me one. I asked my wonderful Pittsburgh doctor why this was so, and he told me that a great deal of the "material" came from Johns Hopkins. "Lots of crime around Baltimore," he explained cheerfully, leaving me much to fantasize about under my bandages. It was a marvelously successful operation. It is no one's fault that the demon cataracts commenced.

Recently, I sat in a lovely seat in Row H at the New York City Opera's production of *La Rondine* and was enjoying it thoroughly, slightly fuzzy though the figures on stage were, until the intermission. In the lobby some friends asked how I liked the English titles. I recalled that, indeed, this innovation of Beverly Sills's had been a huge success, but I had forgotten all about it, and wherever the titles were, they had completely escaped my notice. There was much shaking of heads as my friends explained to me gently that the titles were above the proscenium for all to see.

When Act II started, I looked up and discovered some pale-green patterns traveling across the top of the proscenium, but it all reminded me of a Henny Youngman line: "I went to the ball game yesterday. From where I sat, the game was just a rumor." Dear Beverly, for me your titles were just a rumor. Nothing will do but a large clear strip projected on the back of the seat in front of me. Until that is perfected, I will have to content myself with simply reading the argument in the program and happily drowning myself in the music.

Then, there is my hair. Recently, the top started flopping over unmanageably, and a sensation like a stone plummeting to the bottom of my stomach told me that my hair must be getting thin. We used to have a joke in answer to that news: "Who wants fat hair?" Well, I do. I remember how years ago, a girl friend of mine and I laughed when we saw an article in the paper giving advice to balding men, which suggested they make a low part and create a "judicious arrangement" of hair across the pate. We shrieked with all the cruelty of thick-skinned, thick-haired youth: "Judicious arrangement!" Now as I comb carefully while preparing my toilette, I can see those words burning as clearly as I can see faint suggestions of pink scalp beginning to peep through my once-crowning glory. No one, of course, is aware of this as yet, but this is only because I can tell you the arrangements I create are pretty damn judicious.

One thing about me is flourishing—my fingernails... suddenly they are long and strong and opalescent

In contrast to all this, one thing about me is flourishing: my fingernails. I could never grow them past the cushions of my fingertips and, short as they were, they were full of ridges and edges. But suddenly they are long and strong and opalescent, and I lose much time just staring at them in incredulous admiration. This is all because a little magician at the hairdresser's has been applying some new potion. I have decided that when I go, I will have put in the tomb with me my bottle of this precious fluid to take on my journey, just as the Egyptian Pharaohs took along their priceless possessions. But I understand that nails continue to grow underground and so, perhaps it won't be necessary. Is it possible that soil is the best thing for growing fingernails?

But I am not speaking of the Grim Reaper here. It is the Gradual Reaper with whom I am engaged in constant battle. Each night when I go to bed, there is the excitement of not knowing what new infirmity I may face with the dawn. It is a kind of game, really, a sort of Russian Roulette. What may be next? Not my back. Not that. Why, my back is as supple as Hia—as sturdy as Arn—. Will my back be next? Now I lay me down to sleep. Age cannot wither nor custom stale my infinite anxiety.

Betty Comden *is a Tony-award winning writer and lyricist as well as a performer.*

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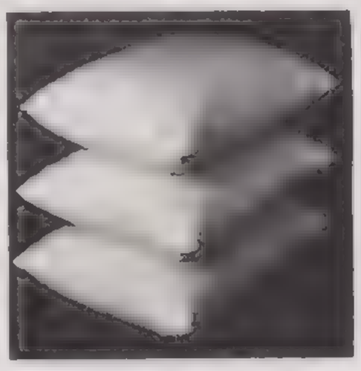

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the collectors

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By Alexandra Anderson

In the years following his first one-man show of photographs at NYC's Light Gallery in 1976, when he was only thirty, Robert Mapplethorpe has made an international name for himself with his cool, highly formal style, which he applies to celebrity portraits, floral still lifes, and erotic subjects with sadomasochistic overtones. His sleek, glamorous, and sometimes shocking work is a hot commodity in art galleries, and regularly turns up in museums and magazines. Next month he'll have a solo exhibition of all new images at the Robert Miller gallery, his present New York City dealer. That show will introduce his new venture into platinum prints, typically large (20 x 24 inches) and continuing celebrated Mapplethorpe themes—black male nudes and still lifes of flowers. In addition to being one of today's trendiest, most in-demand studio photographers, Mapplethorpe is also an instinctive, chance-taking adventurer in the realm of collecting—right now, in 'fifties glass.

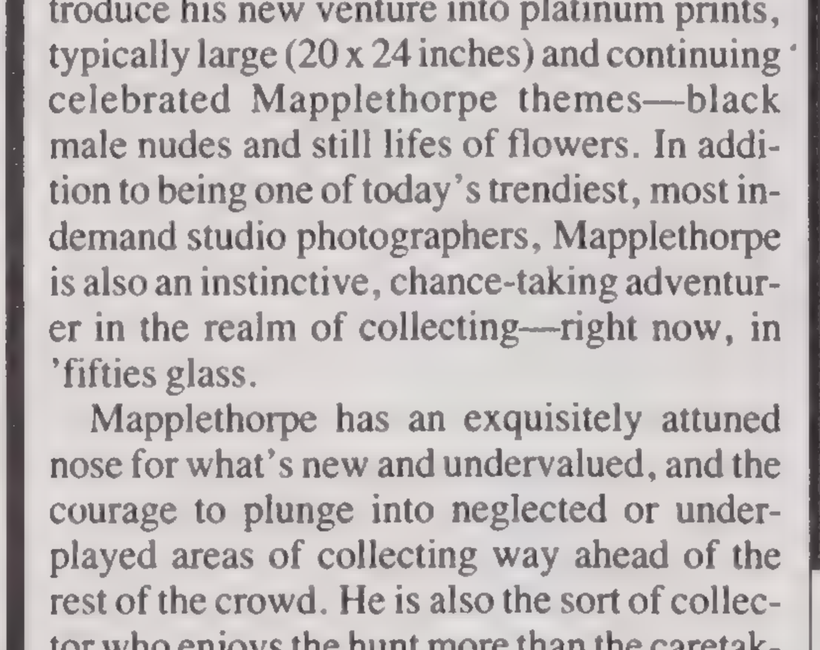
Mapplethorpe has an exquisitely attuned nose for what's new and undervalued, and the courage to plunge into neglected or underplayed areas of collecting way ahead of the rest of the crowd. He is also the sort of collector who enjoys the hunt more than the caretaking of a collection. After amassing a large, coherent collection, he does not hesitate to turn it over the moment something else comes along to attract his attention. More than once he has parlayed his taste and intuition into a financially rewarding collection.

Mapplethorpe's Venini glass, photographed by himself, is hand-engraved with fine lines

Mapplethorpe started out as a collector of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, assembling a substantial collection that he sold for a fat profit when it was auctioned off at Sotheby's in 1982. During the early and mid-'seventies, he collected turn-of-the-century "arts and crafts"—Stickley furniture and Grueby ceramics. Like his photograph collection, much of that then made way for a new obsession: post-World War II decorative arts—a George Nelson sofa, a Vladimir Kagan chest of drawers.

These days Mapplethorpe is a dedicated collector of twentieth-century glass, which he began to acquire in the late 'seventies. "I started getting *(Continued on page 306)*

The photographer's "Orchid in Vase" shows a piece of 'fifties Swedish glass by Orrefors



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robert mapplethorpe

(Continued from page 304)

interested in modern glass, mostly from Italy and Scandinavia, when I began photographing still lifes of flowers in 1977," he says. "I got involved in collecting vases because I was making the flower studies and I needed something to put the flowers in." His studio and apartment in lower Manhattan are filled with the evidence of his acquisitive streak.

Though he is interested in signed, identifiable works, Mapplethorpe makes it clear that his initial and abiding attraction is to the forms themselves. Before he looks at the signature on a piece he is considering purchasing, he scrutinizes the form, placing the vases at a distance, or on the floor, studies their shapes and colors, then makes his decision.

He is usually drawn to strong, simple shapes and subtle colors. His collection includes many exceptional pieces by modern Italian masters, such as Paolo Venini and Fulvio Bianconi, represented by classic bowls and slender, translucent vases colored Etruscan red, lavender, mauve, and pale blue. Venini is acknowledged as the twentieth-century leader who revitalized the traditional Venetian glass industry on the island of Murano. A radically talented designer, Venini also possessed the virtues of an impresario, organizing creative collaborations between artists, designers, and glassblowers.

Mapplethorpe is also fond of a small glass sculpture of a bull, made by Alfredo Barbini, descendent of a four-hundred-year-old family of Venetian glassmakers who founded his own furnace in 1950 and who is credited with inventing *a masello*, a technique that involved sculpting a solid block of molten glass without molding or blowing. The bull is a product of this technique. Barbini is one of the post-war Italian glass designers, such as Ercole Barovier and Flavio Poli, who enriched the medium. All these designers are esteemed for their sensuous, often flamboyant mastery of color and decoration and extremely original forms that push the characteristics of glass—transparency, thinness, fluidity—to the utmost.

Less theatrical than the Italian variety, Scandinavian glass was born out of a tradition of commitment to making useful things beautiful. Scandinavian glass has also married traditional skills to inventive techniques and formal experimentation to produce objects celebrated for their simplicity of form and free manipulation of the medium. From the 1920s to the present, Finland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark have all spawned exceptional designers who worked with the skilled craftsmen at such factories as Iittala, Orrefors, Kosta-Boda, Leerdam, and Holmegaard to produce exceptional one-of-a-kind, limited edition, and production pieces of glass. Among the most sought-after Scandinavian glass is that produced by such master designers as Edvard Hald (whose artistic apprenticeship with Matisse and strong background as a painter enhanced his work as a glass designer), Edvin Öhrström, and Gunnel Nyman.

Sven Palmquist and Ingeborg Lundin, designers known for their affiliation with Orrefors, are represented in Mapplethorpe's collection by a "Ravenna" bowl and several etched glass vases. Mapplethorpe also has a group of pristinely beautiful vases designed by Per Lütkin for the Holmegaard factory in Norway, as well as a smoky, pared-down flask by Timo Sarpanava and bowls by Tapio Wirkkala.

With his enviable instinct and discerning eye for good form, Mapplethorpe recently spotted some geometrically fluted colored vases, designed by American industrial designer George Sakier, and mass-produced around 1930. Now a group of these "Fosteria" vases blend easily with the photographer's fine Italian and Scandinavian pieces, demonstrating the staying power of exceptional design, wherever it may be found.

* * *

● Fifty/50, run by partners Mark Isaacson, Mark McDonald, and Ralph Cutler at 732 Broadway, NYC, remains a prime source for superior examples of Venini and other Italian and some Scandinavian glass.

● In Manhattan, Barry Friedman Ltd. (26 East 82nd Street) offers a wide variety of decorative arts, including 'fifties glass. At Muriel Karasik, 1094 Madison Avenue, expect to find a choice selection of Italian and Scandinavian pieces and other art glass of the period.

© 1984 Renfield Importers, Ltd., New York, N.Y. Jewelry: Bulgari Crystal: Royal Crystal Rock

Prices here and at Barry Friedman are often on the steep side.

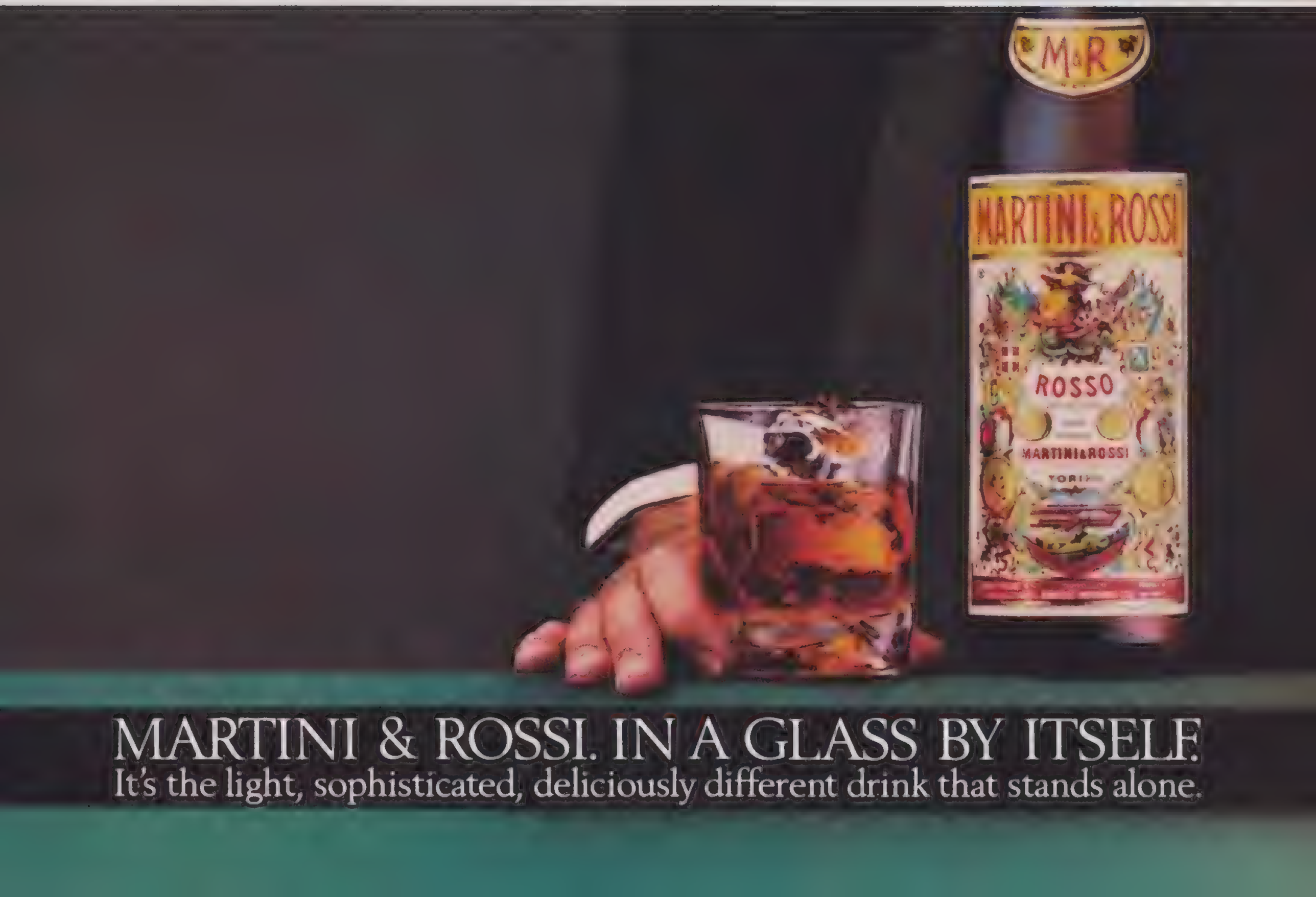
● Gallery Nilsson, which opened in October at 138 Wooster Street, NYC, is a sleek, new showcase for Scandinavian glass. Contemporary pieces from the Orrefors factory are stressed, but works designed in the 'fifties and early 'sixties by Lundin, Palmquist, and other great designers, works still in production, are for sale at prices ranging from $50 or $60 to $3000.

● The first auction exclusively given to a postwar glass collection was at Sotheby's in London on November 29, when dealer Dan Klein (recently hired by Christie's London as their Twentieth Century Decorative Arts expert) sold over 130 pieces he had amassed during the 1970s for virtual peanuts. The sale netted a total £104,802 (including premiums) and only twenty-five items were bought in. Two vases brought astonishing prices. Wirkkala's exquisitely engraved "Arum Lily" vase, made in 1946 in an edition of fifty, was sold to a European collector for £27,500. Another European collector paid £23,100 for a 1960 Venini vase designed by Bianconi. Nearly ten times the estimates, these sums are as atypical as they are breathtaking; and while they may foreshadow the future, they shocked insiders. More than one dealer attributes them to "auction fever." Other objects in the sale sold very well, with Ingeborg Lundin's chunky "Ariel" vase decorated with zebra heads fetching £4180.

Among Mapplethorpe's prizes, a bull by Venetian glassmaker Alfredo Barbini

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE

● While hardly so prominent at American auctions, postwar glass does show up in twentieth-century decorative arts sales, which can be fruitful for the knowledgeable buyer. The relative obscurity of the glass for Americans can provide some satisfying bargains. Example: at a Sotheby's sale in New York City last November, a Lundin vase went for only $350. "It's a very uneven market in New York, and hasn't yet found its own level," says Barbara Deisroth of Sotheby's. Though prices are going up, the greatest pieces usually bring a few thousand dollars, while lesser pieces bring no more than $200 to $500. Italian glass tends to be pricier than Scandinavian, but that is also changing as the best Scandinavian pieces disappear into private hands or museums. Americans are learning what Europeans have never forgotten: these pieces, whether they be the quiet, exquisitely pure Scandinavian variety with their affinity to nature and their taste for integral decoration or the dramatic tours de force best exemplified by the works of Venini and his colleagues, combine high design and masterly craftsmanship to produce an art expressive of its makers and its time, an art that is a perfect amalgam of skill and idea. ▽



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YOUR DIET

sodium on trial

Both sides of the "to salt or not" story...

By Judith S. Stern, Sc.D.

For many years, physicians have advised patients with high blood pressure (hypertension) to restrict the amount of sodium in their diets. Yet, a study by David A. McCarron, M.D., and his associates at Oregon Health Sciences University published in the journal *Science*, suggests that hypertension is associated with too little calcium. And that individuals who report consuming *low*-sodium diets are two to three times at greater risk of being hypertensive than those consuming *high*-sodium diets. Does this mean you should now salt foods and take calcium supplements? Let's examine evidence for and against. . . .

Table salt, or sodium chloride, is 40 percent sodium. Sodium is a necessary nutrient, but some of us simply use too much. The latest provisional recommended dietary allowance (RDA) for sodium is 1100 to 3300 milligrams per day, or one-half to one and one-half teaspoons of table salt. The average American eats from 4000 to 4800 mg of sodium daily: About one third occurs naturally in food; one third is added to food during processing; we add the remaining third from the salt shaker.

Hypertension, if not treated, can lead to heart attacks, strokes, even kidney failure. For most individuals, causes are unknown. However, if there is a history of hypertension in your family, you are at greater risk.

Most evidence linking sodium and hypertension in humans is indirect. Although there are exceptions, studies of population groups reveal that blood pressure is highest where sodium intake is greatest. In Japan, for example, hypertension is more common in the north where sodium intake is highest. Specially bred salt-sensitive rats develop hypertension only when excess salt is added to their diets. And there is good evidence that sodium restriction is useful in lowering blood pressure in some hypertensives.

However, according to John Laragh, M.D., director of The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center's Hypertension Center, only about one-third of his patients with hypertension decrease their blood pressure on a low-sodium diet. His comparison: "Like fever, high blood pressure is a symptom. Just as all patients with fever do not have the same illness, hypertension also has many causes." Since it has so many causes—most poorly understood—scientists have questioned reducing sodium intake, arguing that it is possible sodium restriction could actually be harmful to some individuals. One problem is the lack of clinical research studies with large numbers of Americans evaluating the long-term risks/benefits of reducing sodium intake.

In his own research, Dr. Laragh has evidence that one type of hypertensives—those with low levels of the kidney hormone renin—tend to have low levels of blood calcium. When patients were given 2000 mg of calcium a day, their blood pressure decreased. It tended to increase when salt was added to their diets. Calcium supplements allowed them to be more liberal with salt and still control their blood pressure. In contrast, in his patients with high blood levels of renin, calcium supplements caused an increase in blood pressure.

Other dietary factors that can increase blood pressure: too little potassium, excessive alcohol, too many calories (obesity), too much cadmium. Under some conditions, blood pressure may be lowered by decreasing protein, by increasing magnesium or polyunsaturated fats in the diet.

I don't mean to minimize the contribution of sodium to hypertension, but to help you make some choices about your diet at a time when there is much research still to be done. It is prudent to be moderate in your salt intake, especially if there is a history of high blood pressure in your family. The level of salt preferred in food is dependent on the level of salt consumed and can be lowered. You'll find that it takes about six weeks to adapt to the taste of less salt.

If you have high blood pressure and are overweight, try to lose some weight; a weight loss of even ten pounds can make a difference.

Before you go on a lifetime regimen of sodium restriction, however, consult your physician to determine if you are responsive to salt restriction. Typically this can be done by going on a very low-sodium diet for a period of three weeks. Measuring blood levels of renin helps evaluate you for calcium supplementation. If your blood pressure is only mildly elevated, you may be able to control it with diet alone. And, if you have moderate hypertension, you may be able to decrease the amount of your medication. Making it easier to monitor sodium intake: mandatory sodium labeling of processed foods, as of July 1985.

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., *is professor of nutrition at the University of California at Davis.*

VOGUE, March, 1985

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Last words on foods that help prevent disease: scientific findings about those small-but-necessary vitamin/mineral quotas that—along with lowered fat and raised fiber—can maintain fitness

By Melva Weber

Protective eating—to maximize health and fitness and to minimize disease risks—is highly recommended by prominent health-research authorities, and the guidelines they suggest call for reduction of food fats and cholesterol and an increase in fiber as grains, fruits, vegetables. This month, a look at a third set of dietary directions: making sure of adequate calcium, iron, other minerals; getting the right balance of vitamins; and putting a safe squeeze on excess sodium.

CALCIUM; ELEMENTAL AND REQUIRED

We know calcium is a structural material in bones and teeth. It also helps clot blood, preventing hemorrhage. It moves electrical impulses along nerves; contracts muscles; influences the rhythmic beat of the heart, the permeability of membranes, the integrity of blood vessels. It activates some enzymes, sees to secretion of hormones and absorption of vitamins. Our only supply of calcium is from food and drink.

Bones owe their strength and rigidity to calcium. Bones also act as storage depots from which calcium can be withdrawn for other body needs. The potential risk is obvious: if not enough calcium is eaten, the bone account is overdrawn. Bone becomes thinner, weaker, may collapse. Osteoporosis, in America a crippler and killer of older women, also menaces women runners who stop menstruating, anorexics, immobilized patients, astronauts in weightless conditions, and poorly nourished elderly men. Other conditions, such as lack of estrogen, exercise, or vitamin D may contribute to the condition; but for many, the slowly growing calcium deficit that ultimately leads to bone collapse is due to shortage of dietary calcium.

Dairy foods are primary sources of calcium in our country. Other important sources are canned sardines and salmon, shellfish, egg yolks, green vegetables, fruits.

Some nutrition scientists say the balance between calcium and its companion nutrient, phosphorus, is as important as the absolute amount of calcium we eat. For adults, equal amounts of calcium and phosphorus provide the ideal balance. Protein-rich animal foods such as meat, fish, poultry, and dairy foods usually have far more phosphorus than calcium, a situation that could result in a functional calcium shortage, though vitamin D is said to correct this potential hazard. For insurance in balancing these minerals out: be sure a generous share of your dietary calcium comes from fruit and vegetable sources, which have higher proportions of calcium to low amounts of phosphorus.

The Recommended Dietary Allowance for calcium calls for 800 milligrams daily for most adults, 1200 milligrams for pregnant and breast-feeding women. The RDAs were last revised in 1980, and may be considered for new adjustments this year. Today, many experts believe the daily calcium level should be 1000 to 1500 milligrams, particularly for women in menopausal years. (Besides a generous intake of calcium, an expert panel of the National Institutes of Health recommends estrogen replacement, regular exercise, and stopping smoking as measures to avoid postmenopausal osteoporosis.)

You can most likely obtain your proper share of calcium by establishing one simple habit—having the equivalent of a cup of milk or yogurt (low-fat, for calories' sake) with every meal. Be sure to use generous amounts of high-calcium, low-phosphorus leafy vegetables at every opportunity.

Here's a sample lunch with double charm: less than 430 calories, more than 800 milligrams of calcium:

Sardine sandwich
(at 300 calories, 425 mg calcium)

Cooked greens or green salad,
lemon juice as dressing
(25-30 calories, 100-150 mg calcium)

Eight ounces low-fat milk or low-fat plain yogurt
(100-120 calories, 300 mg calcium)

(Continued on page 314)

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(Continued from page 312)

FOOD BARGAINS FOR CALCIUM

	milligrams
Yogurt, one cup, or, one cup whole, skim or low-fat milk, one and a half ounces cheddar cheese, two cups cottage cheese, one and a half cups ice cream	300
Drained sardines, 3 ounces	375
"Soul" greens (collards, kale, turnip and mustard greens) one cup	350
Salad greens (chickory, escarole, endive) 3½ ounces	100
Canned salmon (with bones) 3 ounces	160
Tofu, or bean curd, 3 ounces	128
Bread, one slice	25
Whole orange	50

THE IRON FACT: WE NEED MORE OF IT

In this land of usual plenty, low-iron anemia is viewed by experts as our national deficiency disease, particularly among babies, youngsters, adolescents, and women in their childbearing years. So few women either eat enough iron in their daily diets or have adequate body stores to sustain them through pregnancy that the Food and Nutrition Board, in *Recommended Dietary Allowances,* advises pharmaceutical iron supplements for all pregnant and breast-feeding women.

Choosing foods to supply absorbable dietary iron is an important protective diet factor. There are two kinds of food iron; heme iron, the form that travels in hemoglobin, is more readily absorbed. About 40 percent of the iron in animal foods such as meat, fish, and eggs is heme iron. And these, including liver, heart, and kidney, are excellent iron sources. Green leafy vegetables, whole-grain cereals, other vegetables and fruits, dried beans and peas, molasses, sweet potatoes, and white potatoes are very good iron sources. Meals that combine vegetables with meat and include vitamin C-rich foods greatly improve the availability of iron to the body.

THE VITAMIN BALANCE

The American Cancer Society commends including foods rich in vitamins A and C in our daily diet, as a step in reducing risk of cancers. Dark green and deep gold are the predominant colors in fruits and vegetables blessed with generous amounts of vitamin A, important in maintaining and protecting body surfaces inside and out. There's evidence that cancer incidence may be slightly lower among people who eat more than average amounts of beta-carotene, a predecessor substance to vitamin A or "provitamin," and the form in which the vitamin is eaten in many foods. Scientists are probing the biochemical connections between vitamin A-related compounds and cancer, but they warn that it's a mistake for people to take heavy doses of the vitamin, which can be dangerously toxic in excessive amounts.

Instead, seek the benignity of vitamin A in deep-green peppers, in sweet potatoes and carrots, in lavish use of green leafy foods, and the occasional egg yolk. (In this country, almost any well-chosen diet will bring plenty of vitamin A; in hungry parts of the world, health workers tell us, lack of vitamin A as well as of calories wreaks widespread blindness and death.)

Vitamin C may be the best-known and most popular of the vitamins, largely because the renowned Linus Pauling, Ph.D., D.Sc., has for years urged using generous doses of it to prevent and shorten the course of the common cold and influenza, though its effectiveness in this therapy has never been established. The Recommended Dietary Allowance, however, calls for only sixty milligrams daily, an amount obtainable from a medium-size orange or one and one-half cupfuls of tomato

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juice. Foods rich in vitamin C are the citrus fruits, strawberries, cantaloupes, tomatoes, potatoes, green peppers, turnip greens, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, and kale. Also note that the last five of these belong to the cruciferous vegetables, which are specified in the dietary guidelines of the American Cancer Society. The ACS says some human research suggests these vegetables may reduce risk of intestinal and lung cancer, while other tests have shown them highly effective in preventing chemically induced cancers in test animals.

SODIUM AND ITS EXCESS

The trend is well under way: Americans are reducing their intake of sodium, mainly by cutting down sodium chloride, or table salt. More and more food manufacturers are labeling their products for sodium content.

In the United States, our average intake of sodium ranges from ten to twenty times what the body needs, probably the reason so many of the big health agencies believe an across-the-board reduction would be good. For a detailed discussion of the sodium question, see Judith Stern's column on page 310.

THE POTASSIUM CONNECTION

The companion substance to sodium, potassium influences muscles, including the heart, in contracting. It also affects the excitability of nerve tissues. When we take a diuretic, which causes sodium to be excreted by the kidneys, it also causes potassium to be excreted. Potassium depletion can bring severe effects, from fatigue to heart irregularities. Our ordinary diets customarily provide too much sodium, not enough potassium. Nutrition authorities advise trying to keep intakes of sodium and potassium about equal—which in practice means putting stress on potassium-rich foods. Meats, milk, and fresh fruits and vegetables all carry a comfortable margin of potassium over sodium—if they're not heavily salted. And the increasingly popular "light" table salt is about half sodium chloride, half potassium chloride. ▽

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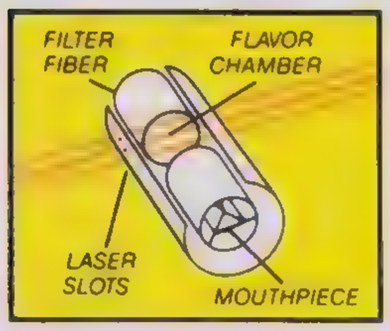

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Talking about books

SHEILA METZNER

Hannah Pakula's Magnificient Obsession

What does a thoroughly modern woman see in Marie of Roumania?

The publication this month of *The Last Romantic* (Simon and Schuster) ought to make Hannah Pakula happy. It was more than ten years ago, soon after her marriage to film director Alan Pakula (*Klute, Sophie's Choice*), that she decided to write a biography of Roumania's Queen Marie. It was an ambitious project for a woman committed to her family and friends, committed to traveling with her peripatetic husband, and yet committed to serious scholarship. Hannah Pakula was likewise determined to discover why history had relegated Marie, once an icon of all that was glamorous, to a mean and trivial corner.

Recently Pakula, fifty-one, talked with an unexpected openness to Vogue about her eminently successful foray into biography.

* * *

"I was born in Nebraska, but I grew up in Southern California. I'm one of those people for whom palm trees are not exotic, and everything else is. I wanted to go East to college, and the headmistress of the girls' school I went to and my mother decided that Wellesley was appropriate. My sister had gone to Sarah Lawrence and I thought that was very attractive, and I also loved the idea of Radcliffe, but I was sent to Wellesley.

"On my way home from college, I stopped to see my sister in Texas. I met my first husband there. We were married in Paris, in 1953. I finished my education at Southern Methodist University; I'm probably the only living graduate of Wellesley, the Sorbonne, and SMU.

"In the years my children were growing up, I devoted myself to them; in my era, you stayed home and raised your children. I always felt something was missing. And then, in '69, my husband died. I was thirty-five, with three children, and I had to grow up pretty fast: I was of that generation where girls were protected first by their parents and then by their husbands.

"I remarried four years later. I was writing short humorous pieces then, and Alan kept saying, why don't you tackle something a little meatier? And he came home one day from working on *All the President's Men*, and I announced: I'm going to write a biography of Queen Marie.

"Getting the idea was serendipity. When I was in school, I adored Dorothy Parker, and I ran across, 'Oh, life is a glorious cycle of song,/ A medley of extemporania;/ And love is a thing that can never go wrong;/ And I am Marie of Roumania.' I always wondered, who was this woman?

"I started reading. And I became absolutely fascinated: she was an icon, a symbol of success and beauty and glamour. One of the beautiful blond granddaughters of Queen Victoria, she was, in her youth, like Princess Grace or Princess Di. She was vain, but I just accepted it as a rather amusing fact of her personality: she was the queen. As she got older, she began to symbolize an ability to deal with power. Why had this symbol disappeared? Why, fifty years later, did nobody know who she was? Why, if they did say anything about her, was it not altogether complimentary?

"I was also fascinated because Marie was an early feminist. She wrote that women should be the equal of men—in articles that, in their day and particularly in her caste, were shocking. She did not hesitate to use her power. Look at Marie in the context of her world. Look at the other women: they retired, they were consorts. If they suffered, they suffered in silence. But Marie rebelled in every way. She created her own life. She did not sit back as a quiescent wife. She began to take over. She became as enlightened as she could. She was the catalyst that caused Roumania to go with the Allies in the First World War. So, though her values are not my values, I admire her commitment to what she believed in.

"I was talking to an editor once, just at a party, and I said, what do you do with people who write books about people they don't like? And he said, they always give them up after two or three years. It is impossible to spend that much of yourself on somebody you don't admire. You don't have to like everything about the person; you have to find some sympathetic note. Like all of us, Marie's virtues are her faults as well.

"Once I started the book, I was committed to it. It took me a couple of years just to investigate what royalty was all about, to learn about the world in which Marie grew up.

"I read all the published material, but there were still great gaps in my story. But I wrote the book. I never showed it to anybody. I never had an advance. I never had anybody to talk to about it other than Alan. And after seven years, I had a thousand-page first draft. I sold it. And I still had not been to Roumania. And I decided I wanted to go to Roumania. I had written to get into the archives, but I didn't think I would because I hadn't had a terribly positive response.

"When I arrived, the cultural attaché of our embassy said, they called and you're invited to the archives. I had a friend with me, and we went, and they invited us upstairs to that room that exists in all bureaucratic buildings in all of *that* world—all of the old furniture is pushed to the side, and there's a long, empty, polished table, and there are red plush chairs around it, and there's a picture on the wall of whoever is God in that country. And we sat down and they said, we have one hundred diaries. We read them all. But after two days of work, we realized there were about twelve hundred letters as well.

"And, so, I spent the next year rewriting and filling in the gaps.

"The one thing the book does, if it does anything, is to explain why Marie was trivialized, why she came down in history as sexually promiscuous, as flamboyant. Her reputation suffered primarily because her son needed to lower her in people's estimation in order to validate his own return and his own takeover, which he did after abdicating twice. Her relationship with her son was the great tragedy of her life.

"Now I'm looking forward to getting started on my next book. The joy is in the doing finally. For me, research is wonderful; I am committed to fact. I love to take something and impose order and shape on it. That's why biography is a very good medium for me; it allows me to put form onto chaos." *("Books" continued on page 320)*

Martin Amis bites the Big Apple; James Atlas bites back . . . Harold Bloom decodes the Reaganomics of Romance . . . A spellbinding first novel . . . The wimps of Borneo . . . Queen Marie of Roumania . . . The dark side of fame . . . And a medley of extemporania

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ENRICO COVERI

Talking about books

TAME WEST: Never say die seems to be the motto of literary appetites today. Not content with existing bodies of work or living authors, we lie in wait for the late greats' estates to yield up new treasures. Now, we are offered a novel by Dame Rebecca West, apparently in the works since 1957, as the second volume of a trilogy beginning with *The Fountain Overflows*. **This Real Night** (Viking), with its small epiphanies on the business of coming of age in pre-WWI England, may or may not appease our cravings.

The story revolves with the slow charm of an antique carousel around the lovely figures of the Aubrey sisters, cousin Rosamund, and a winsome brother, Richard Quin, on the edge of growing up. A languorous beauty holds them in thrall, dulling the jagged intrusions of domestic violence, the desertion of their father, and even the closing-in horrors of the war. The lush grace of West's language is here in abundance, lulling us into complacent pleasure. But *This Real Night* wants the acerbic wit, the feminist spirit, and the wrangling passions we have come to expect from her best work. —SUZANNE HART

Money Talks

MONEY. By Martin Amis.
Viking. 370 pages. $16.95.
Reviewed by JAMES ATLAS

In the 'forties, there were the Angry Young Men: John Wain, John Osborne, and Kingsley Amis. Now England has sprung on us the Cynical Young Men, a clutch of burgeoning novelists whose dour chronicles of English life make their elders seem mild-mannered by comparison. Ian McEwan, William Boyd, and Julian Barnes are members of the crew; chief among them is Martin Amis, whose author's note in his early novels declared him "the son of novelist Kingsley Amis." Lately Amis *fils* has dropped the paternal identity. By the time you're thirty-five, I guess, you're on your own.

Amis has never looked kindly on his characters. His early novels, *The Rachel Papers* and *Dead Babies*, featured an assortment of callow adolescents largely devoted to getting drunk, seducing girls, and "wanking off." With *Money*, his fifth—and most ambitious—novel, he's invented a protagonist just as prankish and noisily sodden as the youths of his apprenticeship but a little worn around the edges. John Self (Everyman?) is a London-based director of commercials who's gotten involved in a big film deal in New York; the novel goes back and forth across the ocean often enough to give the reader jet lag. Loutish, dissipated, ignorant—dragged to the opera, he's stunned to find *Otello* isn't in English—Self could have been invented by Céline. His catalogue of bad habits includes "swearing, fighting, hitting women, smoking, drinking, fast food, pornography, gambling and hand jobs." Not the kind of guy you'd necessarily want to spend a whole novel with.

When he's not on the phone to producers, movie stars, and money men, Self is out sampling the low life of Manhattan. Massage parlors and go-go joints are his natural habitat. Self is a misogynist of the old school, obsessed with whores, hot pants, and "tits"; even the shape of a pink cloud on a wet day reminds him of, uh, women's anatomy. Selina, Self's cuckolding girlfriend in London, is "like a girl in a men's magazine"—and so are all the other women in this book, with the possible exception of Martina, a nice wholesome type who tries to exercise a civilizing influence over the dissolute Self.

Amis has left nothing to the imagination. He reports on his protagonist's bodily functions, dwells tirelessly on his self-loathing and disgust, reiterates his untrammeled greed. *Money*, not surprisingly, has a lot to say about money. "Oh, money, I love you," Self croons. "You're so democratic: you've got no favorites. You even things out for me and my kind." What fascinates him about New York is that it's a money town; profit is the only motive. He can't understand the madman who stalks the roofs of the theater district, hurling masonry on the heads of innocent passersby: "There is no money up there for him at any point."

How do you make such a noxious fellow palatable to the reader for nearly four hundred pages? It's a problem. "Towards the end of a novel you get a floppy feeling," Self remarks. "People read so fast—to get to the end, to be shot of you." Exactly. The plot is a compendium of sordid doings; the characters, with their buffoonish names—Nub Forkner, Lorne Guyland, Fielding Goodney—are caricatures; the persistent intrusion of a novelist named Martin Amis is stagey and self-regarding. What carries the novel along is its sheer verbal energy.

Money is gross, hectic, smart-aleckey, but it's one of the funniest novels I've read since Amis senior's *Lucky Jim*. The eponymous Self, raucous, crude, insinuating, blurts out his tale with a comic verve that never flags. Amis's vision of our fast-food culture, a world of Fastfurters and Blastburgers, Long Whoppers and Big Thick Juicy Hot Ones, is cruelly accurate. In his own snotty way, he's eloquent on the high-pitched intensity of New York, *(Continued on page 322)*

James Atlas *is an associate editor of "The Atlantic" and the author of a forthcoming novel, "The Great Pretender."*

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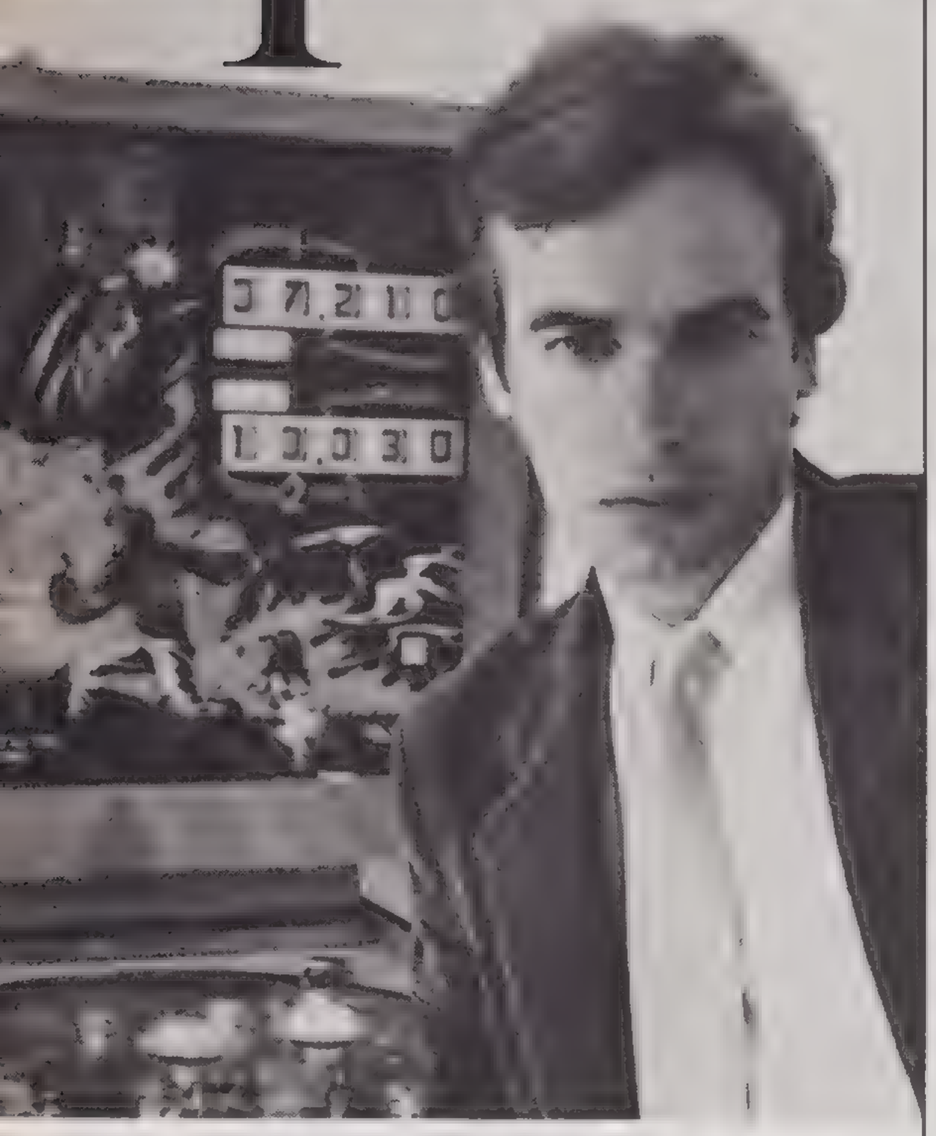
Talking about books



Martin Amis, Cynical Young Man: snotty yet eloquent, witty and cruel

(Continued from page 320) a blend of "heat, money, sex and fever," and of its worldly grasping denizens. Listening to a shrewd producer explain the workings of a deal, Self hears a voice "full of passionate connoisseurship, with many parallels and precedents, Italian banking, liquidity preference, composition fallacy, hyperinflation, business confidence syndrome, booms and panics, US corporations, the sobriety of financial architecture, the Bust of '29, the suicides on LaSalle and Wall Street..." In other words, Money.

Describing a writer who lives in his neighborhood, Self notes: "I've seen him hanging out in Family Fun, the space-game parlour, and toting his blue laundry bag to the Whirlomat....This writer's name, they tell me, is *Martin Amis*. Never heard of him." *Money* ought to change all that.

Venus Envy

FAMILY ALBUM. By Danielle Steel
Delacorte Press. 408 pages. $16.95.
Reviewed by HAROLD BLOOM

Danielle Steel is the author of eighteen "romance novels," including the forthcoming *Family Album*. Her previous works include *Passion's Promise, The Promise, Season of Passion, To Love Again, Loving*, and *Love*, none of which I have seen. Together, these have sold more than fifty million copies and have been translated into eighteen languages. I have just read an uncorrected proof of *Family Album*, though "read" is no more the right word there than "written" is in: "Danielle Steel has written *Family Album*." These days, many liberal Democrats go about murmuring: "What makes Ronald Reagan possible?" and perhaps literary critics ought to murmur "What makes Danielle Steel possible?" Presumably these are different questions, and so would provoke different answers, and yet they may be darkly intertwined. I am not suggesting that a higher degree of true literacy would make either Reagan or Steel less popular. The reading process has little effect upon current political economics; as for the relation between literature and society, I firmly believe Oscar Wilde to be a truer guide than all Marxist literary theorists, past and present. The sublime Oscar knew, and said, that in literature cucumber sandwiches were real and countries were not, and there's an end of it.

What does link the phenomena of Reagan and Steel is that Steel, and her ilk, are enjoyed by millions of people who ought to know better. One cannot quarrel with enjoyment, and after reading *Family Album* I have the strong conviction that it has been produced by genuine feeling. "All bad poetry springs from genuine feeling," Wilde observed, which is clearly true of bad romance as well. Literary romance, as a form, stresses possibility, as opposed to the emphasis upon probability in its jealous child, the novel. There is a long tradition of sub-literary romance writing, as old as widespread literacy itself; and in every age such writing meets popular needs and desires. Literary democracy, like political democracy, is always subject to debasement; but nothing is got for nothing, and restricting literacy is about as good a notion as limiting the franchise would be.

And yet the experience of getting through Danielle Steel's *Family Album* is rather dismal, and does require a certain bravery, one that a literary critic ordinarily need not display. Perhaps those translations into eighteen languages improve upon the originals, for there is nothing here that can be lost in translation. In four hundred pages, there is only one memorable phrase, when we are told that "Jason and George were getting on like a horse afire," but that, alas, doubtless will vanish when "horse" is corrected into "house." Otherwise the prose is of a badness not to be believed. It is so bad that it becomes a kind of different medium, as though the TV screen had transmogrified and discharged pages rather than auditory images. Perhaps "Danielle Steel" is not an actual person but a kind of self-originating word-processor, not yet refined enough to give us sentences that parse.

The story concerns Faye Price and Ward Thayer and their five children, in a time span that goes from 1943 until 1983, and takes place principally in Hollywood and its environs. Faye is beautiful and brilliant, an actress turned great film director. Ward is handsome and not so brilliant, a shipbuilder turned great film producer. Their five children are variously beautiful and/or brilliant, and have overdetermined fates. By book's end, the football-playing dull son, his father's favorite, has been blown up in Vietnam, while the homosexual bright son is a happy enough filmmaker. One of the three daughters has become a serious New York writer, another emulates mother as an Academy Award-winning actress, and the third, after ghastly drug and sex experiences in Haight-Ashbury, settles contentedly for a Hollywood lawyer some thirty years older than herself. My summary, while accurate, is a touch more coherent than the plot, but then coherence would not be a virtue in this book.

The book's virtue or appeal, certain to be worldwide, is that it is overtly an American dream, just as President Reagan's waving to us on television is overtly an American dream. Danielle Steel, whether she is a person, a computer, or a combine (the book is copyrighted by Benitreto Productions, Ltd.), is no more to be underestimated than President Reagan is. Each is sincere, and each knows her or his audience. The Romantic tradition in American literature and life added a pragmatic hope to the European fantasy of the marvelous, a sense that the marvelous actually could be realized by the individual. Danielle Steel is to one end of the literary spectrum what Thomas Pynchon is to the other. She has written a *Gravity's Rainbow* for those who read between their starings at the television screen. We must deserve her even as we deserve our politics; she too is a mirror in which, before we think, we observe our thought.

Harold Bloom *is Sterling Professor of Humanities at Yale and is currently editing Chelsea House's Modern Critical Views in 130 volumes, each with an introduction.*

JERRY BAUER

JUNGLE JAMS: *Outside* magazine once had the editorial genius to send Fran Lebowitz on a camping trip; **Into the Heart of Borneo** (Random House) by Redmond O'Hanlon is similarly inspired. The natural history specialist for *The Times Literary Supplement*, O'Hanlon is more at home cutting the pages of a good book than slashing through the underbrush with a machete: a genial, overweight, self-confessed wimp, the closest he'd come to a jungle was chasing rabbits in Wiltshire. Undaunted, he and his traveling companion, the poet and journalist James Fenton, start off at a Special Operations boot camp in England, forwarned if not forearmed: "Good luck lads," said Malcolm. "We've left a lot of men in Borneo—know what I mean?"

Their subsequent adventures, which take them into uncharted territory of such tropical extremity that a shaving nick can lead to death by sepsis, are simultaneously terrifying and hilarious. Tiptoeing through headhunter turf, their only protection postcards of the Queen on horseback ("they think she's all of a piece"), they fight off elephant ants, persistent leeches, and aggressive native women—forsaking the traditional stiff upper lip for a kind of hysterical aplomb. (Fenton escapes into Swift; O'Hanlon comforts himself with bird guides.)

O'Hanlon is a charming and informative writer, a wonderful companion were one fool enough to join him. But the real stars of this Monty Python-esque road show are the Iban guides who think these guys are too old and fat to be believed but who shepherd them with sweet attention.

"'You be okay,' Leon says [when he saves James from drowning in a whirlpool]. 'I not let you die my old friend.'

"Just then little Inghai appeared, beaming with pride, holding aloft a very wet straw boater.

" 'I save hat!' said Inghai. 'Jams! Jams! I save hat!'" —TRACY YOUNG

("Books" continued on page 325)

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Talking about books

The Wages of Fame

INTIMATE STRANGERS: THE CULTURE OF CELEBRITY.
By Richard Schickel.
Doubleday & Co. 294 pp. $16.95.
Reviewed by JILL ROBINSON-SHAW

We live in a time that ignores the distinction between *celebrity* and *notoriety*. Some lunatics now believe that if you can't get famous any other way, you can always kill a famous person. The trouble—as we learn from *Intimate Strangers*, Richard Schickel's superb, aggravating new book—is that it works. Schickel tells about the mother of John Kennedy's assassin, who was quite put out that she didn't get the kind of money Richard Burton got for a talk show appearance. "And he was not even an American citizen," she pointed out. But this madness permeates the entire culture, not just America. A French robber, convicted and thrown in jail, wrote some books that Simone Signoret and Yves Montand and others were crazy about and so got out. He was picked up for another armed robbery. "Don't shoot," he cried, "take pictures!"

Richard Schickel, *Life* magazine's movie critic for years, has written several books, on being single and on art as well as on film, including a brilliant biography of D.W. Griffith. He is one of America's best film critics because he knows he has to pull back and regard the rest of the world now and then or he'll never see what the movies ought to be up to. His new book, *Intimate Strangers*, traces celebrity culture, its considerations and consequences, beginning with the 'twenties, when the press was given carefully controlled fictions in exchange for the publicity the entertainment business needed, and the 'thirties when the age of photojournalism began.

We used to be shy—that is how you were with strangers! "There was besides distance, decorum in our relationship with the famous," Schickel writes. Here's Esther Williams explaining how to deal with a fan: "Walk fast. Don't stop and shake hands. You touch them, they don't touch you." It was Marilyn Monroe who truly opened the age of bold confrontation. Her response when someone dared (then it *was* a dare) to ask did she have *anything* on when *that* picture was taken? "Yes, the radio."

So it began. You show me more. I'll notice you even more.

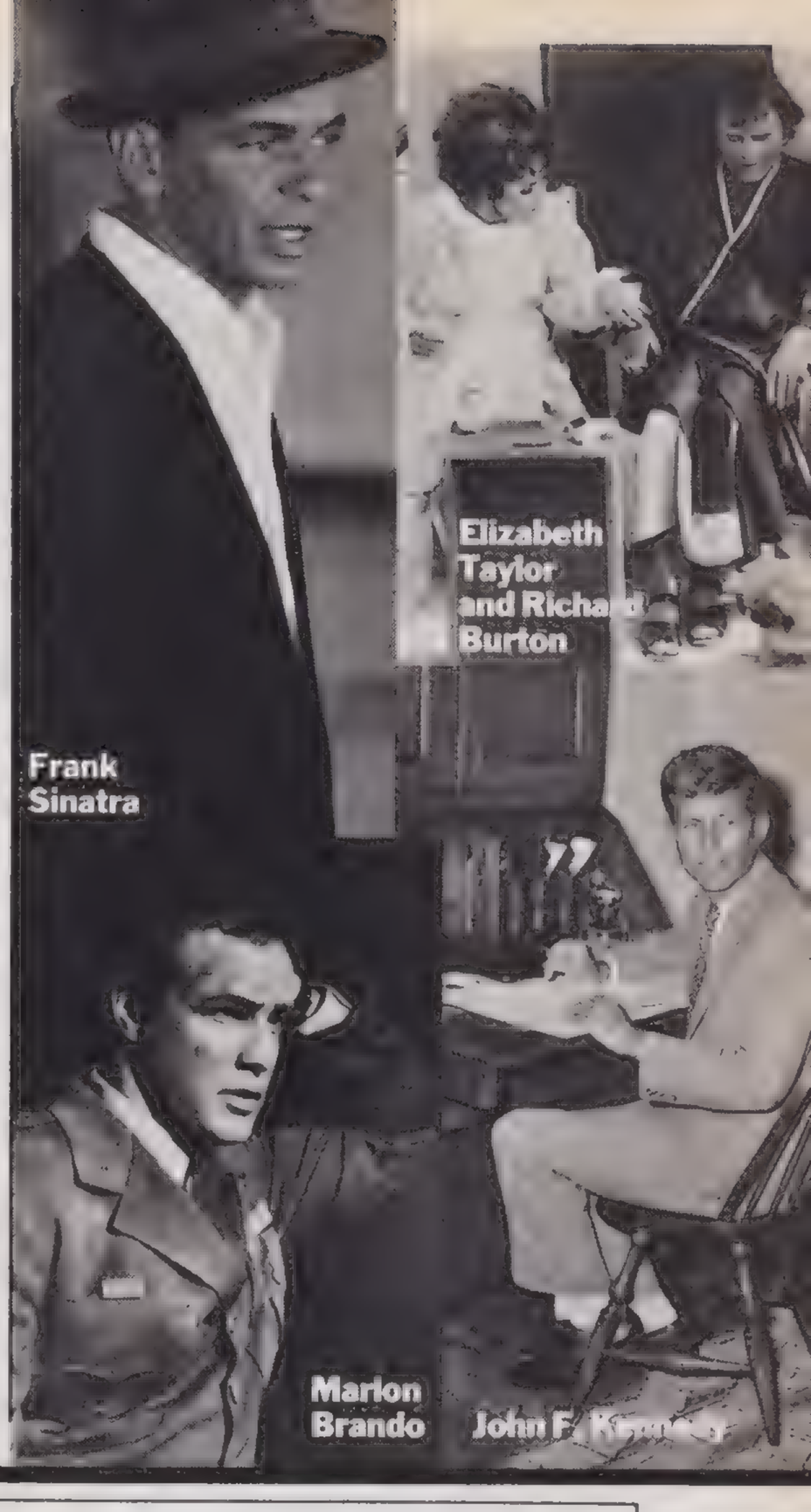
Intimate Strangers is a perfectly built collection of essays that reach out, move, reflect and then, with deceptive informality, circle back, reminding us always of the danger of this celebrity business. (Schickel shows, for instance, the effect of celebrity on our political life.) But for some of us the saddest essay traces the flashbulb invasion of the arts world. The question becomes not: Can you act? Can you paint? Can you dance? Can you write? but: Can you market yourself?

Schickel writes: "In the age of celebrity the only truly heroic act an artist can perform is to protect his vision and his virtue by cloaking them in a modesty that is near to the secretive. And that, as a practical matter, amounts to taking a vow of poverty—especially for actors."

Actors: Schickel is fresh and elegant on Marlon Brando, hero of the silent generation that draped itself in black raincoats, loved Stevenson, Sahl, Chianti, and the promise that Brando would never sell out. Even Norman Mailer was wrong, Schickel says, when he declared that we were seeing Brando himself up there on the screen in *Last Tango in Paris*. Schickel says Brando was clever enough to invent the character we thought he was, and thus remains the stranger we wanted our stars to be.

Along with a hundred other perfect things Schickel says in this book, he reminds us that we've forgotten the Good Example: the star like Cary Grant like Loretta Young, who had a complex private life, but had the strength to show that real star style is pulling it off without everyone's knowing what you went through. Such inspiration to watch a hero, tempted by trouble, pay the consequences, suffer change, and triumph—like Robert Redford in *The Natural*!

Schickel knows that the prerequisite for immortality was not always disaster, although it may seem easier to get to than excellence. *Intimate Strangers* is an important book about the dark power of our star system and the lure of the easy way in. *("Books" continued on page 326)*



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THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Jill Robinson-Shaw *is the author of "Perdido," and is working on a novel set in Hollywood.*

Talking about books

Grin and Flaubert It

FLAUBERT'S PARROT.
By Julian Barnes.
Alfred A. Knopf. 192 pages. $13.95.
Reviewed by ADAM MARS-JONES

"Ellen. My wife: someone I feel I understand less well than a foreign writer dead for a hundred years." Geoffrey Braithwaite, the hero of Julian Barnes's new novel, is obsessed both with Ellen and with Gustave Flaubert (1821-1880); but since Ellen is dead (she shares with Madame Bovary not only initials but adultery and suicide), his mourning takes the form of a total immersion in the life and works of Flaubert.

Braithwaite pays a visit to Rouen, where Flaubert was born, and finds a stuffed parrot in a local museum. Flaubert, apparently, borrowed it from the museum for inspiration while writing a story, "Un coeur simple," in which a parrot, first live and then stuffed, plays a leading role. A little later, this time in Croisset, where Flaubert lived and died, he sees another parrot, which is also the accredited inspiration for the story. Which is the real one? He decides to find out.

What follows, though, in *Flaubert's Parrot* is not the completion of the parrot anecdote (which waits for the last chapter) but a series of playful excursions into Flaubert's life and works: an apocrypha, a bestiary, two conflicting chronologies, a Dictionary of Accepted Ideas, even an examination paper ("Candidates must answer FOUR questions").

Flaubert responds well to these various approaches; but then, any approach will throw light on some facet of so complex a personality. Flaubert can be portrayed with equal plausibility as a revolutionary, a reactionary, a recluse, a sensualist, and a snob; any number of literary movements, from realism to absurdism, have claimed him. Braithwaite and Barnes spend much of their time defending him from his crasser readers and critics.

The chapters of *Flaubert's Parrot* aren't connected like bricks in a wall but like beads on a necklace; much of the pleasure of reading this oddly daring book comes from the underlying thread's being strong enough to keep everything together, but not by much.

The Braithwaite material is invented, but everything about Flaubert is true. Inside the slender bracket of fiction is fact. Many of Flaubert's opinions, taken predominantly from his letters, are so pungent you might think they had been forged, by Barnes or Braithwaite. (Example: "I have always tried to live in an ivory tower, but a tide of shit is beating at its walls . . .") They are perfectly authentic.

Once a writer has claimed the privileges of fiction, how does he make it clear that in some areas he takes no advantage of them? And why should we believe him when he says he has nothing up

ANDRESJ DUDZINSKI

his sleeve? Only conjurors, after all (who will break it), need to make that promise.

Novel readers these days are so alert to the possibilities of manipulation, and so suspicious of the naïver pleasures of reading, that the last thing they are likely to expect is a narrator they can trust.

The responsible play of *Flaubert's Parrot* sounds unpromising; in practice the mixture of fact and fiction works well. A critical book on Flaubert, however informal, would have been damagingly single-minded by contrast. The fictional frame encourages the reader to try an idea on for size, with no obligation to buy, instead of looking passively on as a text is shoehorned into an interpretation.

It's ironic that Flaubert, who aimed above all things at an impersonal art, should come across with such distinctive force from his letters; but perhaps he would not have resented the irony. Barnes uses this secondary material with delicate resourcefulness, to defend Flaubert against any single interpretation. The meanings tend always to multiply; at the end of *Flaubert's Parrot*, Braithwaite is faced with a profusion of parrots, too many for him to have any hope of choosing among them.

Braithwaite is never meant to be a fully rounded character, but he is a very satisfactory voice, both melancholic and mercurial. His opinions, admittedly, aren't always convincing for a widower in his sixties; Barnes seems to have reproduced his own prejudices in a gruffer and more intemperate form, rather than devising suitable new ones.

Luckily, Barnes's own prejudices are entertaining and unpredictable. He puts them on show in Britain in a weekly column of television criticism in *The Observer*. He has a special fondness for American soap opera and for sport, and his trademark is a kind of extravagant deflation, a way of puncturing pretension without pandering to the philistines.

It may actually be an advantage for a reader of *Flaubert's Parrot* not to know Barnes's journalism. Barnes has a high profile in literary London, and some of *(Continued on page 328)*

Adam Mars-Jones *is the editor of "Mae West Is Dead: Recent Lesbian and Gay Fiction."*

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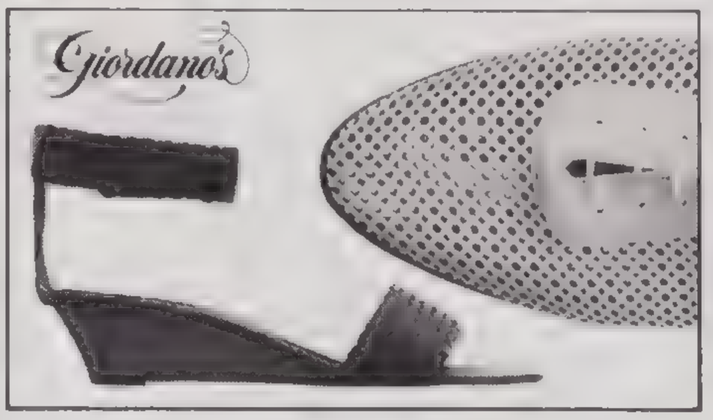

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NEIMAN-MARCUS

Talking about books

(Continued from page 326) the reviewers took his comments in the persona of Braithwaite as snipping. In one chapter, for instance, Braithwaite issues some rules for novels: "A quota system is to be introduced on fiction set in South America. The intention is to curb the spread of package-tour baroque and heavy irony. . . .No novels about small, hitherto forgotten wars in distant parts of the British Empire. . . "

One interviewer arrived with a list of twenty-two writers who had apparently been insulted in the book. Only in Britain could a novelist be criticized for departing from the spirit of fair play.

Flaubert's Parrot is in its way an exceptional book, and poorly suited to be a compromise candidate. It's a racing bicycle, and the bookstore shelves will always be choked with gas-guzzlers; but it should be read by anyone who admires efficiency and elegance over brute power.

ALL IN THE FAMILY: Deceived With Kindness (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is Angelica Garnett's brief, fascinating "adventure into the disturbing perspectives" of her Bloomsbury childhood. Consider: Her mother, Vanessa Bell, was married to Clive Bell, who was not her father but pretended he was. Her real father, Duncan Grant, to whom Vanessa was passionately attached, lived with the Bells (no longer sleeping together) and was homosexual. Angelica was told about Duncan when she was seventeen. Neither she nor Duncan, who lived to be ninety-three, ever mentioned their relationship to each other.

There's more. At twenty-three, Angelica married David ("Bunny") Garnett, forty-eight, a family friend who not only had been Duncan's lover but had once "proposed bed" to her mother. Vanessa refused him, and when Angelica was born, Garnett boasted that one day he would marry her.

Despite four children, the marriage was a mistake. Mrs. Garnett was a victim not only of the "sexual indulgence, jealousy and revenge" in which her parents and husband were enmeshed but also of the sins of omission committed by those responsible for her in her growing years, especially her mother. Vanessa Bell, the presiding earth mother in so many other people's books, is seen here as remote, sexually frustrated, unable to express her deepest feelings.

Readers of *Deceived With Kindness* may get impatient with the *(Continued on page 330)*

Angelica, with Vanessa, 1928

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Talking about books

(Continued from page 328) author's self-pity, but they will enjoy her deft writing. There's a wonderful cameo, for instance, of her aunt, Virginia Woolf, demanding kisses from her sister and niece that goes a long way to explaining a relationship others have taken volumes to describe. —PHYLLIS RIFIELD

Magic Potion

LOVE MEDICINE.
By Louise Erdrich.
Holt, Rinehart and Winston.
272 pages. $13.95.
Reviewed by LE ANNE SCHREIBER

Love Medicine, winner of the 1984 National Book Critics Circle award for fiction, is a first novel so accomplished that it is hard to imagine how its thirty-year-old author will ever surpass herself. Louise Erdrich's prose is clear and beautiful as a mountain lake, and so powerful that it stops you dead in your tracks, your gaze fixed on the page like a deer caught in the headlights of an onrushing car. But the exhilaration that begins with language doesn't end there; within the first few pages of *Love Medicine* it is clear that Erdrich is a writer who knows things we don't, who is going to tell us stories that help dispel a long ignorance.

Erdrich, daughter of a German-born father and Chippewa mother, grew up near the Turtle Mountain Reservation in North Dakota, and she writes of the lives she knew there. They are lives touched equally by the Chippewa Gods—like "the water monster, Missepeshu, who lives over in Lake Turcot"—and the nuns who teach and practice a fierce Catholicism at the Reservation school. In this world, senses are equally attuned to "the smell in the clouds" that means a storm is coming and to the dim grey glow of television sets that are better than no company at all.

In one of the linked stories that make up this novel, a man crazed with grief and guilt calls out the name of his dead wife, then remembers that you should never call the dead by their names, because they might answer. To block out the sounds of her return, he turns on the TV, the radio, plugs in the vacuum cleaner, his electric razor. "Everything was on, even the oven. He stood in the humming light of the refrigerator, believing the cold radiance would protect him." Then he makes a mistake. He plugs in the toaster. "There was a loud crack. Darkness.... Everything went utterly silent, and she squeezed through the window in that instant."

The story continues, with one wrenching climax after another, until the reader is so stunned by the rage, grief, fear, and desperation Erdrich has summoned up that it is impossible to imagine her taking us any farther. She does. *Love Medicine* is a continual amazement.

Le Anne Schreiber *lives and writes in upstate New York.*

TIME BOMB: Are you afraid to leave the house by yourself after dark? Well, you're not alone and you're not sick; you're just a realist. **Intimate Intrusions** (Routledge & Kegan Paul) by Elizabeth A. Stanko, subtitled "Women's Experiences of Male Violence," proves with hard facts and scientific research, what we feel but have not been able to discuss openly until recently: that all women, regardless of class or race or even age, are bound together in a sisterhood of fear.

Stanko makes several valuable points: that women are conditioned to blame themselves, not men, for what men do to them; that they are taught passivity as children; and that they fear losing their "respectability" by disclosing the sordid abuse they encounter. But Stanko's most important contention is that the imbalance in physical strength between the sexes cannot be corrected by women. Men will stop abusing women, either subtly through intimidation or through more overt acts of violence, such as rape and murder, only when they begin to empathize with the female viewpoint—and understand the fear all women live with.

And what do *we* do until that great day comes? Female children (who make up close to 90 percent of incest cases) should be encouraged to communicate instances of sexual abuse; we are advised to remove ourselves physically from the abuser, and to report his actions, which can be doubly difficult if he is your professor, your analyst, your boss, or your husband; self-help groups should be organized to counsel and support survivors of attack.

The truth of male violence toward women, and its psychological consequences, has joined a host of formerly taboo topics—sex, death, and money—now open to public debate. It had been on the agenda, but was long overdue for examination and redress. —BARBARA ROSE

PASSING THE TORCH: Libby Holman, the notorious torch singer, chased after men and women, fortune and fame—and was pursued by scandal and suicide. Jon Bradshaw's biography, *Dreams That Money Can Buy* (Morrow), describes a woman Jane Bowles would call "profound, mysterious, obscene."

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entertaining

Easy pleasures: new high-style catering for small, at-home evenings...best-of-blooms: tips from Lee Bailey...from star dancer Judith Jamison: celebrity cooking By André Leon Talley

Catering—but with a personal point of view, a special touch: increasingly in demand, it's the searched-for solution, less now for public events than for small, very private dinners. London cooks Rose Gray (in foreground, *above*) and Jane Longman (*right*) find inspiration for dishes, menus in high-style cookbooks published in the 'thirties and 'forties on the Continent. Robert Hughes, art critic and author of *The Shock of the New*, flew Longman and Gray to Manhattan recently to cater a dinner for fourteen. In London, they've cooked for, among others, Beaubourg architect Richard Rogers and actress Gayle Hunnicut.

"We have no professional training," says Gray, who was working on a book about pasta and living in Italy before joining forces with Longman, who was then managing a London shop. "It's all learning from eating, reading, and a visual sense of attractiveness. Our business is word-of-mouth." One featured dish: Partridge Hot Pot—an English invention of partridge breast, lamb kidneys, bacon, sliced potatoes, oysters, and fresh wild mushrooms. A special version of Alice B. Toklas' Mâcon cake (named for the town in France) uses meringue, almonds, pistachios, coffee, and kirsch. "Alice Toklas made French food not quite so precious."

Closer to home: "Cooking is something I've always loved, and I've always done it well," says Judith Jamison, who organized Jamison's Choice Ltd. single-handedly on the cooking side, a year ago. Jamison, the dancer with the lightning-bolt body, was teaching a workshop at Jacob's Pillow when the Massachusetts dance festival's director, Liz Thompson, suggested she whip up a few pies and a batch of her down-home potato salad.

Jamison's Choice Ltd. has since added smoked turkey breast (smoked by Jamison herself at her farm in Connecticut) and various sweets culled from recipes from "my mother, my grandmother, aunts," the handed-down-through-generations school of cooking.

Both firms easily cater dinners for up to twenty. Longman and Gray (photographed above in their client/jazz artist George Melly's roomy London kitchen) will travel circuit-rider style to homes and prepare on location.

rich pickings

Lee Bailey's Country Weekends and his *City Food*, in the past few years, have spawned wonderful entertaining from Marin County to Montauk; now his latest book, *Country Flowers* (in May from Clarkson N. Potter), can rev up tables. In this colorful compendium, Bailey charts everything from care and feeding of the first sprouts of spring through autumn's most charming flowers; places them in earthenware pots, crystal vases, country baskets. "The point," he says, "is really gorgeous and abundant flowers, and how I like to use them." About daffodils, *left*: "I pick a selection of different varieties, placing a small bunch of each in a separate container. Later, when they nod, I gather a basketful and enjoy the luxury of their numbers."

It all started with ten sweet-potato pies," says Judith Jamison, "that I sold at The Pillow Cafe at Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival last year." This woman who's partnered Baryshnikov, created ballets for Maurice Béjart, and now choreographs for The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater (where she started, in 1965) puts family hand-me-down soul-food recipes in the home-baked lineup for her Jamison's Choice Ltd. catering and food concern. Pies—such as lemon meringue (*above*); apple with double crust; sweet potato with cinnamon, raisins, and marshmallows—are also sold at The Marketplace, Macy's New York City.

CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES, JEFF MCNAMARA, LEE BAILEY

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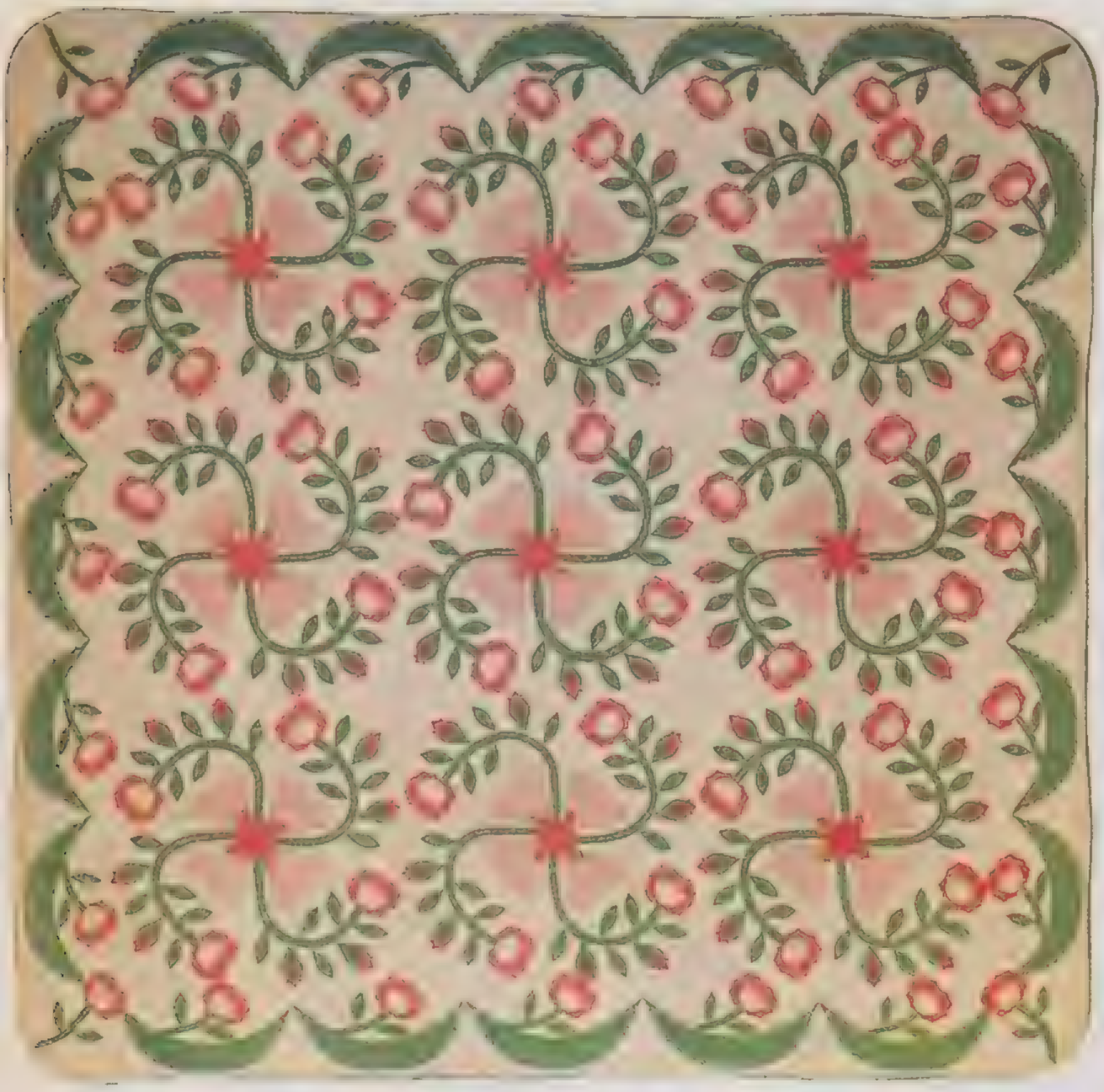
living

Quilts—new books celebrate an irresistible American tradition, rooted in the nineteenth century. Their punchy graphic designs prophesy modern art **By Barbara Plumb**



Geometry is often a subtle clue to a quilt's age and pedigree

down-home art

Like apple pie and Shaker furniture, quilts have something so quintessentially American, appealingly down-home and unpretentiously handsome about them that it is almost impossible not to be enthusiastic about the best of their kind. In recent years, devotees have been beating the drum so vigorously for the medium they have begun showing and selling them in art galleries. Quilts appeal to traditionalists, because they are made by hand and stem from an American practice that flourished in the nineteenth century, and to modernists as well for their graphic, non-representational patterns, most often geometric in form. In fact, it sometimes takes a discerning eye to distinguish between quilts stitched today and those of two hundred years ago. Two recent interesting books document some of the most acclaimed regional quilts. The first, *Kentucky Quilts, 1800-1900* (Pantheon), shows the strikingly beautiful, anonymous artistry of Kentucky women (and a few men); the second, *Sunshine & Shadow* (Main Street Press), displays the elegantly classic Amish quilts of the nineteenth century.

Nineteenth-century Kentucky quilt masterpieces: appliquéd quilt (above) sewn by a butler and "Baby Blocks" (above right) made of pieced fabric saved from gowns

Sometimes it's hard to guess the ages of quilts by their patterns. Left, a contemporary quilt by Judy Wasserman Hearst of Milwaukee seems timeless. Above, modern-looking, abstract "Bars" is Amish, dating from circa 1910.

Pursuing another American tradition, NYC artist Friedrich Gross paints furniture with homey scenes and animals. His whimsical, tongue-in-cheek approach is a cross between fairy tale and cartoon. Buildings and landscapes are rendered in an equally amusing and naïvely charming way. Prices range from $4000 to $12,000.

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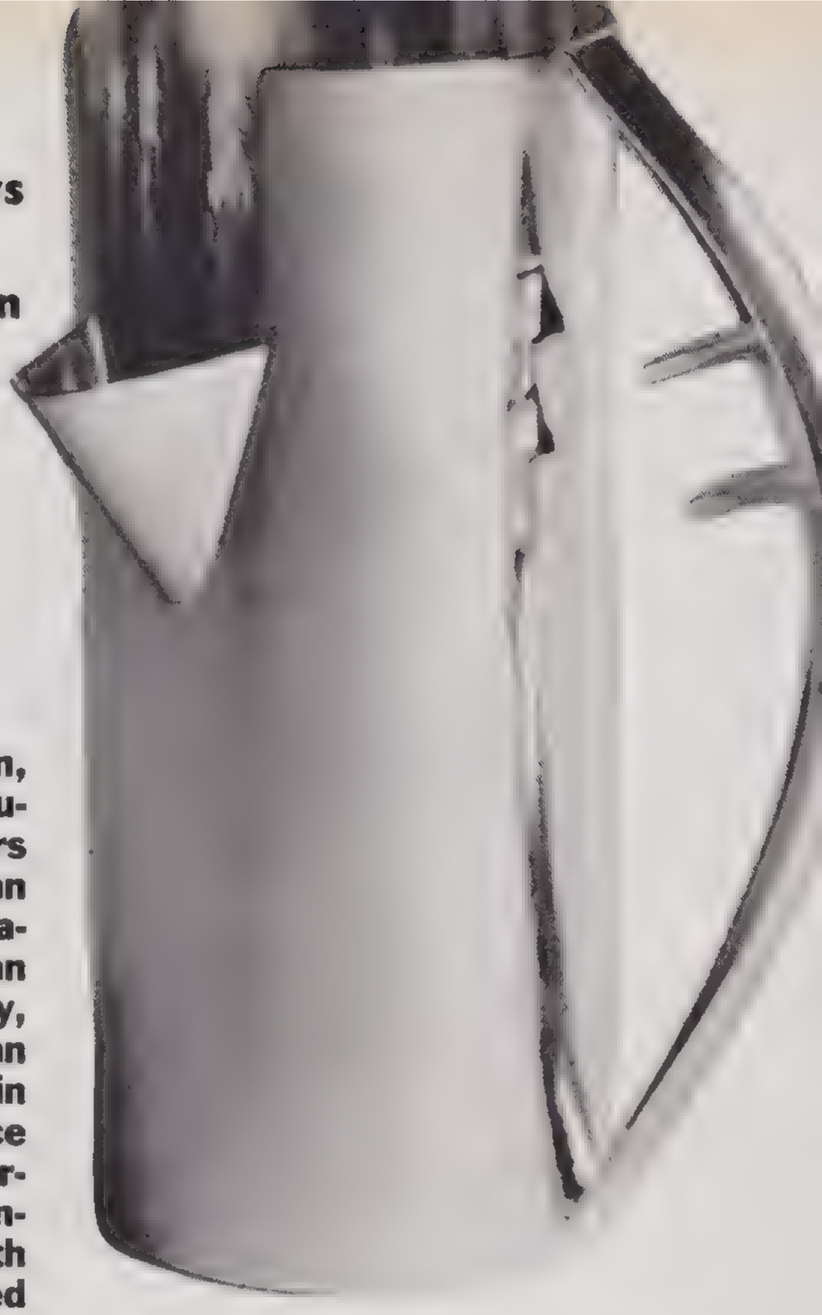

Cleto Munari's silver collection, created by a group of leading European architects and designers and marketed in America, began as a private gesture of admiration for one designer. Munari, an industrialist from Vicenza, Italy, first contacted the reputed dean of Italian design, Carlo Scarpa, in his studio in neighboring Venice in 1966 to design a set of sterling-silver cutlery for his personal use. He was so delighted with the graceful and sophisticated result, he decided to commission works by other designers and to manufacture them himself. His roster of design talent reads like a Who's Who of leading Italian creators, cutting across generational lines and stylistic biases, to range from a classicist like Marco Zanuso to a Memphisist like Michele de Lucchi. For even more excitement, Munari added to the brilliant mix Viennese Post-Modernist Hans Hollein and Finnish Modernist Sami Wirkkala. All pieces available through Limn gallery in San Francisco.

Everyday objects become luxe classics

Above: Sterling-silver carafe with gold lining was the final piece designed by the late Carlo Scarpa. $1480. Right: Cruet by Achille Castiglioni in crystal with sterling top. $700.

Vico Magistretti's carving set combines graceful elegance of line and the functionalism of a thumb-grip. $1090. Gae Aulenti's six-piece, sterling tea and coffee service has angular ebony handles. $8750.

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currents

Sleek ways to live

with electronics

By Barbara Plumb

Ever since the television set replaced the hearth as a focal point of a room, people have been trying to figure out the best way to accommodate their electronic equipment when it is not doing its thing. *The Media Design Book* (Macmillan) shows how many of the leading designers have solved the media gear problem in both modern and traditional settings. The book also explains and illustrates state-of-the-art hardware in audio and video. The most successful solutions hide components on shelves behind folding, sliding, or closing doors. The exceptions—hi-tech interiors in which televisions and stereos can look like the epitome of sleek, functional design.

Architect Calvin Tsao transformed a closet into an exquisitely detailed grey lacquer media cabinet. A grilled top and a lighted ceiling niche relieve the column's bulk.

At last! The greatest advance since the LP–now affordable, irresistible

In 1983 came the technological breakthrough—the Compact Disc player with laser, which nudged out the needle to provide the finest sonic performance to date. Now in 1985 comes the price revolution—a drop from $1200 to $299.95 for Sony's D-5 Portable CD Player. CD records, which fit into the palm of the hand, never wear, and sound better than the old hi-fidelity records. The D-5 includes "music search" to scan for favorite selections, and weighs a mere one and one-half pounds. A carrying case with shoulder strap ($49.95) ensures that the listener shall have music wherever she goes.

Left: Design team Bray-Schaible flush-mounted speakers at ear level in a cabinet. Francisco Kripacz's sand-blasted aluminum cabinet, above, is accented by a black band of stereo components.

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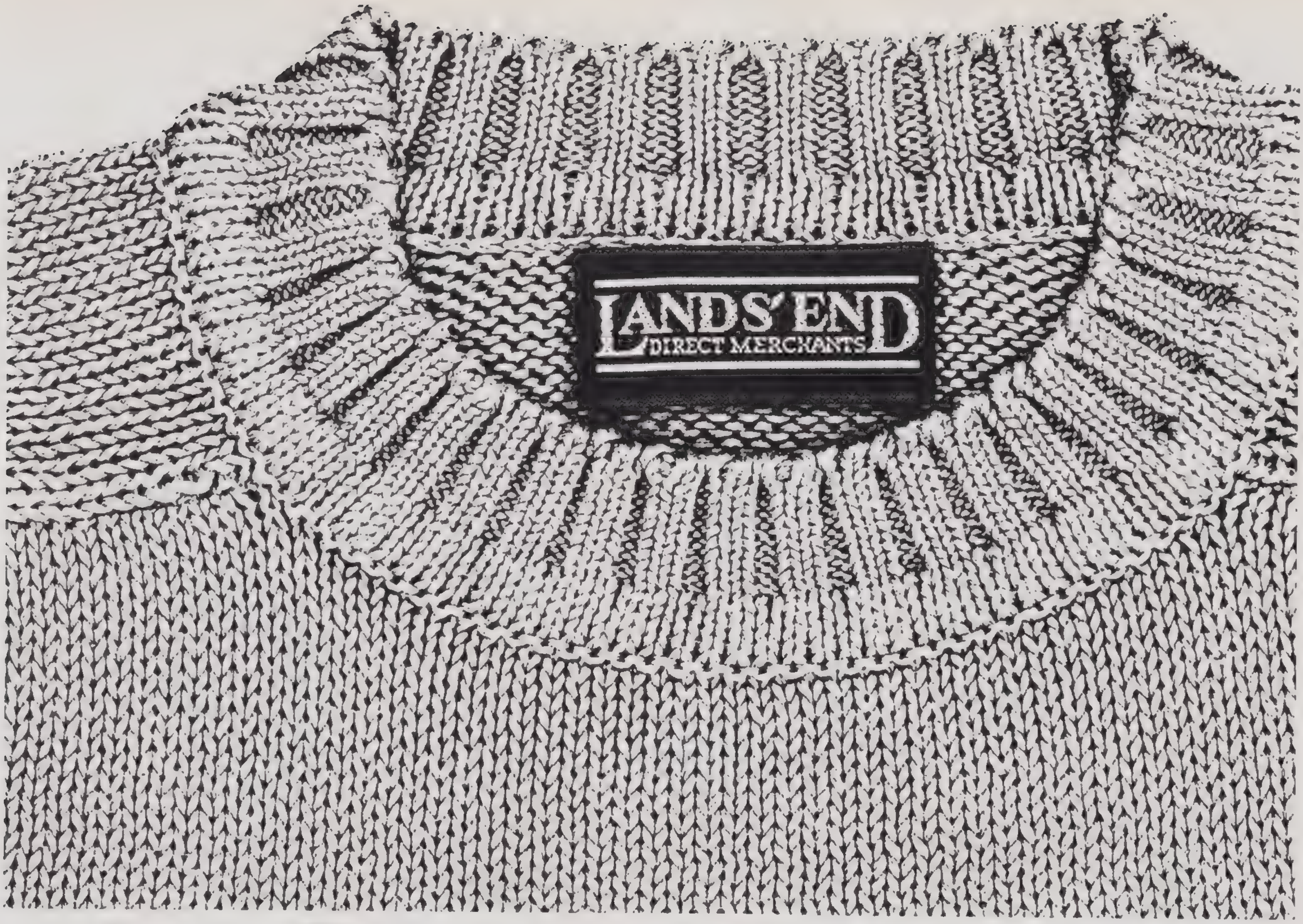

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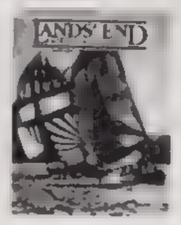

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Great classics in our own backyard—affordable indulgences from California's Sebastiani

By Martin Gersh

Now in its eighty-first year, Sebastiani Vineyards in Sonoma County is one of California's best known wineries; having sold 2.2 million cases of wine in 1984, it is the tenth largest in the U.S.A. The premium products I shall discuss here currently account for 10 percent of Sebastiani's annual volume, probably representing the greatest *quantity* of absolutely first-quality wine made anywhere by a single producer in a given year.

The vinification of these fine wines is a source of endless fascination to me. Except for the Eagle Vineyard Cabernet that is fermented in stainless-steel tanks, all of Sam Sebastiani's superior reds are fermented in concrete vats—a great rarity these days. A mere handful of other wineries making long-lived red wines in the world-class category still ferment them this way, including the renowned Châteaux Pétrus, Trotanoy, and La Tour à Pomerol in Bordeaux, as well as Bersano and Prunotto, producers of superb Barolo and Barbaresco Riservas in Italy's Piedmont region.

Like Antonio Mastroberardino of Campania, Italy, whose Taurasi is another of the world's finest reds, Sam Sebastiani achieves outstanding longevity with only five to seven days of grape-skin contact during fermentation, the shortest skin-contact period I have heard of for such formidable and slowly evolving red wines.

Using oak and redwood barrels, stainless steel, and extensive bottle aging at the winery, Sebastiani Vineyards employs a dazzling variety of aging techniques that lead to remarkable results. The Pinot Noirs reviewed below received at least three years of overall aging; the Eagle Vineyard Cabernets, three and one-half years; and all the Proprietor's Reserve reds, from four to five and one-half years. As these are wines of classic beauty and very much underpriced, my admiration for such dedication to the pursuit of excellence can scarcely be exaggerated.

I shall carry my evaluation of the collection of Sebastiani reds just one step further by indicating the number of producers I know of in California, France, and Italy who still make wines that have the stamina and the sophistication these most assuredly possess. (Bear in mind that I could easily cite one hundred others who consistently make marvelous reds—lacking, however, the capacity to live for twenty or more years in a good vintage.)

In California, along with Sebastiani Vineyards, there are Cakebread Cellars, Clos du Bois, Diamond Creek Vineyards, Mayacamas Vineyards, and Ridge Vineyards; in Bordeaux, perhaps nine or ten châteaux including the three Pomerols named earlier; in Burgundy, a scant half-dozen firms, with Pierre Bourée & Fils off in a class by itself; and in all regions of Italy, approximately one and one-half dozen, among them the aforementioned Bersano, Mastroberardino, and Prunotto. Hardly forty in all.

As I studied Sam Sebastiani's amazing, beautifully structured wines that cost so little, it seemed quite miraculous to me that they continue to be made when so many wineries in the world are reducing their standards. May this policy at Sebastiani never change!

RECOMMENDATIONS

White and Rosé

Sebastiani Gewürztraminer "Rosa" 1983 A gracious, adaptable rosé, distinctly sweet yet appropriately resinous, with a mango-apricot flavor element. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 1-1½ years. Aeration: 10-20 minutes. $4.50-$5.50.

Sebastiani Sauvignon Blanc Proprietor's Reserve 1982 Stylish as a fine Graves, this is a tangerine-scented white wine of pleasing scale and exceptional merit. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 2½ years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $9-$10.

Sebastiani Pinot Noir Blanc "Eye of the Swan" 1983 Subtle, curiously toasty, with a lovely Pinot Noir taste aspect like that of a rosé Champagne—most commendable. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 1-1½ years. Aeration: 20-30 minutes. $4-$5.

Sebastiani Muscat Canelli "Elizabeth Ann" 1983 (Wildwood Vineyards) Truly praiseworthy, at its best with dessert—barely sweet, with faintly astringent honeydew melon-like fruitiness and lemony overtones. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 2 years. Aeration: no aeration is required. $7-$8.

Sebastiani Chardonnay Proprietor's Reserve 1982 A terrific, vital, cohesive, multi-faceted wine of moderate size and classic Chardonnay varietal flavor. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 2½ years. Aeration: 40-60 minutes. $9-$10.

Red

Sebastiani Pinot Noir Rouge "Tailfeathers" 1981 Burgundian in manner, big but suave, with a beguilingly tart fruit constituent—sensational! Vintage rating: Fair to Good. Best drinking: for the next 16-18 years. Aeration: 7-7½ hours. $4.50-$5.50.

Sebastiani Cabernet Sauvignon Proprietor's Reserve 1981 Somber, deep-toned, reminding me of the splendid Graves, Domaine de Chevalier—a fabulous young bottle, to be released from the winery some months from now. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 20-21 years. Aeration: 10-10½ hours. $10-$12.

Sebastiani Zinfandel Proprietor's Reserve "Black Beauty" 1980 An overwhelming wine—ravishing, velvety, full-bodied, with opulent black raspberry fruitiness. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 17-18 years. Aeration: 9-9½ hours. $8-$10.

Sebastiani Cabernet Sauvignon 1981 (Eagle Vineyard) This is a mysterious, compact, superlative Cabernet of adequate size revealing a piquant red currant flavor aspect. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 18-19 years. Aeration: 9-9½ hours. $25-$27.

Sebastiani Pinot Noir 1981 Very much like an excellent Chambolle-Musigny—a glamorous, outstanding, smooth-textured Pinot Noir. Vintage rating: Fair to Good. Best drinking: for the next 18-19 years. Aeration: 8¾-9¼ hours. $5.50-$6.50.

Sebastiani Cabernet Sauvignon 1980 (Eagle Vineyard) Generous in body, this original "Eagle" features luscious red plum fruitiness, and is very beautiful indeed. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 15-16 years. Aeration: 7½-8 hours. $19-$20.

Sebastiani Cabernet Sauvignon Proprietor's Reserve 1980 Sumptuous, monumental—resembling that grand Saint-Julien, Château Léoville-Las-Cases. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 18-20 years. Aeration: 9½-10 hours. $10-$12.

Sebastiani Pinot Noir Rouge "Tailfeathers" 1980 A majestic example displaying the ultimate complexity possible for this grape when the wine has been properly made. In truth, all these Sebastiani Pinot Noirs run circles around 80-90 percent of the French Burgundies made today—at a fraction of their price. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 18-19 years. Aeration: 8-8½ hours. $4.50-$5.50.

Sebastiani Barbera Proprietor's Reserve 1978 Dignified, ample, dense with fruit, this wonderful bottle takes its place alongside August Sebastiani's Proprietor's Reserve 1971 as one of the two best Barberas I have known. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 16-18 years. Aeration: 7-7½ hours. $7-$9.

Sebastiani Zinfandel Proprietor's Reserve 1978 Very distinguished—tightly knit, spicy, robust, and captivating. Both Zinfandels reviewed here, plus others from Ridge Vineyards, are every bit as rewarding to drink as the best Cabernets from France or California. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 15-17 years. Aeration: 8-8½ hours. $7-$9.

Sebastiani Cabernet Sauvignon Proprietor's Reserve 1979 Huge, powerful, abundantly fruity, with superb concentration—a great wine that should go on its merry way for another quarter of a century. Vintage rating: Fair to Good. Best drinking: for the next 25-26 years. Aeration: 12-12½ hours. $10-$12.

Sebastiani Cabernet Sauvignon Proprietor's Reserve 1977 On the highest level of excellence—with pinpoint concentration and fine plum-like fruitiness. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 15-17 years. Aeration: 6¾-7¼ hours. $10-$12.

Sebastiani Cabernet Sauvignon Proprietor's Reserve 1978 Titanic, noble, embellished by a tangy boysenberry-like fruit component, this is a glorious wine. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 19-20 years. Aeration: 8-8½ hours. $10-$12. ▽

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food in vogue

Back to classics—craving chocolate soufflés, luxurious silver service... NYC's Caribbean hotspot

By Barbara Kafka

March is seedling time. In this most blustery of New England months, I once more make a pact with the future, put aside winter's exhaustion by planting tomatoes and snapdragons for late summer and fall. It is time to drag out all the egg boxes and sacks of sterile potting soil that made the cellar look like an annex of the Collier brothers' old apartment. A needle stuck through the bottom of each egg hollow creates drainage. The smell of a warmer outdoors enriches the air as I mix the soil with water and use it to fill each hollow. I shake each gaudy packet so that the seeds are in one corner. Tear it open and spill the seeds into my palm before poking one or two into each prepared space.

This ritual used to be so entrancing that I planted more vegetables than I could keep watered, let alone eat. Now I choose carefully. I no longer plant corn. It takes too much space in the garden, and the raccoons eat it each summer the night before I decide to pick. They line up the husks in a neat, arrogant, and heartbreaking row. Instead, I let the local farm stands supply me. I do plant two kinds of peas: sugar snaps and an early-ripening variety for the classicism of July Fourth. While I envy Thomas Jefferson his hundreds of varieties, this is all I can manage to keep staked and picked.

I plant two kinds of French beans: the low, bushy ones that are meant to be picked daily, tiny and green, giving me an endlessly creaky back all summer; and the tall, maroon-dappled beans that, if left for a day or two too long so that they become too large to be eaten fresh in the pods, can be abandoned for a month until swollen and round and then shelled and eaten fresh or dried.

There are always four kinds of hopeful tomatoes racing first frost to ripeness. There are three kinds of basil to sit in the shade between the tomato rows. There are four kinds of hot peppers, tiny Japanese eggplants and long, slim, Chinese ones. I am trying golden bell peppers for the first time and, once again, a variety of annuals to splash the garden with color and to fill in the spots still unplanted.

There now, I can last out this wet time watching for the first small green leaves and dreaming of salad summers and almost vegetarian falls. I will lay in a large supply of pastas to top with sautéed bounty spiked with fresh garlic. I will also look at Valentina Harris' *Perfect Pasta* (Morrow) for inspiration. I think this inspires me to go into the kitchen to start a large pot of chicken stock to freeze for summer as a base for light vegetable soups. As long as I am there, I will take out the final packet of last summer's frozen tomato purée and melt it in a little olive oil to top some linguine while I dream.

There's more to the Caribbean than warm sea breezes—at Provechos in NYC, 'thirties lunch counter shows off roasted duck livened by tangy sauce and sliced mangoes.

For many of us today, a serious interest in food means restaurants. We certainly eat out more than ever before. Each week seems to bring a hot new spot. There is everything from trendy bars peopled by types that make me feel aged and badly dressed to old-money enclaves that make me feel young and overdressed. In a city like New York, you can have a satisfiable craving for any kind of cooking known to man. I am often excited by the new; but there are many nights when I want pleasure from dinner, not novelty.

With all this hectic variety, I have recently begun to have a craving for beige walls, white tablecloths, rolling silver roast wagons, silver cutlery, and food that has a recognizable French pedigree. I think I might even welcome flaming Crêpes Suzettes. I would certainly embrace with open arms that time when Boeuf Bourguignonne was respectable and a French restaurant had to make mean *quenelles soufflés* to rate three stars.

While I have promiscuously welcomed the sushi bar, spicy Chinese cooking, and Vietnamese innovations, some part of my heart holds closely to the notion that a great restaurant must be French and not all the barbecue and ribs in the world will shake my fidelity.

In such a mood, I recently returned to La Caravelle (33 West 55 Street; 586-4252), one of the first of the children of Henri Soule's Le Pavillon. I had drifted away on bad report and upon the successive retirements of the two original owners, Fred Decre and Robert Meyzen. In a recent craving for my younger self, the self that stood in awe at La Caravelle's entrance and was grateful to be admitted, I returned. Its calm rhythms welcomed me along with Roger *(Continued on page 367)*

Top: "Café Place du Théâtre Français" by Manet, The Burrell Collection, Glasgow Art Gallery & Museum. Bottom: BRIAN HAGIWARA

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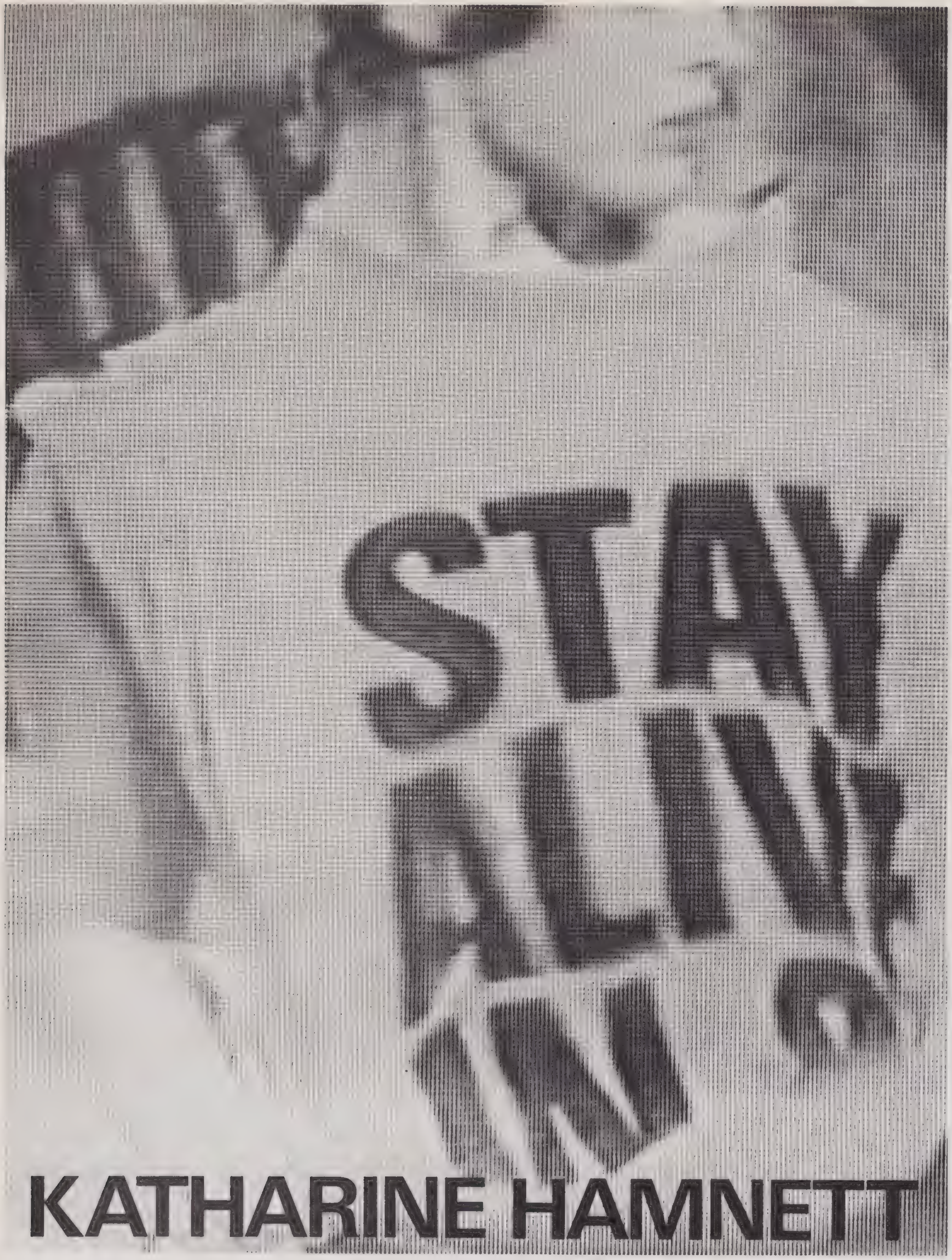

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food in vogue

(Continued from page 362)

Fessaguet—once chef here, and previously the chef at Le Pavillon. The pale, elegant Pages murals of Paris scenes remain along with rolling carts, a splendid wine list, and the kind of able, formal service too seldom available.

The banquettes are red, a little clearer and cheerier than of yore, and there are subtle changes on the menu. The roast cart still moves around in dowager silver, and some days it still contains the best roast leg of veal in many towns; but sometimes the cart holds a saddle of lamb, boned and richly stuffed in a pocket made by the loose flaps of skin, and sometimes it will have brilliantly roasted *poulet* stuffed, as chicken *en demi deuil*, under the skin, with five different mushrooms, fresh herbs, Bayonne ham, and fresh sweet butter.

I have a craving for beige walls, white tablecloths, rolling silver roast wagons, silver cutlery—food with a recognizable French pedigree

The new hand is that of a young and accomplished American chef, Michael Romano. He has worked and studied in France for an unbelievable number of years if you look at his face. The innovations are well thought-out and firmly within the French tradition. The *poulets* come with a transparent, flavorful sauce, not a butter-heavy deglazing liquid.

It is clear from the full dining room, the festive voices, and the bottles of Champagne that there is still an audience for such classically elegant food. At dessert time, a serious number of pre-ordered, lofty, rich, crisp on the outside, voluptuously creamy on the inside chocolate soufflés still adorn certain tables.

This doesn't stop—nor should it—the innovations. Recently, I was called by a writer from a Texas magazine who asked me about Caribbean restaurants in New York City. I answered that they didn't seem to be of much note except for those in Caribbean enclaves in Queens. I should have followed my own precepts and paid more attention, for I firmly believe that each new immigration brings its own ingredients and restaurants. Once I was alerted, the evidence began to appear.

I was introduced to a new restaurant, Provechos, (21 West Seventeenth Street; 255-2408). It is cleverly, if minimally, designed. Once a lunch counter with 'thirties expanses of stainless-steel counter and terrazzo floors, it has become a cleanly designed space through the efforts of Deborah Donchian, part owner and clothing designer—with the original elements refurbished and appropriate tile added. The simple table tops make use of analogous tatty stainless-steel toothpick and salt-and-pepper holders from Italy. The chairs are cast-aluminum versions of 'thirties oak schoolroom originals. Customers are already trying to buy them. Part of the original lunch counter has been turned into a bar, and the rest doubles as an eating area for singles and a service area for the rest of the restaurant.

The food is Caribbean *cum* a touch of European sophistication. One of the owners, Edwin Boria, is half Spanish and half Puerto Rican. His mother by all accounts is a fabulous cook, and he decided after a stint at Odeon that this was the kind of food he wanted in his own restaurant. A *New York Times* ad netted the excellent cook originally from Trinidad who has trained at London's Cordon Bleu. Trinidad has its own rich network of ethnic influences; and we see them in curries, Roast Duck with Sliced Mangoes, Arroz con Pollo, and Sancocho (a meat and root-vegetable stew). All the bean dishes are sensational; the Mixed Green Gumba Salad is a homey, ample mixture of greens, onions, and tomatoes. The menu is continuing to get more ambitious—less hamburger, more roast kid. The prices are reasonable, and the place has become popular with the young downtown editorial crowd. ▽

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UP NORTH: A GREAT LIFE

MONTREAL

"Montreal shines, a genuine presence...I adore it here"

By Mordecai Richler

Montreal, which gave the waiting world Expo 67 and Pierre Elliott Trudeau as well as factory chickens (invented here, alas), has seemed—certainly if you are English-speaking—to be on a bad roll ever since November 15, 1976. On that day René Lévesque's Parti Québecois, bent on separation from the rest of Canada, was thrust into provincial office. In the wasting years that followed, between 1976 and 1981, some 106,300 English-speaking residents quit the Québec province, reducing the so-called "Anglophone" population to only 10.4 percent—roughly 742,000—most of them hunkered down in Montreal.

Those of us who stuck it out here have put up with a good deal of political nonsense, but we are still eating better than anybody else on the tundra, such is the profusion of good restaurants in Montreal. And now there is hope. The Parti Québecois is flying apart. Premier Lévesque has held a finger up to the political wind, discovered that a mere 23 percent of Québecois really want independence, and has declared that option buried for the forseeable future. Overnight, as it were, his party has become a machine without a *raison d'être*. Six government ministers, dedicated separatists, have resigned from the cabinet in protest.

For the English-speaking, the self-destruction of the PQ has come none too soon. If Montrealers continued to take the chicken-run to Toronto at the present rate, it is estimated there would not be a single Anglo left here to turn out the lights fifty years from now. Or, looked at another way, this letter is being written by a bona fide member of an endangered species. According to the loopy language laws brought in by the PQ, I could no longer open a bookshop here with a sign that proclaimed ENGLISH BOOKS. I couldn't even mount a bilingual sign on the street; it would have to be in French only. Otherwise our intrepid language police—or tongue-troopers, as we call them—would come down on me. Even so, I adore it here. I wouldn't live anywhere else in Canada.

We have, in this country, been blessed with enviably grand scenery; but the cities we have built are largely functional, with little in them to delight the eye. Amid so many interchangeable urban parts, Montreal shines, a genuine presence. When you are here, you know exactly where you are. It should also be noted that this city, however diminished in recent years, continues to show political muscle. When Trudeau, prime minister for sixteen almost unbroken years, finally resigned, the Liberal party being turfed out of office in Ottawa several months later, he was displaced by another Montrealer by adoption, Brian Mulroney. Mulroney led the Progressive Conservatives to a landslide victory, taking 211 seats in our 282-member parliament. All of which goes to prove Montreal continues to set the political style in this country, which is only proper, as no other Canadian city has such style.

Our tribal troubles notwithstanding, it must be said that Montreal is certainly enriched by the cultural mix of French- and English-speaking Canadians. Without the support of the French, among the most cultivated people in the country, it is unlikely that the Montreal Symphony, conducted by Charles Dutoit, would have enjoyed the manner of community backing that enabled it to become such a fine orchestra, earning high praise on a recent European tour. The French have also endowed Montreal with two of the best couturiers in the land: Michel Robichaud and Leo Chevalier. They have also given us our mayor, the incomparable Jean Drapeau, whose dreams of grandeur delight us, on the one hand, but could yet bankrupt us, on the other. Following Expo 67, after the 1976 Olympic Games (which my great-grandchildren will still be paying for), he is threatening to build an enormous film-studio complex and a high-speed train that would allow deprived New Yorkers the benefit of a fast direct connection to Montreal. This, at the very least, would offer New Yorkers an opportunity to dine in real French restaurants.

Gothic grandeur in Montreal: Notre Dame church

SHIGEO OKUMURA

There are many nifty restaurants to choose from here; but the best, so far as I'm concerned, is still *(Continued on page 396)*

CENTRE ★ OF ★ ATTRACTION

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Place Du Canada: Montreal

(Continued from page 394) Les Halles on trendy downtown Crescent Street. Les Halles, which opened in 1971, is run by two affable men, Jacques Landurie and Jean-Pierre Beauquier, both of whom are usually in attendance. Their chef, Jean-Pierre Monnet, is not only first-rate, he is also inventive. Specialties include *l'assiette armoricaine*, a salmon and lobster terrine, and *la soupière*, a delicious soup with generous portions of lobster and sea bass, encased in a delicate pasty puffed up like a soufflé. The *lapin au Calvados* is also very good and so is the filet of *doré* with sorrel sauce. The pastries, especially the St.-Honoré, are calculated to weaken the resolve of even the most determined calorie-counter. But the wines, as everywhere in Montreal, are pricey. Very pricey.

Recently, we have endured a great loss here as well as a significant gain.

The magical Guy Lafleur, for years the unrivaled star of the legendary Montreal Canadiens, the most famous team in ice hockey, retired in late November, 1984. The sentimental loss was huge. The morning after, all of us here felt a little older, considerably more vulnerable to germs. By common consent, the Montreal Forum, where the Canadiens usually skate on Saturday nights, is now a smaller place. But a newcomer to town, Alexander Gaudieri, has done a good deal to make the once moribund Montreal Museum of Fine Arts an exciting place. Last summer, strolling past the museum, I did a double take. For the first time in my life, I actually saw people lined up outside, winding round the block, waiting to get in to see the William Adolphe Bouguereau exhibition.

Gaudieri, fluent in English, French, and Italian, worked on Wall Street for six years before turning to art history and museum work. He came to Montreal from Savannah, where he ran the Telfair Academy, the oldest public art museum in the South. This summer he will bring the North American opening of a major Picasso exhibition to the museum, something of a coup for Montreal.

This Montreal, our cherished Montreal, could do with more good news. Say, a pennant for the Expos. Meanwhile, after a number of dispiriting years, the omens are good. There are now fewer farewell parties for old friends leaving for Toronto. FOR SALE/A VENDRE signs no longer proliferate here, there, and everywhere. Those of us who endured expect to see the construction of a new concert hall begin soon.

Mordecai Richler*'s most recent book is "Home Sweet Home" (Knopf); he is currently at work on a novel.*

MONTREAL: GUIDE TO THE GLAMOUR

Joie de vivre, in Montreal, means not only living well but with recognizable style: This is the city centered on Mont-Royal, 450 acres of Olmstead-designed green; in the months of April and May, the Botanical Garden fills Montrealers' flower pots *gratis*. In summer, Montreal's symphony orchestra fills the Old City's neo-gothic Notre Dame church—all mahogany, gilt and gloriously painted vaultings—with concert sounds; in June come the racing engines of the Canadian Grand Prix. Jacqueline Picasso's private collection opens (on June 20) at the Museum of Fine Arts; Ramses II Egyptian riches will fill the former French Pavilion at the '76 World's Fair site at the same time.

MAINLINE MONTREAL

At the 1912-built **Ritz-Carlton** hotel (1228 Sherbrooke *ouest*) corridors come as broad as a palace's entrance, rooms traditionally chandeliered and chintzed. Staff is pleasantly proprietary. Afternoon tea or a drink among the red plush chairs and faux-marble moldings of the blue Ritz Bar is not an uncivilized pleasure. Another great stay: **Château Versailles** (1659 Sherbrooke *ouest*)—small, less grand, in the heart of what's happening. **Le Quatre Saisons** (1050 Sherbrooke *ouest*), in any language, means Four Seasons Hotels' steady, modern style; its Pierre de Coubertin dining room is one of the prettiest in town for lunches or dinners.

TOP SHOPPING GROUNDS

On Sherbrooke, **Holt Renfrew**, with a long history of bringing European clothes to Canada, offers up the varied designs of Armani, Byblos, Katharine Hamnett, Karl Lagerfeld; comes with a big, beigy Gucci shop downstairs. Next door, there's **Ralph Lauren Polo; St. Laurent** (1330 Sherbrooke *ouest*) and a new **Ungaro** (1430 Sherbrooke *ouest*) boutique provide the French flair. At **Maison Alcan**'s (1188 Sherbrooke *ouest*) ingenious melding of old town-house architecture and new office space, restaurants, shops, **Galerie Walter Klinkhoff**'s Old Master paintings peacefully coexist with sleek **Georg Jensen** silver and men's clothes by **Giorgio Armani.** Among the brownstones of Crescent Street are shops for Courrèges, Laura Ashley, Porthault's sprigged linens. **Michel Taschereau** (2125-B rue Crescent) invites with Majolica plates or Chinese porcelains. In Canada, fur has a historied tradition: one heads to **Alexandor Furs** (2025 rue de la Montagne) for a big Canadian silver fox coat or a jacket in mink; **Grosvenor Furs** (400 Blvd. Maisonneuve *ouest*), the famous Canadian fur name, sells to customers from this, their headquarters. In Montreal, the rock-star Jacksons (and Canada's First Lady, Mila Mulroney) have been known to go to **Boutique Quinto** (1225 St.-Catherine *ouest*) for shoes: made in Italy, many to Quinto's own designs.

STREET CHIC: ST.-DENIS

On Rue St.-Denis, grey stone houses of Victorian-respectable origin now sport bits of bilious blue, bright green, or purple: a splashy door, gingerbread turret, or outdoor iron stairway. St.-Denis comes, now, lined with highly prized cafés, boutiques, bring-your-own-wine bistros; it's the lively, up-and-coming spot to head to on weekends.

Franc Jeu (4140 rue St.-Denis) draws in passersby with a child's dream of dolls, colorful puzzles. **Essence du Papier** (4160 rue St.-Denis) has deliciously printed cloth-covered boxes, notebooks, raw-edged writing and Italian marbelized papers. Behind **Arthur Quentin**'s chic green exterior (3960 rue St.-Denis) are most presentable presents: Emerich Meerson watches, plump French pottery in Post-Modern colors. **Bleu Nuit** (3913 rue St.-Denis) fills bed and bath with things hardly boring: French damask linens in pale colors, cashmere blanket throws, bath creams, tortoise combs.

BEST-IN-BISTROS

On St.-Denis: **La Brioche Lyonnaise** (1595 rue St.-Denis) and **L'Express** (3927 rue St.-Denis) draw a clientele that's young, fast-track, fashionable. Downtown, **Les Halles** (1450 rue Crescent) is justifiably described, by a former New Yorker, as Montreal's Côte Basque. **Le Fadeau** (423 rue St.Claude) is an Old Montreal tradition, an oasis of white, quiet; food that's surprisingly *nouvelle*. At **Le Caveau** (2063 rue Victoria), the style is easygoing, the location handily downtown. Table-talk or plump *filet de boeuf* comes with a *québecois* accent.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

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QUEBEC CITY

"A LOVE OF A PLACE"

Quebec City is a love of a place. It has a delightfully piquant Frenchness, *joie de vivre,* great food, streets with grandiose names such as Grande-Allée and Avenue Royale, plus some of North America's oldest and most ravishing architecture. From upper-floor rooms at Loews Hotel, there are glorious vistas of the whole thing: the fast-flowing blue St. Lawrence River, the backdrop of the purple-black Laurentian Mountains. Quebec's celebrated landmark, the Château Frontenac hotel, dominates the skyline. At night, its enormous illuminated roof with spires and turrets glows green and appears to float above the hotel as mysteriously as a flying saucer.

Like Caesar's Gaul, Quebec City divides easily into three parts: an Old City surrounded by fortress walls, a complex of government buildings and high-rise hotels outside the fortifications, and, beyond that, a suburban residential area of New England-looking houses in gardens, plus condominiums, shops, and malls. The city's delightful interplay of old and new is especially apparent on Government Hill where modern office towers are linked by underground passageways to the ornate Victorian Parliament House. (Quebec's Prime Minister René Lévesque hops around the province by helicopter, lands smack over his headquarters on the roof of one of the skyscrapers.)

Across from Lévesque's ultra-modern offices, the massive 1820s Citadel remains an active military installation as well as the Quebec base of Canada's Governor General, who, for the first time in history, is a woman—Jeanne Sauvé.

OLD CITY SIGHTS

Beyond the Citadel, the Old City, astonishingly clean, with its narrow, twisting streets, divides neatly into two: an upper town built on the cliffs above the St. Lawrence, and a lower town along the waterfront. A funicular links the two as does a steep stairway appropriately called the "Breakneck Stairs."

Crowning the upper town stands the **Château Frontenac.** Beyond its sumptuous oak-paneled lobby, the circular nautical bar is a splendid oasis that overlooks **Dufferin Terrace,** the magnificent scrubbed-white boardwalk high above the St. Lawrence River. A handful of enchanting wrought-iron gazebos gives the boardwalk a romantic Old World look.

Everything falls neatly into place in the Old City—and can be easily seen on foot. Constant delights are the ancient, sturdy stone houses with windows veiled by delicate lace curtains. There are also discoveries: Next to the city's twin-towered cathedral, a recessed and almost hidden gate leads to the great courtyard of the **Seminary.** Funded by Louis XIV, it is Canada's oldest institution of learning. Framed by severe white buildings with masses of small square window panes outlined in pale grey to match the sea-grey mansard roof, the Seminary's courtyard stuns by its simplicity and dignity.

EASY OUTINGS

The enchantment continues beyond the Old City. **The Island of Orleans** is a short drive across the St. Lawrence River. Crossing the long suspension bridge with steel cables looking like cobwebs, one feels practically airborne. The whole fertile island—with its remarkable eighteenth-century farmhouses, churches, and chapels—has been declared a historic area. Named for the French Royal family, Orleans is famous for its crops of potatoes, apples, and strawberries. A fast turnabout *(Continued on page 402)*

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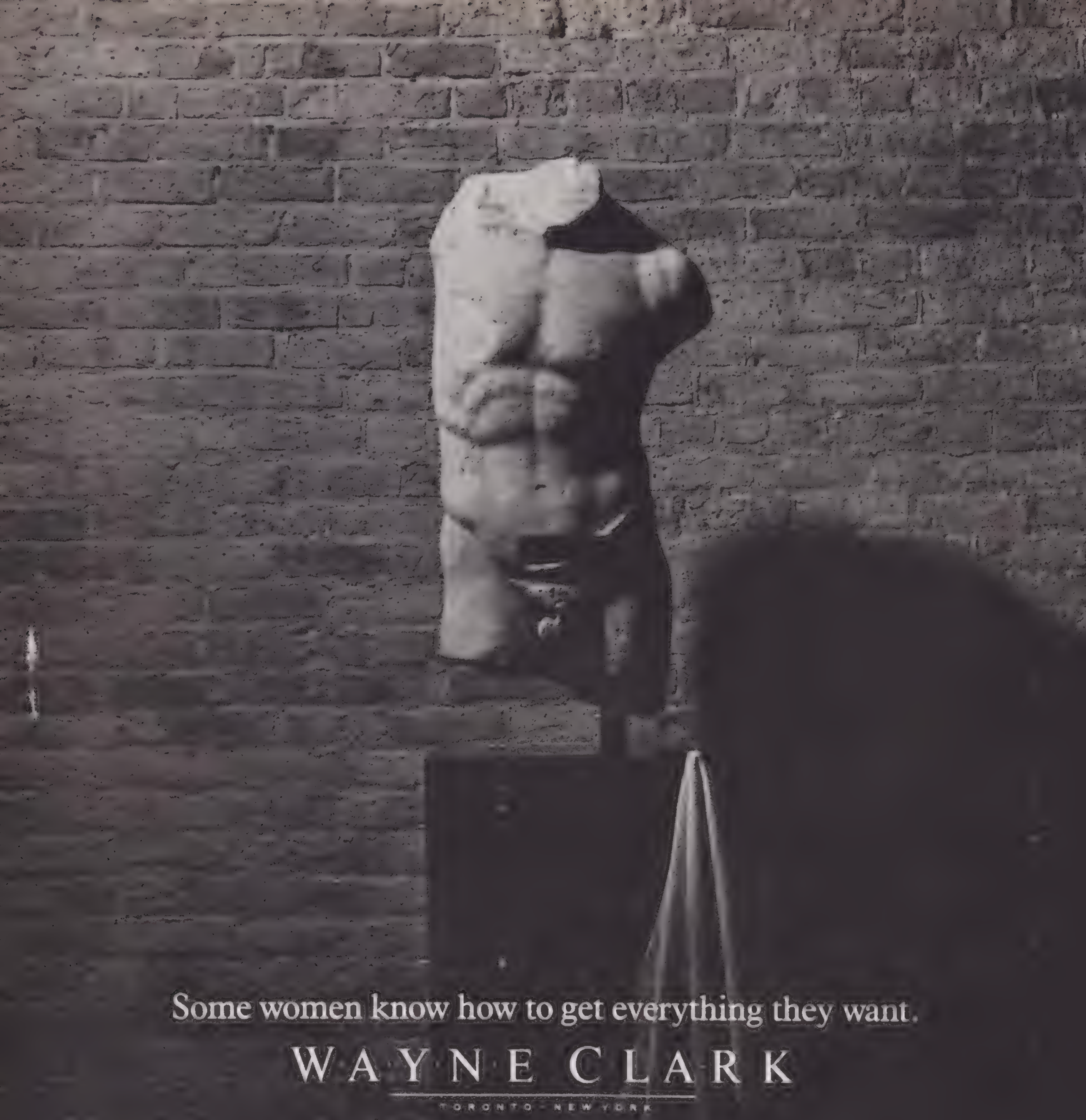
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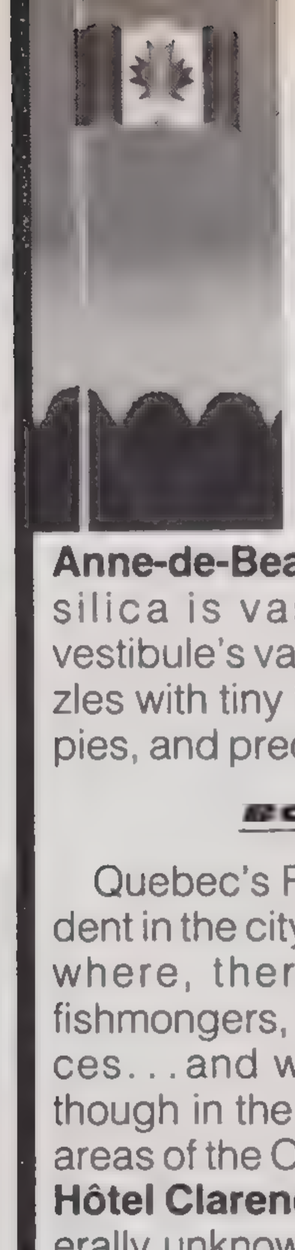

(Continued from page 398)
across the river provides a stupendous view of the soapsud-white Montmorency Falls—a drop of 274 feet.

Further east on the *autoroute,* the star sight is the famous pilgrimage **Basilica of Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré.** Built on a rise, the Basilica is vast, enchanting. On the vestibule's vaulted ceiling, a mosaic dazzles with tiny bluebirds in flight, red poppies, and precise dark fir trees.

BON APPETIT!

Quebec's French heritage is most evident in the city's love of good food. Everywhere, there are shops, butchers, fishmongers, mouthwatering pastry places...and wonderful restaurants. Although in the midst of one of the busiest areas of the Old City, the restaurant of the **Hôtel Clarendon** (57 rue St.-Anne), generally unknown to visitors, is a quiet getaway. Built in 1870, the place is a dream of Art Nouveau. Potted palms, a mirrored dining room with walls paneled in dark woods, crystal in glass-fronted highboys look correctly old-fashioned. So do the starched linens and the profuse table settings. Fair prices, surprisingly good food. Upstairs, the spotless, rather small guest rooms are terrific buys at between $36 and $70 U.S. a night for a double.

Another very good buy: the restaurant **Aux Anciens Canadiens** (34 rue St.-Louis), housed in a seventeenth-century stone house with small window panes and a lipstick-red roof. Among the *québecois* specialties served here: country meat pies, maple sugar pie. Prix-fixe menus from approximately $9.50 to $16 U.S. include soup, entrée, and dessert.

Of the dozens of restaurants in the Old City, two that are constantly booked are both on the Breakneck Stairs, some fifty yards downhill from the Château Frontenac. Both restaurants have the appealing quality of Parisian bistros—unpretentious décor, caring waiters, good food, and customers who are involved in each other's company rather than in people-watching. **Chez-Rabelais** is nearer the top of the steps. In summer, its tables are moved out onto the landing in front of the tall stone building. **Marie-Clarisse,** where the specialty is fish, is at the bottom of the stairs. *Note:* Most Quebec restaurants are tiny—so reservations are always necessary; many close for Saturday lunch and all day on Sunday.

People reserve weeks in advance to dine at a place called **A la table de Serge Bruyère** (1200 rue St.-Jean). On the second story of an eighteenth-century landmark building, this marvelous restaurant is owned and steered by Serge Bruyère, a wiry young chef from Lyon. Everyone likes the restaurant's understated ambiance: fireplaces, *(Continued on page 406)*

BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK

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ALFRED SUNG.

(Continued from page 402) stone walls, two large rooms with only fifteen tables set so far apart they seem like islands. Dinner runs high, but costs much less than at a top New York establishment.

Last June, Monsieur Bruyère converted the ground floor of his building into an attractive inexpensive café named **A la petite table de Serge Bruyère.** Open for lunch, tea, evening snacks. *Note:* Both "tables" close on Sundays and Mondays.

HOTELS: THE BEST BETS

Visitors interested in sightseeing and in poking about generally choose either the **Château Frontenac** in the Old City or the modern **Loews Le Concorde** on the other side of the city walls; while most business people like the **Hilton,** linked by underground passageways to the Convention Center and to the sensational **Place Québec** shopping mall.

At Loews Hotel, the star evening attraction is the revolving rooftop restaurant **l'Astral**. Here, a quartet plays, candles glow, and Quebec glitters as if permanently illuminated for Christmas.

—DESPINA MESSINESI

TORONTO

Flushed with success, Canada's "Big Apple" counts its blessings

By Margaret Atwood

Here are some of the things you can talk about before you get to the real point, after the croissants, during your breakfast meeting in the Café Victoria on the ground floor of the truly sybaritic King Edward Hotel, where the disruptive canopy has now been removed, leaving the wonderous nineteenth-century ceiling exposed to full view:

Whether Toronto, swollen with its own success, is going to bloat itself and burst, like a cactus in a rainstorm. . . . "People City," with its famed livable downtown, its streets you actually can walk on, its theater you actually can see, its food you actually can eat, is just too attractive. Businesses keep wanting to move downtown instead of decentralizing in the suburbs the way they were supposed to. The harborfront area, long a strip of railway tracks and falling-down warehouses, is newly charismatic; already it has Ontario Place; the active arts complex, Harbourfront; Roy Thomson Hall for symphonies; the Queen's Quay boutique-and-theater complex; and, nearby, the new all-glass Metro Convention Centre, complete with its own hotel; but now there's a domed stadium underway, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation wants a big new building, and there's a wrangle going on over the proposed Bank of Nova Scotia Tower, which would be taller than any of the gleaming black or gold bank towers already in place. These things, if built, would funnel yet more traffic into the downtown area, creating yet more jams, and justifying yet more freeways, which would devastate yet more untouched ravine lands, and that would be the end of the livable downtown. If Toronto gets too full, it could well go the way of the miniskirt: interesting on the drawing board, but hard to sit down in.

What will become of us, now that William Davis, Premier of Ontario for the past one thousand years, has retired. . . . Mount Rushmore, retire? Davis is not a person but a feature of the landscape. My own favorite cartoon about him was called "Moby Davis," and featured his political opponents standing flea-like on his huge bulk, their predecessors roped to his flanks, wondering where on earth to put in the harpoon. He had the virtue of permanence and was in favor of a livable downtown. His disappearance adds a little jitter to the glitter.

Who is responsible for the awful slogan that has been foisted upon Toronto by some committee and will now adorn pennants, coffee cups, t-shirts and tourism campaigns for years to come. . . . "Discover the Feeling," it runs. That could mean anything, say its detractors. Too wimpy by half.

When the restoration of the Winter Garden Theatre finally will be finished. . . . The Winter Garden, on top of the Elgin Theatre, is a time warp and one of the few of its kind left in existence. It's a relic of the early years of the century, closed in 1927 and not rediscovered until the '80s. Everything's still there, the fake leaves on the ceiling, the fairy lights. Literate but forceful boy entrepreneur Garth Drabinsky, he of the Cineplex theater chain, whose friends avoid calling him "Darth," was initially instrumental in the campaign to reopen it.

How to get rid of the amazingly ugly statue near the Art Gallery of Ontario. . . . Ostensibly a tribute to World War II airmen, the statue was recently erected without the knowledge of the art community. Spearheaded by Av Isaacs of the venerable Isaacs Gallery, artists and gallery owners picketed the statue in shifts, carrying placards (sample: "More Brains, Less Bronze"). The artists won wide popular support and a say in the placement of future public statuary, but the statue that started it all appears immovable.

Why haven't you read the new Eric Wright Toronto detective novel? There are two of them now, *The Night the Gods Smiled* and *Smoke Detector*, both published by Collins, both short on violence, but long on a square, likable police detective named Salter and his domestic life. They're read by Torontonians because they've got real restaurants, real streets, and real city ambiance in them. Wright's latest is particularly good on antiques stores and cushy Bloor Street chic.

And, on the subject of books, how come there are so many good young women poets? House of Anansi's latest young poets' anthology, *Poetry Canada Now*, is half female, and there are two other anthologies full of women's poems (*Anything Is Possible*, Mosaic; and *Full Moon*, Quadrant). Could it be a trend, and have you seen the remodeled Longhouse Bookshop, done in 130-year-old pine, at Wellesley and Yonge, where these delights may be obtained? (Lest you think poetry is not of importance, this is Toronto, home of the annual Harbourfront International Author's Festival, where, on one night alone last time, a thousand people were turned away from the door. . .)

Toronto now: an ethnic mosaic

When you run out of this sort of material and there's still some croissant left, you can shift to the perennial Toronto subject: Where to eat next. The city is an *embaras de bouillabaisse*, and some of Toronto's chefs just helped Canada sweep the top five gold medals at the Culinary Olympics in Paris. Nevertheless, times change and so do kitchen staffs, and you can never be too careful. For an experience that will be etched on your brain forever, try Joso's, which is decorated by paintings and statuary made by the owner himself, in a style one can only call sexual kitsch. . . the equivalent of black-velvet big-eye paintings, except that they're about breasts and so forth. This might be too overwhelming if the food weren't good—but it is. Appropriately, it's all seafood, and if you never liked octopus before, you'll like it here. One of the waiters buttered my dinner companion by mistake one evening and offered him a free trip to the cleaner's, which was very Torontonian ("Discover the Feeling").

So, as you inhale the last of your breakfast-meeting coffee in the Café Victoria, hope that the waitress spills something on you so you won't have to pay for it, look around to see who else is there, and consider the transience of life. This may be the last year of the livable downtown. Then again, it may not. A city that can get so steamed up about an ugly statue isn't going to give up without a whimper.

Margaret Atwood'*s latest novel is "Bodily Harm."*

SHIGEO OKUMURA

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TORONTO: WHAT'S NEW IN THE CITY

Toronto's greatest attraction is the city itself, a place to be strolled and savored. Clean and safe, with a vibrant and glittering downtown core, thriving ethnic neighborhoods, a rich cultural and recreational life, Toronto has become a model for what a modern North American city should be.

MUSEUM MUSTS

For visitors, Toronto has never before offered so much to see and to do. The **Royal Ontario Museum,** for instance, now in the midst of a $60-million renovation program, stuns with its new Chinese galleries: one showcases an entire Ming tomb, another features three fabulous Chinese wall paintings, each more than thirty feet long. Across the street, Toronto's new **George R. Gardiner Museum of Ceramic Art** displays a $16-million collection that spans nearly five thousand years of pottery making. Especially dazzling: the pre-Columbian pieces.

LIVELY ARTS

On the performing-arts front, the internationally recognized **Canadian Opera** and **The National Ballet of Canada** have lively seasons at Toronto's **O'Keefe Centre** downtown. **The Toronto Symphony**, close by, performs at **Roy Thomson Hall**, the architecturally striking new centerpiece for music in Toronto; in March, RTH hosts many of the concerts for a city-wide festival of Bach celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the composer's birth. Also this spring, a Toronto-mounted production of *Cats* will open in the newly renovated **Elgin Theatre.** Another forty smaller theaters offer new Canadian plays, experimental works, and classic revivals. There are also more than fifty downtown movie theaters, including **Cineplex** with seventeen mini-theaters under one roof and the **Cinesphere** at Ontario Place featuring one of the world's largest screens; a major film festival—the **Festival of Festivals—**is held in Toronto every September. (For complete information about what's on in Toronto, consult *Now*, a free arts/entertainment weekly.)

Over the last twenty-five years, an enormous influx of immigrants from Europe, Asia, and the West Indies has completely altered the face of Toronto. Now, nearly half of the residents have a first language other than English (145 foreign-language newspapers are published here), and they have made Toronto into an ethnic tapestry of neighborhoods, each reflecting a particular culture and nationality.

Kensington Market—just west of downtown—is the city's oldest ethnic neighborhood. Quiet during the week, on Saturdays this Portuguese/West Indian enclave explodes into a 1980s medieval fair. Just east of Kensington is Chinatown—with Chinese theaters, bookstores, groceries, herbalists, over a hundred restaurants. West of Kensington on College Street is one of the older Italian areas: a cluster of cafés, restaurants, markets with *prosciutti* hanging in the window and baskets of tomatoes filling the sidewalk. There's a piece of Athens at Danforth and Chester, a bit of India at Coxwell and Gerrard, not to mention Spanish, German, Latin American, Vietnamese, Filipino. . . .

At the end of June each year, Toronto's ethnic communities come together for a nine-day International Caravan with dozens of pavilions presenting the food, crafts, and entertainment of the home countries. Billed as "a celebration of differences," Caravan is a perfect emblem for what is most special about Toronto.

TASTES OF TORONTO

Toronto's multi-culturalism has not only made it an interesting city for walking, it has made it a great city for dining. **Ta Sun Mandarin Garden** (298 College St.) is short on décor but has the best Szechwan food in the city. . . . **Ramboia** (1282 Dundas St. West) offers delicious Portuguese seafood, grilled meats. . . . At **Bangkok Garden** (18 Elm St.): superb Thai food served in a beautiful teak-paneled room . . . . **Ole Malacca** (886 St. Clair West) has wonderful Malaysian cooking: seafood with spicy peanut sauces, satay grilled at your table. . . . **Al Maza** (110 Bloor St. West) features a menu of Middle Eastern appetizers that you put together to make a meal. . . . **Bregman's** (1560 Yonge St.) is perfect for brunch, a bakery/restaurant with some of the city's best pastries . . . . **Joe Allen** (86 John St.), the home away from home for theater people, offers honest U.S. eats, has been joined by **Orso** (next door, just as in New York City), an airy pastel and marble *trattoria*. . . . **La Scala** (1121 Bay St.) is a Toronto tradition for elegant Northern Italian cuisine, known for pastas that change daily and for delicate veal dishes. . . . **Stadtlander's** (165 John St.), a year old, is the creation of great young chef Michael Stadtlander.

Where to stay in Toronto? **L'Hotel** (225 Front St. West) is Toronto's newest hotel and the flagship property of the Canadian

(Continued on page 410)

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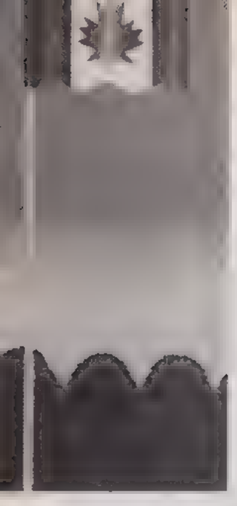

National hotel chain. Overlooking Lake Ontario, L'Hotel is within walking distance of the main theaters and the downtown core. . . . **Sutton Place Hotel** (955 Bay St.) is *the* place for star-gazing, the headquarters for many visiting celebrities. As the result of a recent renovation, each suite has antique furniture; excellent health club; guests may use the hotel's Rolls-Royce for business appointments . . . . **Bradgate Arms** (54 Foxbar Rd.) has just 111 rooms, is a new hotel in a residential neighborhood convenient to downtown. Created out of two old and glamorous apartment buildings, the Bradgate is built around a five-story glass-roofed atrium, has individually decorated wood-paneled rooms.

SMART SHOPPING

With the highly favorable exchange rate and all the big designer names available, Toronto has become a dream city for visitors from the U.S.—beginning with **The Eaton Centre.** Modeled after the Galleria in Milan, it seems not so much a mall as a cathedral of commerce. More than three hundred stores, boutiques, and restaurants are clustered here under one vaulted glass roof. Tapestries hang from walls and ceiling; there are sunlit balconies, terraces, fountains, trees, benches.

Across the street from The Eaton Centre, **Simpsons** department store, another downtown landmark, stands alone. Here, "The Room" is a special spot where the best of the best designers—Geoffrey Beene, Bill Blass, Oscar de la Renta, Giorgio Armani, Chanel, and more—can be found all in one place.

The Queen's Quay Terminal is the latest addition in the massive redevelopment of Toronto's waterfront. Beautifully renovated out of an old warehouse, the upper floors are condominium residences while lower levels mix boutiques, crafts dealers, restaurants. A place to see and be seen on weekends.

Bloor Street between Yonge and Avenue Road contains many of Toronto's top stores including **Holt Renfrew** and **Creeds** (for designer fashions, great Canadian furs), **Ashley** (for china), and **Boutique Quinto** (for handmade high-fashion Italian shoes). More top shopping in the Yorkville area (just north of Bloor) and in the ultra-fashionable **Hazelton Lanes** where, among the many name boutiques, one of the brightest belongs to the internationally famed Toronto-based designer of uncomplicated sportswear—**Alfred Sung.** Nearby, **Vivienne Poy,** another local designer, features knitwear for day and evenings at her store at 102 Yorkville Avenue. At the **Mira Linder Spa** in the City (108 Avenue Rd.), the specialty is pampering: its seven-hour "Day at the Spa Plus" program includes massage, facial, sauna, scalp treatment, manicure, pedicure, hairstyling, makeup, lunch, and more—the works! —L.A. MORSE

VANCOUVER

"Vancouver views the rest of Canada with an air of amused pity, content in the knowledge that people so stupid as to live in *weather* deserve everything they get"

By Allan Fotheringham

There are, if you really must know, just six cities in the world in the first rank when it comes to the word *spectacular*: Rio de Janeiro, Hong Kong, San Francisco, Sydney, Cape Town, and Vancouver.

San Francisco, for all its pastel charms, does not have imposing mountains to give it scale. Ditto Sydney. Rio is somehow disappointing despite its postcard reputation. Cape Town owes its fame to just one dominating feature: flat-topped Table Mountain. Only exotic Hong Kong, in truth, rivals Vancouver as the most beguiling sight to the eyes.

Part of Vancouver's appeal is the incipient lure of danger, the feeling of the frontier. In almost no world city can one find wilderness so close. Leave the lush Garden Lounge of the Four Seasons Hotel in the center of downtown and within minutes one can be across the Lion's Gate Bridge into thick mountain woods. It is possible that a man, striking due north across those mountains, could walk to the North Pole and never encounter another human being. We are talking *nature*.

As a city, Montreal is feminine, its boulevards full of stenographers who parade as proud as duchesses. Toronto is all pumping-iron masculine, a buck-tainted imitation of the Big Apple (Vancouverites refer to it as the Big Lemon). Narcissus-on-the-Pacific is androgynous, as soft and amorphous as the waters that stroke it, making Vancouver's downtown, when seen from afar, appear to float on the sea, a Venice with skyscrapers.

Vancouver vision: Native American totem pole

Vancouver views the rest of Canada with an air of amused pity, content in the knowledge that people so stupid as to live in *weather* deserve everything they get. On Christmas afternoon, a group of us gathers on the tennis court, faces Toronto, raises glasses to the poor frigid souls therein, drinks, and then gets on with the game under leaden skies.

Water and mountains. As far as can be determined, only poor ravaged Beirut can (once could?) offer the equivalent of what is almost now a cliché in Vancouver: that moment in the spring when one can ski on the slopes of Grouse Mountain overlooking the city, look down on the beaches, and, within thirty minutes, be swimming in English Bay. Masochists still do it, so they can write home about it, just as thousands of others gather for the Polar Bear Swim on New Year's Day, one of the various reasons why the rest of Canada refers to the jurisdiction as British California.

There is Stanley Park, a one-thousand-acre tranquilizer built into the city's psyche, scene of a daily war on its encircling seawalk between pensioners in their bullet-proof tweeds and the roller-skaters and the kamikaze ten-speeders. Other cities worry about urban blight; in Vancouver it's the territorial imperative of the seawalk.

The Village-on-the-Edge-of-the-Rain-Forest, which watched with bemusement as the rest of the world finally discovered sushi, has achieved the final test of maturity: its own feared resident gossipist. The richly upholstered Valerie Gibson, once married to Pierre Trudeau's best man, now chronicles the hot-tub shenanigans of *les nouveaux riches* and their Ultrasuede minds.

Parties quiver and quake when she arrives, wearing a diamond that would blind a locomotive, giggling with glee that she may reveal the latest on stock-market millionaire Peter Brown, who has seventy-one pairs of Gucci loafers, travels from his office to his Bowen Island summer cottage in a mahogany speedboat right out of Errol Flynn's Hollywood.

Brown is part of "the Whistler crowd," that band of F. Scott survivors that, each winter Friday, Mercedes-north an hour to Whistler Mountain, the ski-resort home of the glitterati, built by the 20th Century-Fox/Aspen people. Their locus, their den mother, is another phenomenon who, like them, flirts with the age forty: Umberto Menghi, a waiter from Italy who now runs four restaurants in Vancouver, one at Whistler, two in Seattle, one in San Francisco—and whizzes between Vancouver and Whistler in a lipstick-red Ferrari. His Il Giardino in Vancouver is still the most comfortable spot in the universe in the sometimes sun-dotted summer. A garlanded Italian wall blocking the traffic noise, the patio umbrellas giving shaded meaning to the designer sunglasses extant, the pasta giving new air to the clams, Valerie in a corner aerie, paying no attention, observing all.

Neither Toronto, nor Sydney, nor the etc. would understand. Pity them.

Allan Fotheringham *is a political columnist for Canada's Southam News.*

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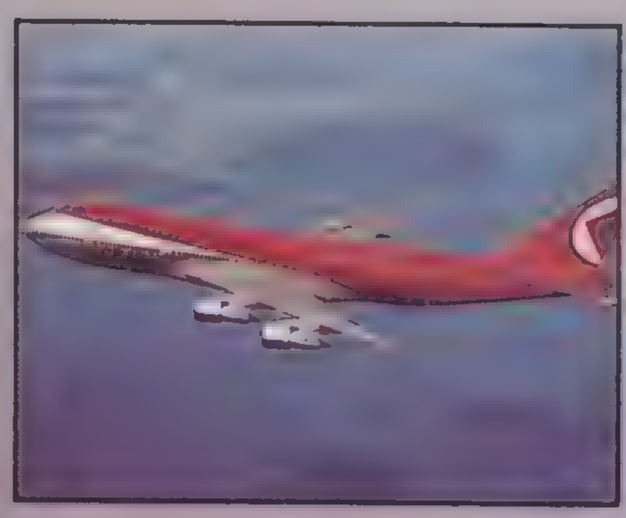

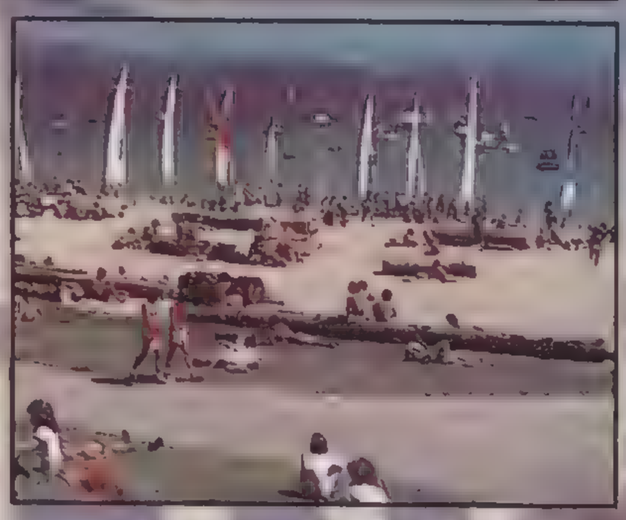

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Harbor-fronting Vancouver skyscape

VANCOUVER: GOING TO HEAVEN

With its magnificent natural setting, its extraordinarily mild climate, its exuberant arts life, Vancouver is practically paradise. For paradise-bound travelers, a sensational new downtown hotel: the **Vancouver Mandarin.** (645 Howe St.) Opened last May, the posh, small (197 rooms) Vancouver Mandarin is the first hotel of the famed Mandarin group of Southeast Asian hotels (premier properties: The Oriental in Bangkok, The Mandarin in Hong Kong) to be built outside the Orient. The new hotel offers the best of Eastern and Western luxuries: public rooms lavished with Oriental art and artifacts, guest rooms with well-stocked mini-bars, three telephones, lovely extras such as padded silk coat hangers, teak shoe horns, bathrobes, even umbrellas.

A few blocks away, another recently opened small hotel worth knowing about: **The Wedgewood** (845 Hornby St.)—with ninety-four attractive rooms and suites. Rates are surprisingly low (from about $60 U.S. for a single), and include Continental breakfast and morning paper.

SEDUCTIVE SHOPPING

Everybody knows about the super rooms of **The Four Seasons Hotel** (791 W. Georgia St.) and its top-notch **Le Pavillon** restaurant. An added lure of The Four Seasons is the fact that it is linked to **Pacific Centre,** a massive underground complex of restaurants and shops in downtown Vancouver. Among the standouts at Pacific Centre: the classic Canadian department stores **Eaton's** and **The Bay** (the latter now in the midst of a $30 million update), **Holt Renfrew,** a new **Dunhill,** and a number of amusing boutiques aimed at Japanese tourists. Within easy walking distance of Pacific Centre are **Ferragamo, Jaeger, Georg Jensen.** Also nearby: **Toni Cavelti** (692 Seymour St.), the Vancouver jeweler known for his exquisite designs in gold . . . and **Pappas Furs Designers, Ltd.** (449 Hamilton St.), the Vancouver furrier known for custom-made coats and jackets of Canadian Lynx, wild mink, wolverine, and sable.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE

Besides shopping, downtown Vancouver comes up with the superb **Vancouver Art Gallery,** now housed in a charming domed and columned neoclassical building that used to be Vancouver's provincial courthouse. Of special interest: an entire gallery celebrating one of Canada's most famous artists, Emily Carr, with a number of her paintings depicting British Columbian rain forests, totem poles, Indian villages.

In charge of turning the city's 1907 courthouse into its 1980s art gallery: world-class Vancouver architect Arthur Erickson. An even more spectacular example of Erickson's work rises across Robson Square from the Art Gallery: the Law Courts complex—a dazzling seven-level step pyramid of glass, stone, and steel.

A twenty-minute drive away, still another Arthur Erickson architectural masterpiece: **The Museum of Anthropology** on the University of British Columbia campus. With a beautiful forest-by-the-sea setting, Erickson's great grey-concrete, glass-walled museum building showcases extraordinary Native North American artifacts: totem poles, gigantic wooden sculptures of animals.

GOOD FOOD/GREAT VIEWS

One of Vancouver's newest attractions is **Granville Island.** Separated by water from downtown Vancouver, this former enclave of factories and warehouses has been reborn with art galleries, shops, restaurants, theaters, a small hotel, and a lively covered market. Delightful dining on the island at **Bridges,** a bright-yellow waterfront restaurant with a wine bar downstairs and an elegant upstairs room that looks out on boats, bridges, and the soaring downtown skyline.

More beautiful views from the new **Prospect Point Café** over Vancouver's thousand-acre Stanley Park. Here, tables at tree-top level eye the Lion's Gate Bridge. Also located in Stanley Park: **The Teahouse,** a charming cottage of a restaurant with tables under glass, good salads, local seafood specialties.

DOWNTOWN DINING

Back in downtown Vancouver, top tables include: **The William Tell** (765 Beatty St.)—now in an attractive new location at the Coast Georgian Court Hotel. . . . **Le Gavroche** (1616 Alberni St.)—for French cuisine; a little clapboard house provides the setting. . . . **Cristal**—the elegant eighteen-table dining room at the new Mandarin hotel. . . . **Caffé dé Medici** (1025 Robson St.)—good pasta, charming waiters. . . . **Tsui Hang Village** (615 Davie St.)—tops-in-Chinese: crowded, noisy, brightly lit; fresh seafood brought to tables in nets before being cooked . . . . **Kamei Sushi** (811 Thurlow St.)—for super sushi; the favorite dine-out for the head of Canadian Mitsubishi.

—Reported by SALLY R. WARREN

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travel now

Philadelphia's fabulous flowers...on the road to Mandalay—for real... what's new under the California sun

By Richard Alleman

NAPA NEWS: The Auberge du Soleil restaurant, *above*, one of the Napa Valley's most glamorous dining spots—good food, glorious views of Northern California vineyards and mountains—inaugurates a long-awaited luxury inn on its hillside property next month. With thirty-six rooms and suites—all with fireplaces and sun decks—the new resort will also have a pool and tennis courts. See page 423.

Glorious Burmese Buddha in Rangoon

Burma—its fabulous temples, pagodas, and palaces seldom seen by Westerners—is the highlight of the Asia Society's spectacular fall journey to the Orient. Organized by Abercrombie & Kent International and open to any traveler with a strong interest in things Asian, this tour will spend a full week inside Burma (off limits to tourists for many years) visiting Rangoon, Heho, Mandalay, and the mysterious city of Pagan where literally thousands of abandoned temples stud the lush green countryside.

Besides Burma, this twenty-day Asian adventure tours Thailand—Bangkok, Chiangmai, and Chiangrai—for a week. The great base in Bangkok: the legendary Oriental Hotel. An added attraction of the itinerary is Hong Kong, the tour's first and last stop. Here, the group stays in another of the world's finest hotels: The Mandarin.

Price for this extraordinary Oriental odyssey: $5549 per person; this includes Asia Society-selected expert guides, gala receptions, most meals, plus round-trip air fare between New York and the Far East. Single travelers add $783 to the total price. For further information, contact a travel agent, Abercrombie & Kent (800) 323-7308, or see page 423.

Another Italy

For two heavenly weeks in Italy, consider Italia Adagio's new "Andantino 1985" program. In addition to the lure of grand times in Rome, Florence, and Venice, seven dreamy days are spent discovering the enchanting hill towns—Orvieto, Todi, Assisi, Perugia, Siena, Monteriggioni, San Gimignano—of Umbria and Tuscany. Five departures are set between May and October; $2422 for land arrangements; air fare is extra. For information, call (516) 546-5239.

Rite of Spring In Philadelphia, from March 3 to 10, the most spectacular indoor flower show on earth.

Held downtown in the Civic Center, the Philadelphia Flower Show covers five acres, pays tribute this year to the art of British gardening with 135 major exhibits.

L.A.'s newest landmark, Le Mondrian hotel. Towering above the Sunset Strip in West Hollywood, Le Mondrian stuns with an exterior decorated by artist Yaacov Agam to look like a gigantic Mondrian painting. Behind the fanciful façade, a superb new hotel where every "room" is actually a suite with great views, cool colors, and state-of-the-art comforts like multi-line conference-call-capable phones and swivel Toshiba TVs that can be eyed from anywhere in the room.

Of special interest to art lovers, Le Mondrian's weekend "Art Safari" package features an insider-escorted day trip to some of art-booming L.A.'s best galleries and museums. About $200 per person covers two nights at the hotel, a limo for shopping or sight-seeing in West Hollywood/Beverly Hills, Sunday brunch, and more. Ask travel agent or see page 423 for further information.

eat your heart out!

Of the many Old World pleasures that Americans are discovering in Austria now, one of the greatest is the country's hearty, wonderfully sophisticated cuisine. Custom-made for people who love to eat well, a new group of two-week tours will focus on traveling to Austria's finest restaurants where star chefs will pull out all the stops. Added to staying and dining in splendor in Vienna, Dürnstein, Salzburg, and Innsbruck, a bonus of these trips will be a swing through Switzerland with lunch at the restaurant of noted chef Fredy Girardet in Crissier. $2890 covers wining, dining, grand hotels; air fare is extra. Dates: May 31, June 12, September 13. For details, call Palmer Young Travel in New York City at (212) 267-6483.

Top photo: G. RICATTO/SHOSTAL/C.L.I.; *left* FRED LYON; *below* LONG PHOTOGRAPHY

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It's Better In The Bahamas.

travel

Bahia: the potent spell of Brazil's most exotic city—beautiful beaches, baroque splendors, African magic

By Tracy Young

I have a beautiful Vassarely poster that I cart with me from job to job. You never know if your office will overlook Central Park South or an air shaft, and in the latter circumstance it is comforting to gaze on a luscious vision of "Amerique du Sud," an old prop plane flying a path of moonlight, with Rio's Sugarloaf on the horizon.

Flying down to Brazil is not the romantic journey it once was—no old Constellations with fruity Carmen Miranda curves; nor is it as arduous—a mere nine hours and change. But once you arrive you are awed, not only by the beauty, but by the sheer size. Salvador, the old capital of Brazil and the capital of Bahia state, is some thousand miles north up the coast from Rio. Currently enjoying a tourist boom, it is a convenient jet hop—less than two hours, which barely gives you time enough to conceive of what lurks down there besides red dirt and green ocean.

The smell is strange, as musky and potent as an animal body. As you disembark at the tiny field, crossing tarmac assaulted by heat, trying to sort out the sounds of a thousand porters and travelers and family members as you pick through piles of luggage, you notice it right away. The smell is dendê oil, a heavy palm extract, and it seems to issue from the pores of every living thing. Even the dirt.

Dendê oil is the first principle of Bahian cooking, and Bahian cooking, as a matter of fact, is what comes to mind when people think of Brazilian food—*feijoada*, for example, which one wit suggested was Portuguese for "spare parts." It can be unpredictable to say the least. A companion and I agreed one night that we had been timid, taking our meals at the excellent hotel dining room, sampling such regional specialties as Efó, a shrimp stew made with taioba leaves and a coconut-based sauce, and Casquinha de Siri, crabs in a *velouté* of fish and cheese. So we decided to try the Casa da Gamboa, a restaurant that had come glowingly recommended from some Banana Republic types we'd met in Rio.

Bahia was colonized in 1549 by renegade Portuguese noblemen and other soldiers of fortune who struck it rich in the local gold mines and diamond fields, with the help of tens of thousands of African slaves. Struck by the beauty of these African women, and lonely no doubt for the mustachioed wives they'd left at home, the Portuguese freed a number of "ebony Venuses" and set them up as mistresses. Because the wealth of a *senhor* was reflected by his mistress's adornments, these women were lavished with fine jewels and fabrics, paraded through the streets at sunset in horsedrawn carriages, and ensconced in beautiful homes.

The Casa da Gamboa is in what was once such a private home. Located in the Barra district overlooking a fort, it was not far from our hotel, but as we ventured into the street, teeming with activity as the sun burned out, we felt conspicuous in our white linen and matching complexions, edgy enough to gratefully accept the offer of a charming cab driver who took us by the tourist route, pointing out the sights and cheerfully charging us about six times the metered rate. Cabs do a booming

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business among tourists who have been forewarned about the steep hills and minimal sidewalks and the raucous goings-on in Salvador after dark. Their fear is understandable, particularly if they've just come from Rio where the local papers have acknowledged "an undeclared civil war between the poor and the rich," a war that has claimed a number of tourists as victims of armed robbery and assault. In Bahia, however, the major crime is the hustle; and given an exchange rate so stacked in our favor, it seemed only sporting to enjoy the game.

Once at the Casa, we were seated near two middle-aged men with large bellies who quickly demolished an enormous platter of soft-shelled crabs and launched into a heated argument which, in Portuguese, sounded like a courtship. We greeted them with nods to their evident gusto and ordered. Twenty minutes later our food arrived, resembling nothing more than six pale mounds of mush.

"I don't get it," said my friend, a gourmet with a strong sense of adventure and an even stronger stomach. "This is a famous restaurant. Warren Hoge raved about it in the *Times*!"

I could only suggest that the chef had acquired a food processor and had become enamored of the "purée" function. When my friend went off to the ladies room I deposited a generous portion of my food on her plate.

"This is where Jorge Amado took Alfred Knopf," she whined a few minutes later, attempting to distract me as she returned my portion and a large part of hers.

"Well," I said, laying my food to rest under my napkin, "you know authors feel ambivalent toward publishers."

If cooking is the Bahian sport, beaches are its pastime; and dendê oil is what the natives rub on their bodies before they bask in the sun. Bahia flaunts beaches the way Key West flaunts bars: proudly, promiscuously, from the Island of Itaparica, famous for its mineral springs and bronzed Club Med denizens, to the coastal beaches of Low Town, polluted by the local sewage but still revered for their tropical, if toxic, charms. Shimmering white beaches run, like a string of pearls, north and south of town, bearing melodious names—Morro do Cristo, Largo da Amaralina, Armacao, Piatá.

My favorite beach was Itapuã. You can spend an hour on a bus getting there from Pelourinho Square, but we took a cab and spent a half hour winding through busy main streets, then through the quiet residential neighborhood where Amado lives, recovering, I assume, from rave reviews and chronic indigestion, until we arrived at a shady niche among the palms. The driver disappeared into the water, and we watched the bartender set up his rum bottles, while a flea-bitten donkey kneeled in the shade and a stray dog scuttled across the burning sand, sideways like a crab.

The heat was devastating, and the landscape, from a prone position, looked like a mirage: a fisherman plied a slender canoe across the burning edge of a huge orange sun; two bikini-clad Europeans strolled along the shoreline; no *(Continued on page 420)*

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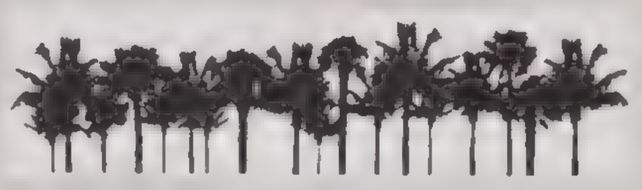

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bahia

(Continued from page 419)

oversize radios broke the still air. It was the kind of heat that, like a narcotic, makes you bypass horny and go directly to hungry. After an hour or so we wandered over to the shade where a large black woman in a lace headdress and beads was cooking in a battered tin pot. For a few cents we ate a delicious fried thing—a kind of Brazilian egg roll—and then returned to the beach to lie, dreaming of quitting therapy.

In Rio, life follows the slow curve of the pleasure principle. Socializing seems as simple as rubbing two sticks together. (Indeed, rub two sticks together at a beachfront café in Ipanema some night and, before you know it, someone has tapped out a syncopated rhythm on a Brahma Chop beer bottle, and suddenly a group of people has jumped up to do an impromptu samba!) Bahia is different: less cosmopolitan and more African. Michael Jackson is a star in Rio; in Bahia, Tom Tom Club blares from cab radios, and the disco-smooth samba gives way to intricate and aggressive native dances like the *capoeira*—once a form of martial arts imported by Angolan slaves and practiced fanatically by small boys on the beach—that makes its obvious successor, break-dancing, look innocent beyond belief.

Sculpted façade of Bahia's Saõ Francisco church

The town of Salvador, too, is a world away from the Santa Monica moderne of Rio. While extensive building is underway—an architectural splurge of government buildings, agro-industrial complexes, condos, and luxury hotels that betray Brazil's desperate economy—much of the town's colonial charm has survived, intimating the kind of bygone arrogance and glorious greed that strikes visitors to, say, Charleston. Up and down the hand-cobbled and dusty streets you find gilded churches abutting slums. Huge stone fortresses ring the town, and pastel houses whose red tile roofs are in various stages of disrepair are slung across the hills that divide Salvador into the historic parts of High Town and the honky-tonk waterfront haunts of Low Town.

Traveling between High Town and Low Town, which boasts an enormous market where the salt air rings with the musical patois of the vendors—women in cascading linen skirts and long Candomblé beads as delicate as caviar—is as direct, or as circumlocutious, as everything else. You can take a cab or the elevator. The Lacerda is like a huge subway car—one of the largest elevators in the world—and it attracts the kind of pungent and assertive crowds that frequent Times Square at rush hour. It is also the happy hunting ground of mosquito-sized children hawking prayer ribbons. Impossible to discourage politely, they grab at your wrist until, shaken free, they attach themselves, and several ribbons, to your ankle. Your only recourse is to fork over all your change, have the ribbon blessed at Senhor do Bomfim, the patron Saint of Bahia and one of Salvador's 165 churches, and wear it until it falls off, at which point you must dispose of it in running water. (*Caveat emptor:* mine lasted nine months.)

You proceed more cautiously, however, into the realm of Candomblé, Bahia's other religion. Imported to Bahia by the slaves, Candomblé is a form of voodoo, known only to most tourists by the *figas* that are sold in every jewelry shop from Low Town to Eighth Street and are said to ward off the evil eye. There are accessible Candomblé rites listed from time to time in the event guides at the local hotels. As tame as this might sound, one cannot be too cavalier. Cameras and tape recorders are forbidden; more to the point, there are many true believers, including government officials, who take Candomblé deadly seriously.

Which is not to say that Candomblé is something that a visitor should take too seriously. I was told the story of a woman who had been determined to experience the real thing. She met a man who knew a man who knew a man, etc. Things were arranged. Money changed hands. A day or so later, a driver turned up and took her through miles and miles of back roads. She was left in a dirt shack until another connection appeared. Finally she arrived at the witch doctor's house. The service was performed: whirling, bewigged dancers; drums, animal blood, chanting. And her fortune was read. It was so black that the witch doctor paled. He offered to conduct an exorcism. It would cost more money but, he pressed, it was absolutely necessary. Exhausted and shaken, she refused and returned instead to her hotel. A few days later she left Brazil. It all came true.

Bahia is not exactly the heart of darkness (the candle in your hotel bathroom is for power failure, not *(Continued on page 422)*

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bahia

(Continued from page 420)

Candomblé), but it drives you deeper into yourself. And if your own heart of darkness seems an intriguing destination, forsake the modern luxury hotels—those big, rude slabs against the sky—and stay at the Convento do Carmo.

The Convento is somewhat off the beaten track, a five-minute stroll from Pelourinho Square (the last scene in *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* was filmed there), around the corner from a jumble of shops selling sneakers, records, cardboard luggage, and a stone's throw from a rough-looking red-light district.

Secure on its corner of a "historical" block, the Convento is still an oasis amidst the quotidian squalor and exotic excess. Built in

1549, the former Carmelite convent has been restored and furnished in severe Mission style, from the upright benches in the hallways to the rock-hard beds. In the early morning, as the sun barely penetrates the high cool white walls, the smell of floor wax mingles with that of chlorine from the pool, and the only sound is of fresh linen being snapped out of its well-starched folds. An innocent enough beginning. But by nightfall, when the sky above the rooftops turns French blue, you begin to realize that there is something mysterious and provocative about the place; even its architecture—a chaste rectangle with a clear round pool at the center—suggests some metaphor of sex and death. After all, in Bahia there are commercials for birth control on TV and a coffin-maker on every street corner.

One night, I lay on a chaise by the pool, sipping one of the day's dozen "little coffees," gazing contemptuously at a group of pot-bellied and very drunk German tourists. Hands clasped behind his waist, a concierge, dressed all in white and back straight as a poker, paraded in front of the desk, pausing occasionally to confer with one of the Germans. A half hour later, the men were joined by two skinny young hookers whose high heels echoed on the smooth stone floors and whose sweet high voices sounded to me perversely like those of convent girls. They sat down with the men. They sipped their pastel drinks. And while one of them whispered in a bearded man's hairy ear, the other looked over at me and threw a conspiratorial wink. ▽

JOEL RESNICOFF

travel

Journey to Fez: Morocco's secret city

of perfumed gardens, fantasy shopping, glorious food...

one of the dreamiest hotels on earth By Carole Bovoso

FRANK FOULON

Layers of gentle sounds reach my dreams, bringing me slowly to consciousness. First come the haunting prayer chants from a mosque nestled deep in the medina, then the trillings and cooings of the fluffy grey and white pigeons I've spotted earlier in the palm fronds outside my terrace window. A soft breeze rustles through, stirs up fresh scents from the gardens—and I remember where I am. It is my first morning at the Hotel Palais Jamai in Fez, Morocco.

The Palais Jamai. Taxiing in from the airport after a long and tiring flight across North Africa from Egypt to Morocco, I have used the name like a talisman and have finally reached my destination. My room is a marvel of glaze-tile walls, soft rugs, and hand-carved furnishings. Here, all my childhood fantasies of sultans and veiled ladies and secret perfumed gardens are satisfied. Simply getting to this part of the hotel—originally built in 1879 as the pleasure pavilion of the powerful Jamai family of Fez—has been a mysterious affair. A turn here and there among orange, fig, and lemon trees...past fountains and dazzling flowers ranging from soft nasturtiums to outrageous calla lilies...down a few steps to the first of a series of intricately painted doorways, each in subtle hues of pink, blue, and green. This labyrinthian layout of shadowy corridors and exotic archways, recessed nooks and crannies somehow leads to the guest rooms. Room numbers, as far as I can tell, are nonexistent—yet the staff seems able to find me, bringing hot coffee, freshly baked croissants, sweet raspberry jam. Bolstered by this morning feast, I venture forth.

The hotel's services include official guides—and I find mine waiting for me in the courtyard in front of the hotel. He is a handsome young man with honey-brown skin, dressed in a sparkling white *djellaba* of brushed wool. His name, "Idriss," will be easy for me to remember, he tells me, since it is the name of the original founders of Fez—Idriss I and his son, Idriss II—who first brought Islam to the area centuries ago.

I accompany Idriss across a courtyard, thinking perhaps that we are heading toward a car for a leisurely *(Continued on page 424)*

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fez

(Continued from page 423)

tour of the city. But as we turn into a narrow passageway within the tall ramparts of the old town—literally part of the hotel walls—I find myself immediately plunged into the medieval world of the Fez medina and its maze of "souks." On either side of these narrow winding cobbled passageways, tiny stalls and stores extend as far as I can see. There are fragrant spices and herbs for cooking and healing. Fabrics—the finest silks, the softest wools—have their own section in the medina. Gold is found in yet another area, in abundance . . . and jewels.

The tannery of Fez is world famous—and handbags, wallets, hassocks, and fine gold-embossed bookbindings are everywhere. I am drawn to the "babouches," marvelous soft slippers that are worn by Moroccan men and women. Although Idriss insists that the yellow ones are for men only, I buy several pairs in sizes that will do for women as well. Later I buy incense, candles, ambergris, saffron, and ceramic bowls.

There are no cars in the medina. Instead, the lanes are shared with sturdy four-legged creatures. I often turn around to find a large horse directly behind me, or a convoy of donkeys carting skins to or from the nearby tannery. The donkeys carry just about anything that needs transporting, including people; still, it is surprising to spot one beast stoically plodding uphill heaving on its back one of the largest color televisions I have ever seen.

As we make our way deeper into the oldest portions of the city, we pass food stands and restaurants so hidden that only the scents of Moroccan spices betray them. At some corners, fresh yogurt is for sale, or pitchers of cool milk, piles of fried eggs, fresh flatbreads and rolls, sizzling lamb chunks on outdoor grills. We stop for a simple lunch in a tiny restaurant near the mosque of the Senegalese saint, Tijani. An authentic *cous-cous* is the fare—made with fresh semolina. It is delicious consumed Moroccan style, with the fingers. The nutty bread of the country, *hobs*, helps the whole thing along.

Outside once more, we pass the famous Karaouine, said to be the world's first university, founded in the ninth century by the daughter of a wealthy nobleman. Since its beginnings, Fez has been an intellectual and religious center. *Medersas* (schools for religious instruction), mosques, and sanctuaries for meditation abound here—and are housed in some of the finest existing examples of Islamic architecture.

In addition to the shops, the food, and the architecture, I am constantly intrigued by the women who pass me wearing their translucent veils, their eyes often meeting mine in silence. In much the same way as these women cover their faces, the buildings of Fez expose little of their beauty to the outside world. I enter a nondescript-looking doorway and am astonished to discover a palace inside. It has spacious courtyards, gracious inner balconies, splendid skylights, all done in the most exquisite of tiles and wood. This particular building, once a private residence, now houses a rug concern. Extraordinary floor coverings are displayed in several rooms; some hang from the ceiling, others are stacked casually in corners. There are Berber rugs in thick camel's wool with dark designs identical to the tatoos of the women who make them; there are "Arabian" rugs of all colors and qualities; and there are

Moorish masterpiece: bright-tiled fountain courtyard of the Palais Jamai, Fez pleasure palace turned grand hotel

FRANK FOULON

multicolored Bedouin rugs that are now antiques, some intricately intertwined with sequins and threads. The sale of rugs is carefully regulated by the government, taking much of the uncertainty out of buying.

Later in the evening, after Idriss and I have wound our way back to the hotel, I dine at the Palais Jamai's traditional restaurant, Al Fassia. The *tajine* of lamb is served in a simple but richly spiced sauce; fresh green peas and cooling salads accompany the dish. At one end of the room, musicians play the soft Andalusian strains for which Fez is known.

I sit with my coffee, in a state of total tranquility, save for wondering which rug I will choose on my next excursion to the medina. A hostess approaches and sprinkles me with sweet-smelling orange water from a special silver vessel. I am ready for sleep. . . .

Another day—the day of choosing a double-thick camel's wool Berber rug. Idriss leads me once more into the Old City. We duck into several of the tiny passageways I've grown accustomed to by now and finally come to a set of large wooden doors. Waiting until we are directly at the entranceway, he tells me that I am about to meet Nadia, his wife, as he has promised me earlier. We enter the inner courtyard of the building. Daylight streams down from the open skylight.

"They are sleeping," whispers Idriss, looking into a darkened room off the courtyard. "We are arriving later than I thought."

Before I can protest, he moves forward to awaken the sleeping figures. I can barely make out their shapes in the dim recesses before he pulls a cord attached to a light blub. There, on low platforms covered with shawls and fabrics, lie three generations of women.

Idriss' nineteen-year-old wife, Nadia, is pale and shy as she rouses herself from sleep. She, her mother, two aunts, and a grandmother stir from their afternoon naps to greet me. I notice that there is also a child among them, Nadia's nephew. These gentle women welcome me, offer a steaming green tea that revives us all. I drink in the rich essence of the women as well, as we chat of the differences between our countries speaking a linguistic collage of French, English, and Moroccan Arabic. The little boy plays with a balloon in the courtyard. Beside me, sitting on the couch together, Nadia and Idriss look startlingly beautiful—he with his dark curls and skin, his patrician features, and she with the long burnished hair of a golden color that is peculiar to many of the natives of Fez. I am totally charmed, and feel privileged to be a part of this afternoon of sleeping women.

Several days later, my last in Fez, I make my way to the roof of the Palais Jamai. I sense Idriss' family down in the medina somewhere, not so very far away. Directly below me, in the clear water of the hotel swimming pool, two young women execute perfect crawls in unison. It is time for evening prayers, and as I gaze out over the pink and ochre rooftops of the city, a chant begins in one mosque and is echoed against the mountains. It is then taken up by other voices in other mosques. I stand on the roof a long while, letting it all sink in. ▽

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VIEW

BY ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

Fashion romance: India influences...

Sant'Angelo's body wraps...getaway bags,

island influences...night-into-day taffetas

SHADES OF INDIA

"Had a string of sacred elephants been led into the Spring Collections, the shock could not have been greater than when Schiaparelli and Alix ushered in their astonishing Hindu evening dresses." Those words are from Vogue, 1935; in 1985, fashion is recycling itself with a flood of India influences. Issey Miyake and Kenzo, two designers who have always looked towards the timeless draping and wrappings of exotic cultures, have come up this spring with offshoots of indigenous India style. In a season of garden prints and lush florals, the classic *pugri* or *safa* (turbans with an extended drape worn by Indians now for centuries), *achkan* coats and sari-wrap dresses are providing other glamorous notions of romantic style.

Much of the India romance blossomed, first, in London: after fourteen weeks of watching Masterpiece Theatre's *The Jewel in the Crown*, followed closely—there and here—by David Lean's award-winning *A Passage to India* film, from the E.M. Forster novel. Saris bloomed on women at winter parties; raj-style jackets have shown up on men. In London, designer Scott Crolla, too, has fused into collections evolved ideas of traditional *achkans*—the long, slim coats or jackets worn by Indians over narrow pants.

("View" continued on page 428)

India-influenced: Issey Miyake's coral and cyclamen-pink sari-like dress, right; far right, Kenzo's soft layers of easy shapes over pants. Below left: sari evening dresses in Schiap's 1935 collection. Newer takes: Kenzo's achkan-style linen coat, below center; below right, Azzedine Alaïa's draped jacket, short skirt

Rah raj: sweeping folds, brilliant colors, light layerings in dressing

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VIEW

Exotic Travels

Ungaro, for spring, has splashed clothes with batik floral motifs; for his Limited "Album" collection, Kenzo mixes blue-and-white batik patterns in easy pieces. Karl Lagerfeld fuses stencily prints into brightly colored jackets and pairs them with long floral skirts in a season of South Seas patterns.

For a closer look, *Fabled Cloth: Batik from Java's North Coast,* a traveling show illustrating the development of Javanese batik textiles from the nineteenth century until WWII, is on view at New York City's Cooper-Hewitt Museum until April 28, then goes to Toronto and Houston. Inger McCabe Elliott, former war photographer, founder of China Seas fabrics, has spent two decades tracing batik technique and history in Java. Her book—*Batik, Fabled Cloth of Java* (Clarkson N. Potter, Inc.) lavishly documents authentic prints such as the 1960 one, *above right.*

Rifat Ozbek, a new design name in London, likes Fortuny stenciled cotton for his post-raj jackets, right, for women. A former architecture student, he works—for this, his first collection of separates—textiles used for interior design.

"FEEDBAGS" OF ANOTHER SORT

Hermès made the saddlebag and feedsack popular accessories for women in the 'sixties; Jackie Onassis globe-traveled with a feedsack-shape bag. That shape—deep, roomy, unstructured—now is being updated in new—winner—handbags. Fendi, *below left,* extends the look onto a shoulder strap, ornaments it with leather string. *Below right,* Maud Frizon feedbag in crayon-box patents; *bottom,* Bottega Veneta's drawstring tote.

("View" continued on page 435)

MICHAEL O'BRIEN, VIVIENNE FLESHER (2); CONDÉ NAST PHOTO LIBRARY

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VIEW

BODIES BY SANT'ANGELO

exaggerate on purpose,'' says Giorgio Sant'Angelo, the witty designer who has developed body-wrapping ideas and romantic gypsy dressing into easy, elegant 'eighties style. Before he first designed in fabric, Sant'Angelo created animated cartoons with Walt Disney. By 1968, his thoughts about wrapping the body in ingenious forms led to clothes options in every fabric from silk to stretch Lycra and jersey.

In this, a season of soft tailoring and a return to waist-defining fashion, Sant'Angelo turns his special drama into vibrant leotards, body suits, floating chiffon sarong skirts. ''Picasso told me, after I won an award to study in Europe, to trust my fantasy and relentless imagination.

''When I do leotards and hand-painting on skirts, stockings, body suits, it is body decoration of a functional sort as well as being ornamental. Every time a woman wraps a waist or another part of her body, it is different. It opens the imagination.'' Sant'Angelo's dramatic pendulum swings this season on a look of chiffon layerings, sarong skirts dripping in caviar beads at the hems and layered three or four at a time. ''A woman needs, more and more, clothes that enhance the romantic part of her life. There's so much dryness today in the world, fantasy in fashion is important.''

(''View'' continued on page 440)

Sant'Angelo with a curtain of safety-pin medals, above: ''Women I know wear safety pins inside their clothes. I simply turned them out.'' Right, his Austrian crystal drops on gold pins; far right, '85 jersey body wrapping.

Sant'Angelo's chiffon sarong skirt with hand-painted leggings, far left; right, for spring, a silk-chiffon jersey T-shirt dress, over hand-painted maillot. Eighteenth-century toy horse, left, was a gift from his first model/muse, Marina Schiano—one of the women he collaborated with in the 'sixties, along with Elsa Peretti and model Veruschka.

STEVEN MEISEL, JEFF McNAMARA, TOHRU NAKAMURA, PIERRE SCHERMAN, ANTONIO

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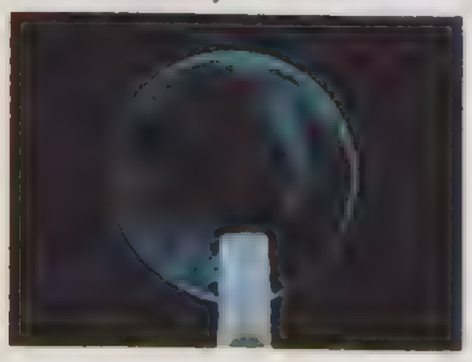

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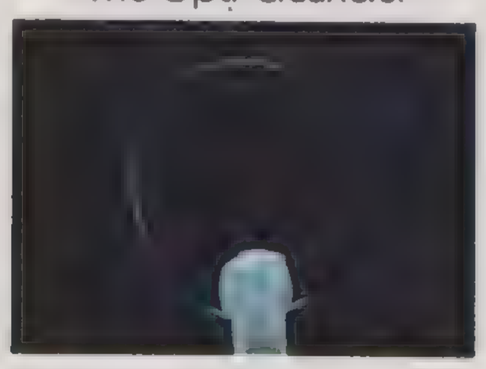

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VIEW

ON RECORD: *When a weighty roster of super-music talents created a one-time group, Band Aid, last November to record "Do They Know It's Christmas?" for Ethiopian relief funds, the single sold some one million copies in its first four days of release in England. The idea, though, was not new: Handel's "Messiah" gained renown, mid-eighteenth century, in benefit performances for London's Foundling Hospital.*

Fashion read: Zandra, indeed!

Just released: *The Art of Zandra Rhodes*, by Rhodes and her business partner Anne Knight (Houghton Mifflin). In the book, the London-based designer and genie of inventive textile prints traces the influence, on various collections, of everything from Country and Western music, cowboys, and the Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument outside Phoenix to Roy Lichtenstein's comic-strip art, Masai warriors, and prints of Emilio Pucci. She explains how her conception of punk and conceptual chic, circa 1977, made her the darling/demon of the fashion press. How it started: From the memory of a Schiaparelli silk dress in a jagged-slash print created by Salvador Dalí. That image, nestled in Zandra's imagination, along with a change in London street style, created a whole new system for evening-dress texture—with holes and safety pins!

Rock style, translated

Lucy and Bryan Ferry—he, longtime lord of British art rock; she, among other roles, mother to the Ferrys' son Otis, named for Otis Redding—are moving to NYC for half of each year: "Far more modern and lively," she says, "than London." The move coincides with Ferry's first solo record in a decade, out this month. The mood of the music, he says, is "an extension of romantic themes developed in my last album with Roxy." The Ferrys' style: most-traditional British (country house *above*: large painting by Vanessa Bell; Lucy's crushed-velvet dress by designer Tom Bell). Says Bryan: "I don't really dress up that much. Lucy and I both wear fairly conservative clothes that are tailor-made." Both Ferrys like John Lobb shoes. "I just had a pair of old-fashioned nanny walking brogues made there," she says. In town, the translation: Manolo Blahnik shoes. Also Stephen Jones hats for the races, Antony Price getups for evenings out.

CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

("View" continued on page 446)

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VIEW

dazzle—by day

The switch: luxe taffeta, charmeuse, and chiffon fabrics—now used for daywear. The notion got going this spring with Ralph Lauren's ivory charmeuse trenchcoat; new designer Kathryn Simon took gala silk organza and made a trench to slide over an easy jersey dress. Putting on rich stuffs by day—pants in hot pink-and-red chiffon at Robert Molnar or Zoran's taffeta Bermuda shorts—is an amusing side to the fashion scene now. "Wearing taffeta for day is like wearing what you sleep in. Women love to slide things over warmer cashmere," says Zoran. Jackie Rogers, *right*, does a taxi-yellow trenchcoat in tissue-thin taffeta. "It's a wonderful way to start into spring," she says. "The lightness of the fabric makes it easy and versatile. And the vivid color will surely help hail a cab at rush hour."

T-shirts update: classic, close-to-the-body now, the forever favorites of everyone from Stephanie of Monaco to Katharine Hepburn. It's a style scene everywhere: Matt Dillon wears them constantly as the 'eighties new James Dean; Tina Turner wears T-shirts under jackets with baroque pearls. This spring, Stephen Sprouse does his best T-shirts in silk-and-wool or cotton *(below)* flashes of vivid color.

("View" continued on page 448)

NEWSWATCH:
Mail-order couture

When Carol Channing saw a photo of YSL's tan jumpsuit from his winter couture collection, she cabled in her order. Aretha Franklin has phoned Diane Von Furstenberg for "a dress from a magazine photograph," notes DVF: an easy way to dress for peripatetic lives.

PATTY DRYDEN, SHEILA METZNER. *Hepburn Her Life in Pictures* by James Spada. Hair by Gerard

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VIEW

people in fashion are talking about what's coming...

Summer update: new views of tops-and-pants dressing...landmark stores, shopping pleasures...what's new: gold finds, "bests" of a bathing suit season

People are talking about...pyjama dressing; what's interesting, now, is the way the notion of a "pyjama" is being worked for any time of day—as an easygoing look for nighttime, for at-home, a resort...or a day that's decidedly more urban. A "pyjama," in this season's parlance, might be something as slouchy—as beach-oriented—as big silk pull-on pants and a button-front shirt...or as turned out as Calvin Klein's navy city-silk trousers and wrap jacket. More traditional men's pyjama shapes are turning up in everything from the sheerest off-hours cottons and crinkled silks to wallpaper-chintz prints and crisp black-and-white pin-dot (at Basco) cottons. One Giorgio Armani "pyjama"—one of the most polished day-looks anywhere—comes with the double-breasted jacket and black/grey/beige coloring of the most classic man's suit. What makes it, by any definition, a pyjama is the fabric—a subtly printed crepe de Chine. That sense of softness is the attractive "pyjama" difference.

New takes: Come fall, for fans of Michael Kors's minimal, modern way with separates-dressing, there will be more Kors to choose from—under the label "Michael Kors/Lyle & Scott." There are big tops, skinny skirts and dresses, cardigans, narrow pull-on pants—all the movable "elements" of an easy day-dressing wardrobe. All pieces, in this new Kors collection, come in basic grey, black, white, red, tan. What's special: all are in cashmere....Coming too: Ralph Lauren's new grand-scale shop in New York City, set to open late-fall in Madison Avenue's landmark-designated Rhinelander mansion. The first all-Ralph Lauren store for New York, it promises under one roof everything from men's and women's clothes to luggage, fragrance, and things from his home furnishings collection. Hopefully, too: some only-there Ralph Lauren exclusives....

Summer-color clothes—and light fabrics—invariably take naturally to shoes in metallic leather; what's interesting about this year's metallics is the degree—and intensity—of color you'll find there. What's new: At Vittorio Ricci, the flirtiest high-heeled mules in jolting metallic orange... or sling-back shoes in a metallic blue that's nearly a night-sky navy. For night, YSL pumps with a pert silk bow come in an almost-opalescent full-of-color pewter. In a generally strong season for evening shoes, these new metallics are still close to irresistible....Looking to the future: watch for a Midas wealth of new gold jewelry, the best of the pieces in strong shapes, with matte finishes, the richest colorings of real gold. Many, interestingly, come with a somewhat primitive cast: big hand-wrought hoops (from John Iversen), mask-like charms on a big link bracelet from Paris' Isabel Canovas. Barry Kieselstein-Cord's seal rings have the unfinished look of a letter's sealing wax. Imprinted there: a horse, woman, or chatting couple.

"What's interesting is the way the notion of a 'pyjama' is being worked for any time of day"

Look again: When "The Atelier of Illusions"—a show of grand, glorious, and mostly lost costumes created through the years for the La Scala opera—opened in Milan after the New Year, it was tagged, fashionably, "A Valentino Garavani Production." The reason why: designer Valentino—in celebration of this, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his couture house—originated and sponsored the exhibit, which also travels to Paris this month. The show will open in New York City, come autumn. In the category of designer-as-producer, it seems, Valentino plans more productions to come: sponsoring exhibits, ballets, theater—for Rome, Paris, Milan, and New York, all his fashion bases....

Spring may be barely here but, by fashion calendars, bathing suit season is already in full swing. What's new—and a bit different—about suits now is an abundance of prints, a definite taste for "athletic" shapes—or, in a very different mood—for "dressmaking" details—draping and shirring. There are quite serious two-piece looks—more covered, more of a suit than "two-pieces" generally implies—and, quite the opposite, bikinis that are smaller than ever. (François and Marithé Girbaud, as a sign of the times, are selling "suits" that are simply bikini bottoms.) To wear as bathing-suit additions you'll find a wealth of great sweater or jacket pieces: big shirts and beach-weight anoraks, cropped pullover tops, cozy cardigan sweaters. Terry, in many cases, is the cover-up fabric-of-choice: be that a great white terry windbreaker or V-neck pullover in Ralph Lauren's hands, deep-pocket cardigan at Henry Grethel, a big terry-cloth drop-shoulder jacket from Nona Summers...or the biggest, most beautifully coral long terry robe from Claude Montana. Azzedine Alaïa, this season, has a blush-terry open-back "jacket," something much like a luxurious towel to drape at the neck. A beach stole? Whatever. —KATHLEEN MADDEN

When it comes to civilized shopping pleasures, the English, unarguably, have decided style—and Washington, D.C.'s new-this-fall Burberry's shop is clearly living up to that notion. Late afternoons, customers at Burberry's Connecticut Avenue premises—among the classic trenchcoats and toppers—are treated to various biscuits and tea. Because, simply: "It's an English tradition."

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IF YOU WANT TO GET MORE OUT OF FASHION AND MORE OUT OF ACCESSORIES— IT PAYS TO ASK

THE RIGHT QUESTIONS

The first question, always: what really counts? What makes a difference?—a difference in the way clothes look, and in the way they feel. What—out of everything that's available—gives fashion a livelier twist? The answer—and it's the subject of this issue—accessories, elements that give you more. This month, the news in accessories—and, beyond the news, how to find what's best, how to put the best looks together. To do that fast, easily: it's a question of asking all the right questions . . .

Starting with the whole question of color. Suddenly, color seems to be everywhere, in everything; it's become the season's most overworked word. The truth is: there is color in fashion; in fact, a new range of color from acid brights to soft, muted, more offbeat shades. But color has to be recognized for what it is—a key thread in the season's fashion story, not the entire plot. And for all its obvious appeal, it's something that has to be handled carefully—the idea isn't how much color you can get away with, but how little color it actually takes to make a difference.

The most effective way to wear color?—as single, strong accents. Color as a real "accessory"—something to move, to contrast, to play against black, navy, neutrals . . . a wonderful oversized shirt in color . . . a midriff-baring top . . . a 3/4-length coat . . . a terrific color-bright graffiti-printed scarf. A clue to finding the most appealing color—look for appealing textures; look for gutsier linens, lightweight wools, cotton knits, rather than thin "simple" silks.

If it's a question of color at its most accessible, most eye-catching—the answer, far and away—the season's new shoes. Shoes that answer another question: how to make the most of the new shorter skirts, the overall legginess in fashion. What sets them apart: their individuality, design, and wit—all of which have evolved along with changes in color and texture. The news in shape: a higher-heeled sandal, often a slingback, but a sandal with stronger straps, definite presence—it can easily take the place of a pump for day.

As for the color: shoes mirror the prevailing fashion color range. There are brights: a raspberry sandal, or brilliant yellow, or a multicolor arrangement of straps; neutrals—a new hemp, as a more interesting replacement for beige, navy and white, black and white; and, finally, surprise offbeat colors—the unexpected dash, the sophistication of muted chartreuse, faded coral-red. Again, reflecting the larger picture, all of these colors appear at their best in interesting textures—most notably, reptiles, and textured leathers, even ornamentally designed fabrics.

The key to the effectiveness of shoes: in the wearing—color-in-shoes as an accent (never bright with bright) or a neutral shoe to balance color-in-clothes. (And the same principles apply to stockings—with the almost limitless range of patterns and prints and special effects, a little discretion goes a long way).

How do you distinguish the best of the season's new jewelry from the rest?—by its distinctiveness, its unmistakable character. The pieces that stand out are unique in design; pieces strong enough to go it alone (the true test of their character). And jewelry is not all over the map; there are clear areas of interest. The first, cuffs—the wider, the bolder, the better. These are a long way from nondescript bangles that pile on by the dozen. Instead: a single cuff of shining silver set with icy, silver stones; a carved slice of color; a cuff of matte textured gold or a thick cut-out of polished wood.

A second focal point: earrings, with some version of a hoop prevailing—solidly geometric in color-with-black, or silver-with-color, or a new circle of woven red silk cord (in accessories, as in "real" clothes, interesting textures go hand-in-hand with color). All you need to create a look: a strong wrist, a strong ear. Occasionally, you'll find the same boldness, the same striking quality in a choker—one that sits high on the neck—but it's less of an overall theme.

What becomes a perfect base of dressing—with these accessories, these shoes in mind: a new shirt and skirt dressing for day—fresh, appealing, continuing a more gentle, more feminine mood in fashion. At its most pulled-together, a shirt and skirt that's fully the equivalent of a two-piece dress, even of a suit. The reason: the new design of the pieces. Skirts that are sarong-wrapped, or shaped and high-waisted, or side-buttoned in an unusual way, or tied at the waist with color (a perfect example of the perfect color accent)—and always, very leggy, very narrow. The accompanying shirts are more relaxed, easy-going, but held in some way.

Where do you find the most interesting area of change—one with far-reaching implications?—in the world of lingerie dressing. To begin with, distinctions continue to blur between what goes under fashion and what *is* fashion; between what's strictly leisure/exercise and what goes farther. One result: new bikinis, bras, underthings shaped very much like sports/fitness pieces—providing a higher level of comfort, more cover, a more dressed feeling (Something to watch next month—bathing suits with similar shaping, a similar feeling.) More news: the way these pieces are worn at-home, sliding easily under a beautifully cut, tailored pyjama top. And the whole idea of pyjama dressing is just beginning to come into its own—for summer, you'll see pyjama variations for day, dinner, the beach.

At the same time, there is another side to lingerie dressing—one with the most feminine, most luxurious pieces—bras, bikinis, teddies, robes in lace or with lace edges, or in tiny floral prints. An interesting "color" note: whether more athletic or more feminine, white looks best for everything.

Changes in lingerie are only one manifestation of a still growing, still evolving body-consciousness in dressing. And, to the question of where will it all end—clearly, no end is in sight. What started out as a fitness phenomenon, as exercise dressing has developed into a total body awareness, a way-of-life way of dressing that has extended into, influenced, and changed every area of fashion. One measure of its acceptance: the fact that this season's "hottest" under-jacket top is some version of a bra. More than that: there is real dressing on every level that takes off from, that demands the very best body. Obviously, it's not a way of dressing for everyone, but it is a definite, here-to-stay, fashion direction. And, for summer, it takes different guises, with new fabrics—new stretch fabrics and knits that shape the body in even more provocative ways.

No question: Of all fashion elements, accessories have a unique charm; you could label them "user-friendly" and receive no argument. The right accessory—still—is the fastest way to make a change, to turn a look. The right accessory—still—gives a delight of its own. What does change: the range of options, but this is one place where choice is welcome, where the selection process lets you take in a variety of temptations, often unexpected temptations—from the ornamental exuberance of zebra-patterned pumps—black velvet on sheer net—to the raciness of black sunglasses streaked with neon color to the freewheeling charm of a big tropical printed canvas tote bag to the one-of-a-kind brilliance of a stunning black gold cuff set with diamonds. What all of these, what all the best accessories share, what you should demand—a remarkable character, perfect examples of which begin next page . . .

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NEW ACCESSORIES
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ACCESSORIES—DISPLAYING

The accessory news: a choker that sits high on the neck. The remarkable interpretation from Marina B.—oval links of black onyx and gold centered by an extraordinary heart-shaped ruby (27.63 carats) with diamond baguettes; a "theme" echoed by twelve smaller heart-shaped diamonds. Necklace, Marina B., New York and Geneva, Switzerland. Hair, Gerard Bollei at La Galleria, NYC; makeup, Michel Voyski. . . . *Beauty Note:* A striking makeup effect—a sheer finish to skin, accented by matte color. Here, from Maquillage de Christian Dior, Teint Mat "Dark Beige" foundation; Orpheus Red lipstick, Details, last pages, this issue.

REMARKABLE CHARACTER

Sheila Metzner

DISPLAYING REMARKABLE CHARACTER—
AND A NEW WAY WITH COLOR

Sheila Metzner

DISPLAYING

Accessories as strong accents, singular pieces. Perfect examples, *left*, the striking gold cuffs of Barry Kieselstein-Cord in matte 18k, with their sculptural patterns, outstanding textural quality. Barry Kieselstein-Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman.... For individuality, wit, all-out decorativeness, this season's new shoes and stockings. Case in point, *right*: the wonderfully ornamental zebra-patterned pumps of Maud Frizon—black velvet flocking on sheer net. The decorative-patterned leg —sheer white dotted in black velvet. Pumps, about $205. Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour; Rich's, Atlanta; Hattie. Hue panty stockings at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; Macy's, San Francisco. Hair, Oribe of John Dellaria Salon, NYC; makeup, Michel Voyski; manicure, Elisa Ferri for Beauty Bookings...

REMARKABLE CHARACTER...IN HIGHLY DECORATIVE PATTERNS

Beauty Note: Another interesting look to makeup at night—pale, sheer color accented by a stronger mouth. Left, Clinique's Ivory Balanced Makeup Base; Grape Cognac lips. Details, last pages.

Sheila Metzner

DISPLAYING REMARKABLE CHARACTER ... COLOR AS A PROVOCATIVE ELEMENT

What gives color its unique position, its sophistication this season—the way it's worn—as a single point of interest. What gives it more appeal—the variety of outstanding color pieces to choose from. Color in a bag, *above*: Fendi's beautiful square of shiny patent in stripes of sophisticated color, on a thin shoulder strap. About $175. Bergdorf Goodman; Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; David's, Palm Beach....And the charm of color in a witty, offbeat accessory, *right*: Norma Kamali's bright gold fan-shaped hat. OMO Norma Kamali Boutique, NYC. More eye-catching color: Elsa Peretti's new twisted-silk-cord hoop earring, here in red—a different take on the season's key earring shape. Earrings, Elsa Peretti for Tiffany, about $95. Hair, Gerard Bollei at La Galleria, NYC; makeup, Michel Voyski....Beauty Note: Makeup that picks up on more provocative color—Shiseido's Black & Yellow eyeshadows; Tangerine Tulip blush; Parasol Orange lips—all sheer, subtly applied. Details, last pages.

Sheila Metzner

DISPLAYING REMARKABLE CHARACTER... TO A DAZZLING EFFECT

What stands out—for ornamentation, for special effects, for pure glamour—the season's new evening shoes. All of the above, *opposite*, in the most ravishing black satin evening sandals from Roger Vivier—with a diagonal ribbon strap, rhinestone button at the ankle, and a beautiful high heel that rests on a rounded, rhinestone-studded tip—truly, a collector's item. About $290. Late March at Roger Vivier Salon, NYC . . . .In the same mood, two dazzling rings from Van Cleef & Arpels: one, a wide ribbon-of-rubies, edged in diamonds; the other, a dome of pavé diamonds . . . *Beauty Note:* No matter what color is on nails—a clear finish, as here, or fantasy colors, or brights —attention is drawn to their condition, as well as to that of hands. An effective way to care for both: Clarins Hand and Nail Treatment Cream. Manicure, Elisa Ferri for Beauty Bookings.

Sheila Metzner

THE IDEA OF COLOR!

COLOR IS EVERYWHERE, IN EVERYTHING; ONE OF THE SEASON'S PIVOTAL THEMES. KEY TO ITS EFFECTIVENESS: THE SOPHISTICATED WAY IT'S USED. NEVER HEAD-TO-TOE, BUT AS A SINGLE ELEMENT OF CONTRAST WITH ALL-DARK, ALL-WHITE, ALL-NEUTRAL

On these eight pages, the bright-color advantage. Starting with the idea of color in shoes and stockings (The color-with-color obviously isn't meant literally. It's poetic license to underscore the color takeover.) . . . Even in a season of strong accessories, shoes stand out. They're totally individual; uncommon in design, texture, color. The prime shoe, day and night: a broad-strapped sandal. Pumps are cut out with shapely silhouettes. Another hallmark: heel interest. Heels are shaped, textured, decorated. And—it's a fashion given now—the last word on shoes is what goes on legs. Panty stockings are textured, colored, strongly patterned. . . . Examples: Walter Steiger's multicolored sandals, about $200. Walter Steiger, Madison Avenue NYC; Garfinckel's; Frost Bros. Hue's black-and-white panty stockings, about $10. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin . . . Perfect for white, any neutral, Andrea Pfister's low-heeled yellow snakeskin pump with multicolored flowers, about $350. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; I. Magnin. Hue's orange panty stockings, about $10. Macy's, Herald Square; Filene's; Neiman-Marcus. . . . Another accessory that can be your one hit-of-color: a tropical-print canvas handbag like Divertente's, about $95. Vittorio Ricci, NYC. . . . Or, Maud Frizon's bucket bag of red and pink patent leather, about $260. Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. Details, see last pages.

Steven Meisel

THE IDEA OF COLOR...DAY AND NIGHT

Whatever looks good this season, looks even better in color. . . . In a season of strong pyjama dressing: Stanley Sherman's *opposite, far left,* in fuchsia silk jacquard with a sashed wrap top, classic trousers. About $290. Mid-April, Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Marshall Field's; Woolf Brothers; Bullocks Wilshire. Maud Frizon pump. . . . In a more casual context, *opposite, center,* Kenzo's turquoise polo (about $203) and cropped pants (about $231). Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Fred Segal, Los Angeles. The sandals by Walter Steiger. . . . And, from Fernando Sanchez, who moved at-home dressing to a whole new level, *this page, far left:* a pink/yellow/white robe (about $158) over white pants (about $80). Henri Bendel; Barbara Newman at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Boudoir, Scottsdale AZ; Susan Barry, Seattle WA; Creed's, Toronto; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Walter Steiger sandals. Stephen Sprouse's signature-shape coat, *this page, near left* (about $365), with a matching tank and slim skirt, has a new character and range in sapphire wool knit. Barneys New York; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Nikki, Framingham MA; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. . . . What works best with these leggy looks in bright color: dark or black shoes and legs. Here, Stephen Sprouse's pumps and panty stockings. These two pages: Hair, Gad Cohen for La Coupe Salon, NYC; make-up, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, stores, last pages.

A change of color, and there's a change of character, mood, beat. Example, *left,* Joan Vass USA's cotton knit cropped top (about $50) and mid-calf skirt (about $60)—great resort or off-hours dressing—have a racier attitude in fuchsia. Bergdorf Goodman; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Hutzler's, Baltimore MD; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's. Sandals, Maud Frizon. . . . Very much around for both day and night—dressing based on men's pyjamas. *This page, right,* Muriel Grateau's take in chartreuse and black with . . . a strapless bra (newest underjacket "top"). Jacket, about $450; pants, about $400; bra, about $130. Bergdorf Goodman. Walter Steiger sandals. . . . In a season when attractive dresses aren't easy to find—in any season—Albert Nipon's crisp yellow linen; with a body-close set-in waist, *opposite, near right.* About $340. Late April at Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Gidding Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Dayton's; Frost Bros. Walter Steiger shoes. Hanes Hosiery. . . . It's a different dazzle when the paillettes are shamrock green. *Opposite, far right:* Stephen Sprouse's narrow cardigan (about $765) and small sleeveless dress (about $675). Saks Fifth Avenue; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; I. Magnin. Pumps, Yves Saint Laurent Footwear; Hanes Hosiery. Hair, Oribe of John Dellaria Salon, NYC; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, more stores, see last pages this issue.

THE IDEA OF COLOR... DAY AND NIGHT

Steven Meisel

Symbols of new movable makeup. Colors (by Barone) that shift from lips, brows, nails; accent the season's paler makeup colors.

Light and color. In steel and frosted glass, the news in table lamps, called, appropriately— "Round." Bieffe USA, in NYC.

When you wear all-black, all-dark, all-white, or all-neutral: bright-pink snakeskin shoes by Walter Steiger ($260); Voilá's multicolor panty stockings ($12).

One of the best quick-change accessories: a brilliant orange big shirt. To update, "turn" the look of any skirt or pants. Pierre Cardin Sportif. $108.

Step lively: Everywhere, color on white; color on black; the most wonderful legs. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear's yellow-bowed white sandals ($160); Hue's patterned panty stockings ($10).

Nothing trite about the tailored classic trench raincoat. . . when it's chrome yellow ciré. Searle. $320.

Color to live with. Soft, comfortable "Topolino" chair at Pace Collection, NYC.

The delight of color —from the skin out. Maidenform-Body Talk panties. $4 each.

This-minute modern. These Soley steel/wood chairs at Harvey Probber, NYC, fold, hang on the wall, brighten any room.

Seductive: Andrea Pfister's sapphire silk sandals with sequin flowers. $320. Le Bourget-Globus Mercantile lace panty stockings. $18.

Colored cushions, curved steel frame, as far as you can get from a conventional sofa: the "Marshmallow" by George Nelson for Herman Miller. At Fifty/50, NYC.

For all the things you have to "tote": Maud Frizon's plum and yellow patent leather bag. $335.

THE IDEA OF COLOR! IN EVERYTHING

NO MATTER WHETHER IT'S CLOTHES, ACCESSORIES OR DESIGN FOR THE HOME . . . COLOR MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE

The "Rotor" desk lamp: with a movable arm; bright color shielding the light. Bieffe USA, in NYC.

Another version of the multicolor "Topolino" chair at Pace Collection, NYC. This one's a rocker.

Fast footwork for the new neutrals, the new leggy looks: Maud Frizon's cut-out yellow lizard pump on a shapely, meant-to-walk-on stacked heel. $315. The striking panty stockings, Hue. $10.

All prices approximate. Hair, Sean Hoskins. Makeup, Leventé for Garren, NYC. Fashion details, stores, last pages.

Tohru Nakamura

Red—in leather
—in Mario Valentino's
"layered" pieces:
a sleeveless vest
worn under
a jacket that's
cropped in front,
left longer in the back—
and a straight skirt.
Jacket, about $640; vest,
about $545;
skirt, about
$485.

The pivotal color
in every collection
this season—
red . . . And here,
in that color,
some of the best
symbols
of the season.
(For another
side of the color
story, see the
following page. . .)
A perfect example
of shirt dressing—
in a one-piece
dress—
Gianfranco Ferre's
knockout dinner
dress of silk shantung
that ties at the waist
with a dramatic
shirttail bow.
About $1060.

What you
want when you
want just a touch of red,
just a hit of color—
against
black, against white:
Fendi's perfectly
square patent
leather
shoulder
bag. About
$270.

Another way to wear
red: against a darker
leg, against a black
dress: Maud Frizon's
red sandal with
pink satin heel and
ankle strap.
About $205.

Details, stores,
last pages.

Antonio

COLORS OF THE SEASON... RED

A very easygoing shirt dress—Frances Henaghan's in crisp cotton with a set-in waistband for a more body-close shaping. About $104.

Kin to the perfect "little black dress"—one in red suede—Fendi's, that goes anywhere, in any climate, and looks terrific balanced by black stockings and shoes. About $1250.

Another way to wear red, to draw attention to eyes (especially to lighter lashes): red mascara—an unexpected eye "whitener"—like Cassis Red from Yves Saint Laurent Beauté.

Real red lips (a neutral for some women who wear it every day)—but usually as a "spot" of eye-catching color played against a pale face, a soft, smoky eye: Christian Dior's Goldfish Red #646.

BLACK

THE COLORS OF THE SEASON...

One of the most feminine touches: Angelo Tarlazzi's bare lace-edged black silk blouse that ties in a charming bow and tucks into a black wool skirt, slides under a black wool jacket. Blouse, about $230; skirt, about $225; jacket, about $570.

When there's color around, especially red, what you may want most is black, or black and white, to act as a foil, an anchor for all dressing. Here, at its most feminine . . . A perfect restaurant dress—a perfect "body" dress—in silk zebra stripes! —from Bill Blass, with his signature shirring. About $2060.

White lace (the most feminine "detail"), at its most appealing—Fernando Sanchez's longer shirt worn over a straight silk jacquard skirt, and tied at the waist in a fuchsia silk sash. Turnout, about $1020.

Perfect little nothings (in black) to slip under anything black, or red: Vanity Fair's strapless lace underwire bra, and lace-edged briefs (Antron/Lycra). Bra, about $15; panties, about $9.

An ornamental fantasy—very dark lips that range from mulberry to darker. The "ultimate": black lipstick from the Make-Up Center, NYC.

Details, stores, last pages.

the change for spring PRETTIER MAKEUP

Prettier makeup—softer, slightly paler, and definitely more natural—is what is emerging as the beauty direction of the new spring season. That it is more natural is no surprise. The coming of warm weather usually brings with it a lightened beauty approach: one that's time-saving and lower in maintenance; one that is, in a word, simplified. This season, what makes the warm-weather difference especially appealing is the fundamental prettiness of its fresh-look colorings, its tempting overall sheerness. Not necessarily less makeup, it imparts the *look* of less. At the same time, it's a makeup that women can look and feel comfortable, attractive in.

Much of the freshness of the season comes from the new icy palette of colorings: it offers a distinct difference from the rich, dramatic colors of very recent appeal. In addition to more expected eye-color neutrals, comes a range of softly feminine "butterfly" pastels, often washed with white: colors such as icy lavender and pale powder blue, and especially new tones of mint, peach, and ochre. For the prettiest effect, these can be applied in the single clean sweep of color across the lids. Their prettiness of tone is backed by sheerer foundations, a minimal blush of cheek color. There's a move away from the density of a matte finish to one that glows (not shines) because it better imparts the quality of healthy good skin.

Foundations are undoubtedly lighter. There are new consistency liquids to try, new powders that are shimmered, rather than chalky. And owing to ever better skin care, more women are finding that they look better with—and want—less coverage, especially at this time of year. Often a little concealer dusted with a loose, transparent powder in any of the soft, prettier shades now available—the lavenders, peaches, pinks, whites—are all that's needed to give skin a natural, healthy finish. Cheek color, too, is applied not so much to add more color, but simply to define the cheekbones. The new cream rouges—more natural looking, easier to apply—which can be used all over the face, even coloring the lips, are particularly effective.

Key to the total effect of makeup this spring: the way it is applied. Because it's minimal, it doesn't need precise application (heavier makeup, on the other hand, always requires more time, care to keep it from looking overdone). This "artlessness" of approach adds to the charm. Lips, for example, appear prettiest when blotted out to almost nothing, in muted colors gleamed with a low-shine tinted gloss. Sheerness and texture are what count almost more than color. As for eyes, just a stronger brow shape, a lick of mascara are often enough.

Clear from the start—that the biggest beauty difference for spring is the change in colorings: to tones that are prettier, paler, and refreshingly natural, worn in an easy, almost minimal way

Evening makeup, in keeping with the more relaxed, casual character of the season, starts in the same more natural way, with the main difference being its intensity. The colors have a little more gleam, a more opaque quality in contrast to the overall sheerness of color for day.

The natural evolution of makeup today: taking on an easier, lightened look. Here, *at right,* probably the most makeup you'll see this season, with eyes, cheeks, lips all noticeably softened. Emphasis: sheer lip color, in Goldlit Peach, topped with Minimal Pink Shine; the neutral eye, colored in Cocoa Smokestick and black mascara. (Played down: cheeks, with the barest blush of Sunlit Pink.) All, from Estée Lauder's Color Transparencies. On all these pages—the dramatic impact of strong accessories played against the new softer makeups. Here, the contrast of big-scale stoned-metal cuffs. *Left, wrist to cuff:* Patricia Locke Designer Collections; M&J Savitt; *right.* Patricia Locke Designer Collections; Scooter. Silver/rhinestone glasses, Alain Mikli. Hair, Valentin for Jean Louis David; makeup, Linda Cantello. Fashion details, stores, next to last pages.

Against black with bright, bright with black, played-down makeup looks hold their own . . . *Left:* Lips, almost totally neutral, in Elizabeth Arden's Waterlily, eyes defined with Haze/Mist Softshadows and Charcoal liner. To "pick up" cheekbones, a slight brush of Warmblush. Jacket, Stephen Sprouse. Earrings, Jim McCullough; top and bottom bracelets, Martha Sturdy, Canada; center bracelet, Bill Schiffer. Hair, Valentin for Jean Louis David; makeup, Linda Cantello. . . . *Opposite:* Another version of sheer, minimal makeup: paled lips, in Lancôme's Seapearl shined with Sheerly Opal; "more" eye—strong brow, darkened lashes, lid shadowed in Mist de Nuit. Rose Ivoire on cheeks. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun; glasses, Fiorucci. Hair, Oribe of John Dellaria Salon, NYC; makeup, Rumiko. Details, stores, last pages.

prettier makeup

prettier makeup

This page: Minimal eye, pale skin balanced by the charm of an almost bright lip color and *real* color—unexpected, unmatching—on nails. All from Chanel: As a base, translucent Lumière powder with Peony on cheeks, eyelids; eyes lined in Teak. Lip color, Peach Passion; nails, Pink Passion. Cuff, Martha Sturdy, Canada; silver bracelet, Alexis Kirk; hoops—news! —by Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. . . . *Opposite:* Taking minimal to almost nude . . . and charmingly natural, via Revlon: On face, cheeks—Delicate Ivory base, used as you would a concealer. Tiger Lily and Ranch Mink shadows on eyes; on lips, Uptown Tangerine blotted to a pale stain. Earrings, Tanis Kmetyk for T.N.T. Chunky bangles, Victor Carranza. Hair, both pages, Valentin for Jean Louis David; makeup, Linda Cantello. Details, last pages.

Toscani

nobody's better...

Toscani

In the world of increasing "body consciousness," Azzedine is unique. What he did first—and does better than anyone else—a special kind of total body-focused dressing. And the accent is on dressing; these are real clothes. The key: the fabrics, the built-in shape, the distinctive seaming . . . and the extra sizzle he gives everything. What's new for him—you see it on these four pages—color. Instead of Azzedine black—soft, elemental unexpected colors . . . Pure Azzedine! *above*—in a new strawberry (his brightest shade), a beautifully cut above-the-knee "jeans" skirt in cotton knit, seamed, zipped across each hip, belted; a matching bare midriff top, with its own distinctive seaming. Top, about $265; skirt, about $220. Bergdorf Goodman; Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills; Apropos, Newport Beach and San Diego CA. These four pages: hair, Oribe of John Dellaria Salon, NYC; makeup, Rumiko. Details, last pages.

the all-shape dressing of Azzedine Alaïa

no body's better

Even at Azzedine, there are degrees of body dressing—from maximum to a more minimum exposure. *Left,* his new sundress in pale grey-green knit, with an over-the-head halter top, bared midriff and back, short, seamed skirt—it's a shape he repeats throughout the collection. About $305. Bergdorf Goodman; Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills; Apropos, Newport Beach and San Diego CA. A change of pace, *inset below,* Azzedine's new gabardine pants suit with perfectly cut, perfectly fitting trousers, a waist-length jacket, and the most charming knit halter top—a standout in a season of bare under-jacket dressing! Pants suit of viscose. Jacket, about $400; halter, about $175. Pants, about $340. Barneys New York; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Apropos, Newport Beach and San Diego CA; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills. . . .

The ultimate two-piece bathing suit, *right:* a pale-peach halter and thong—each piece shaped to the body; there are no hooks, no closings—it's all in the unique Azzedine fit. About $110.Barneys New York; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills; Apropos, Newport Beach, San Diego CA. . . . *Beauty Note:* This kind of exposure is a good reminder —you can't have too much sun protection. From Estée Lauder, eight new highly protective special-care products in the Estée Lauder Sun system. Details, see next to last pages.

new dimensions in skin care

If there's one word that sums up the current beauty attitude on the part of American women, that word is *care*. It's the basis without which all the cosmetic aspects (and we're certainly not knocking them: for pleasure, for finish, for effect) don't work, and it's a comprehensive approach that includes nutrition, fitness, energy. . . . Well, there's no need to spell it out one more time, because self-care is a given in women's lives today, and it's the source of the real news in skin care. Acknowledging our "total" involvement in our health and good looks, the products that interest women, that women need now, are those evolving to focus the same results-producing care for the body that we've had for the face. This direction reflects what women have known for a while: that the effects of aging and the hazards of sun exposure don't stop at the neck. That our exercise habits, our travel habits—whether from office to appointments or Chicago to L.A.—mean that skin care must not only be effective but fit in a briefcase . . . a suitcase . . . go through a day—or a season.

Also triggering this demand for sophisticated whole-body skin care: once you get past all the convincing technological talk, there's the even more convincing fact that the products *work*—those lip-specific "primers," facial line-preventers, under-makeup eye bases, etc.—and we want that same protection, the same degree of precision for our bodies as for our faces. Ideally, in products that will provide these benefits easily and quickly.

That's the thinking behind this month's U.S. introduction of Biotherm, one of France's top-selling skin-care lines. A collection of twenty-four products targeted for face, body, and sun protection, it offers a key point of difference: While Biotherm includes everything from cleansers and toners to masks to protective and restorative body creams and head-to-toe sun blocks, there are *no* set regimens, *no* step-by-step programs. Instead, what you'll find are fast, effective "spot treatments." You know where you need help; Biotherm supplies it. It's that uncomplicated.

Take their Revitalizing Gel for Legs that can go on over stockings, for example. We mention that fact not because you'd necessarily want to put it on over your stockings but because you *can:* super-light and easily absorbed, it represents a dramatic shift in texture that's all the more exciting because it's even *more* effective than the glop you might have put on last year or last week.

And that brings us to some intriguing technology: "In the last ten years, we have learned a great deal about what makes skin age, about the biological process of wrinkle formation," said Lucien Aubert, doctor of biology and biochemistry and director of research for Biotherm. "As a result of this research, we know that the traditional aim of skin creams of the past—holding moisture in skin cells—while important, is not sufficient to safeguard skin's look of youthfulness. Beyond age thirty, skin loses more than moisture; the cell-turnover rate begins to slow and the buildup of old, dry cells on the skin surface robs skin of *(Continued on page 555)*

The difference, this spring, in fashion: a new bareness, a new legginess, a new impact from accessories that deliver a little bit more. In beauty, a different kind of impact, of finish: a more unexpected makeup—appealingly soft, sheer . . . head-to-toe skin care that is as precise as it is effective. Case in point: Revitalizing Gel for Legs, so light it can go on over stockings—part of the U.S. introduction this month of the Biotherm skin-care collection. Bracelet by Wendy Gell Jewelry; pumps by Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Hair by Ezel for Bumble & Bumble; makeup, Margaret Avery; manicure, Elisabeth Drabinski. Details, stores, last pages.

Denis Piel

Resist or submit? Experts say there are no rules; each situation differs. Here, Lisa Sliwa uses eyeglasses as a weapon, an expert-approved method. But even a confident, trained woman such as Lisa has found herself in a situation where, experts point out, her best defense was not resisting.

an interview with Lisa Sliwa

BY DOROTHY SCHEFER

Outspoken, tough, and controversial, Lisa Sliwa, *above*, is the national leader, along with husband Curtis, of the Guardian Angels—a volunteer community group of self-appointed young men and women who—wearing their trademark red berets—travel NYC streets and subways in attempt to thwart crime. Started by Curtis Sliwa in 1979, the Guardian Angels now includes groups located in fifty-eight American and Canadian cities.

One of the first women Angels, Lisa Sliwa patrolled NYC's high-crime "A train" on the midnight shift—after a full day's work in a New York City art gallery. That changed in 1981, when Sliwa led a group of Angels into Atlanta during the time of the mass child slayings. Her mission: to teach mothers and children safety precautions—"and what I saw there changed my life."

Today, Sliwa, who has developed the Guardian Angels' national training program, does modeling to pay bills (neither she nor Curtis collects a salary) and devotes most of her time and energy to the Angels. The result: Sliwa's contributions have moved the Angels in new directions. While the Angels' crime-busting activities receive the most publicity, both pro and con, their work helping the elderly and poor goes virtually unnoticed.

A victim of a criminal attack herself, Sliwa now travels the country teaching self-protection, safety techniques to women and children. Here, Sliwa shares her thoughts with Vogue, and her belief that all women should be concerned about crime. . .

DS: Lisa, how did you—a well-educated, middle-class girl from the suburbs—get involved with the Guardian Angels?

LS: As most of us do, I had an elitist attitude about crime. I grew up in an affluent suburb. There was no crime. We never worried about locking doors; nothing happened.

I always had the attitude that I could compete with a man—in any field. But, when I moved to New York, I discovered that *all* women face another problem in addition to prejudice and discrimination. Most women—even if they're lucky enough to avoid being mugged or raped—have experienced some form of harrassment. No matter how rich or well-educated they are, there's no place in the United States today where women can escape the threat of crime.

For me, crime is the civil-rights issue of the '80s. Women don't realize how much we make adjustments in our life style . . . how much of our liberty, our freedom is restricted because of crime . . . or how much of our money, for that matter, is spent on crime prevention.

Most crime is perpetrated by young people, and I believe it is up to young people to try to alleviate it—that is the philosophy of the Guardian Angels. I get a great deal of satisfaction helping people; and that satisfaction is immediate.

DS: Do you believe that most women can really change their attitudes about crime?

LS: I reject the idea that women have to live with fear. I don't think women should have to suffer humiliation and loss of dignity because there are criminals out there trying to take advantage of us. I don't think that just because we're women, we should have to restrict our movements—or our choice of occupation. How can a woman compete with a man, for example, if he doesn't have to worry as much about getting home safely after a late night at the office? For a woman, that's a very real consideration. That same consideration applies to women traveling alone.

I don't believe that to be safe in a city, women must make themselves look less attractive and give up wearing makeup or jewelry. I know I don't want to live like that.

Today, women are concerned about diet, fitness, overall health; but I believe we have to take that concern one step further: women have to *(Continued on page 557)*

EN & SELF-DEFENSE

about safety comes new thinking among experts about how women can best be protected against attack

resist or submit? new expert views

BY SHARI MILLER

What may be one of the key public-health issues of the '80s: self-protection, especially for women. Confronted with FBI statistics indicating a woman is raped in the U.S. *once every six minutes*, women are realizing that—just as we have taken responsibility for our health, our futures—we owe it to ourselves to become educated about crime prevention and options for self-defense. Ironically, the most vulnerable among us may be those who think of ourselves as most independent and who give crime the least amount of thought: single, well-educated, career-minded women.

"As women, we're particularly vulnerable; yet, traditionally we've been led to believe we are powerless to protect ourselves," said Lois Haight Herrington, L.L.B., J.D., assistant attorney general for justice programs, U.S. Department of Justice; former chairperson, 1982 President's Task Force on Victims of Crime.

Now, however, that thinking is changing. Many credit the impetus for this new awareness to two important forces in modern women's lives: the women's movement and the fitness boom, which has given women new views of their strengths, their capabilities.

A recent study funded by the National Institute of Mental Health reveals that fitness *does* make a difference: the skills that enable a woman to survive criminal attack are a combination of keen body/environment awareness, positive self-image, self-confidence, plus physical strength, agility, and endurance to outrun an attacker.

Where some experts feel fitness may also make a difference: in whether or not a woman is singled out as a crime target. Looking less vulnerable doesn't necessarily mean looking less feminine. "Body language, while not a guarantee of safety, can reduce a woman's look of vulnerability," said self-defense consultant Pamela McDonnell, cofounder of the Safety and Fitness Exchange, NYC. "Walking tall, moving confidently not only indicates control but implies the possibility of aggressiveness." Detective Ellen King, Sex Crimes Unit, New York City Police Department, agrees: "Rapists look for women whom they perceive as easy targets, women who aren't likely to give them trouble."

Fitness influences a woman even down to her shoes: wearing low-heeled shoes or sneakers allows for freedom of movement to flee.

FIRST: A REALISTIC APPROACH

Until recently, most women simply chose to ignore crime rather than dwell on its prevalence—and with good reason: statistics show that *one in ten women will become a rape victim* at some point in her life.

"The woman who chooses to ignore crime and violence in our society, who persists in believing, 'it won't happen to me,' puts herself at greatest risk. Studies show that *how a woman reacts during the first twenty-to-thirty seconds of a confrontation with a criminal can make the difference between whether or not she is physically or sexually assaulted.* The only way to maintain self-control is to prepare yourself beforehand," said Livio Beccaccio, chief of defense tactics and physical training at the FBI Academy, Quantico, Virginia.

"Just as women today don't wait until they develop heart disease to begin exercising regularly and eating healthfully, a woman should not wait until she's a crime victim to educate herself about self-defense."

NEW VIEWS: FIGHT BACK OR SUBMIT?

In extensive interviews with ninety-four women who had been attacked, sociologist Pauline B. Bart, Ph.D., visiting scholar at Harvard and UCLA Law Schools this year, and Patricia H. O'Brien of St. Xavier College found that women who responded to attackers with anger and rage—who yelled, screamed, tried to flee, or physically resisted—were less likely to be raped than were women who froze in panic and submitted. What also differentiated the women who successfully resisted rape from those who did not: the former were more likely to have led physically active lives—to have exercised regularly, to have played contact sports as young girls. Perhaps less surprising but no less important was the finding that women who *(Continued on page 558)*

learning how to protect yourself

"It's unfortunate that we live in a society in which we need to rehearse crime situations, but that seems to be the case," noted Assistant Attorney General Herrington. More companies are making self-defense part of corporate fitness programs.

"Most women assume that in a life-threatening situation, they will automatically be able to shout, hit, or kick, but then find themselves so frightened that they hold their breath, unable to scream—even in a role-playing session," said Survive's Gardner, who, along with Lisa Sliwa, Pam McDonnell of SAFE, and Detective King, speaks to community and corporate groups.

Experts feel strongly that women have the right to know *all* their options. "Criminals use animal tactics," said Gardner. "Women who want to protect themselves need to know that the best way is not to hit or kick randomly but to go for weak points—e.g., eyes and throat."

Women who take self-defense courses note that they never knew how hard they could kick or punch—and that alone lessens their fear. Notes McDonnell: "For most women, it takes courage they're not sure they possess to fight a man. An important component of self-defense training is to learn what you can do and to be able to analyze a situation carefully."

Adds NYC Detective King: "Beware of an instructor who generalizes about crime situations—each one differs. Assess if you have what it takes to resist. If you think you don't, submitting may be your best defense."

our gang

Poised between cult heroics and full-fledged fame, the idiosyncratic stars of Desperately Seeking Susan define a new generation of filmmaking talent

Recognize these faces? This is the cast of "Desperately Seeking Susan," and "Desperately Seeking Susan" may be one of those movies, like "Diner" and "American Graffiti," that defines a whole generation of actors.

It's a movie about a scene, a comedy set against the backdrop of Manhattan's hipper than hip Downtown, where Roberta, an itchy housewife from New Jersey, accidentally steps into the life of a new-wave adventuress, the eponymous Susan. Upping her cool quotient, Roberta soon finds herself riding freight elevators up to lofts, hanging out with people who dress primarily in black, and admiring atonal music in places like SoHo, the East Village, and other neighborhoods lacking manicured lawns.

"Susan" has been directed by Susan Seidelman, a relatively recent graduate of New York University's film school. Her first feature film was the independently produced "Smithereens," a surprisingly wistful movie about a punkette who yearns for the big time while lacking any discernible talent that could get her there. Made with a budget of nothing, "Smithereens" was enough of a sleeper hit to get Seidelman "Susan," her first job with a major studio (Orion). In the midst of the intense "au courantia" surrounding this picture, she gamely says that she hopes to recapture the spirit of Billy Wilder.

Her cast, in terms of their careers, is hot to trot. In the film are some of Downtown Manhattan's hottest musicians and underground-film actors, and the best of a young, rising generation of Off-Broadway stage talent:

Rosanna Arquette (standing, upper right) stars as Roberta, the housewife. Previously, she played the quintessential Jewish American Princess to pouty perfection in John Sayles's "Baby, It's You." These things fluctuate wildly, but as of press time she was the country's Hottest Young Actress. She recently finished a picture for Martin Scorsese ("After Hours"), and she's currently working on a Western with Lawrence Kasdan, the writer and director of "The Big Chill." Going clockwise, Anna Levine, a former model, plays Madonna's best friend and says her character is a blue-haired Judy Holliday to Madonna's Mae West. John Lurie, a musician, was the Zen goon in "Stranger Than Paradise," a film that is to comic phrasing what the music of the spheres is to melody. Richard Edson plays with a downtown funk band named Konk, and was Lurie's co-star in "Stranger," where he matched Lurie's spectacular mug ear for ear, lip for lip, and nose for mangled nose. Madonna plays the Susan so desperately sought. Most people know her as a torch pop singer. Her recent megahit, "Like a Virgin," is rumored to be tongue in cheek. Will Patton hit the stage running when he replaced Ed Harris in the New York production of Sam Shepard's "Fool For Love," and no one looked back. Laurie Metcalf, an actress who can take on the extremes of character without getting theatrical ick all over herself, is a member of Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre Ensemble ("Balm in Gilead," "True West"), whose increasingly visible actors (e.g., John Malkovich), are turning the New York theater world into a Second City colony. Richard Hell starred in Seidelman's "Smithereens" as the shiftless boyfriend. Here he plays a corpse. In real life, he founded the seminal punk band, the Voidoids (remember "Love Comes in Spurts"?). Anne Carlisle played both the female and male leads in "Liquid Sky," a midnight circuit favorite that remains the most popular movie ever made about intergalactic junkies. She and Divine are the most notable actresses to have made love to themselves onscreen. Robert Joy has played intent, ashen young men in such films as "Atlantic City" (he played Susan Sarandon's husband) and "Ragtime" (as Norman Mailer's killer—a role said to be coveted in some literary circles). Aidan Quinn is Arquette's love interest. His previous and first movie was last year's "Reckless," which co-starred Darryl Hannah in a tale of teen rebellion and provident mattresses in unlikely places. You could cut glass with his face, but his eyes plead vulnerability. Mark Blum has the kind of regular-guy looks that could land him leading-man roles. With major Off-Broadway parts in "Key Exchange" and "Messiah," he describes "Susan" as his "Big Break."

The elements, the timing seem right: "Desperately Seeking Susan" has all the makings of a pop cultural turn signal, an "Easy Rider" or "Saturday Night Fever" for 1985. Here's hoping the weight of such expectations doesn't implode what also has the makings of being an excellent little comedy—a thing, alas, much rarer these days than pop cultural turn signals.

—BRUCE HANDY

Richard Corman

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

mark morris breaking away

Ecstatic, meditative, and wildly theatrical, choreographer Mark Morris upends the canons of Minimalism... and breathes new life into dance

We've had twenty years of Minimalist avant-garde, generally called Post-Modern, dance, and now something else is happening that doesn't even have a name—a thaw, a bloom, a lyric kineticization. Mark Morris, a choreographer who prefers to live in his native Seattle and only visit New York, is the most self-assured of the young voluptuaries come to challenge the long austerity. When he came into view with the Mark Morris Dance Group three years ago at New York City's Dance Theater Workshop, he already showed an easy, flowing musicality along with a striking stylistic range. (A satire of junior high called "Études Modernes" on the same *(Continued)*

Denis Piel

(Continued) program with an impassioned ensemble work set to Brahms!) The only question: was he just being superbly clever or was he doing something new?

The answer came in Morris' twenty-minute solo, "O Rangasayee," in his winter 1984 concert at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. His torso bare except for a Gandhi-like diaper, his palms and bare soles tinted red, his shoulder-length curls loose, Morris evoked a hitherto unknown blend of the exquisite and the sturdy. And as the dance wound itself out on the skein of an Indian raga, offering a series of perfumed, Fokinesque postures, spiraling again and again into a head-wagging strut, whirling around the stage in a cascade of turns, drawing back on itself in slow-motion grimaces, it resolved into something audiences don't usually see on the avant-garde stage—an intimate meditation on a subject close to the choreographer. In this case, it was the imaginative élan of the recent hippy vagabond romance with the East.

Such free-form eccentricity doesn't fit among the theories and methods of avant-garde dance-making. But Morris isn't just a confessional artist come to soften a doctrine-stiffened art form: he is interested in something bigger—a new, more pliant formalism. The other tour de force on the BAM program was about a subject entirely removed from Morris' or his dancers' personal experience—wrestling. "Championship Wrestling After Roland Barthes" explored the gestures of this "sport" with its built-in, lurid theatricality. The dancers, both men and women, swaggered around, thwonked each other against the floor, flashed victory signs to the audience, engaged in extended, slow-motion bouts of brutality. Through the comic, cathartic content of the dance, however, could be read its serious intentions. It was not only a homage to Barthes's idea that the ancient rituals of theater survive in modern popular wrestling, it was also Morris' witty attempt to put these rituals on his own stage, to reclaim a theatrical medium for his dances.

The 'sixties avant-garde and its progeny always said theater in dance meant trickery—elitist, decadent, pious, pretty trickery. Minimal dance was plainer, and so more truthful. Why? says Morris, supported by Roland Barthes, his own instincts and his own talents. Isn't illusion—both the personal and social brands of it—a better way to get at truth? This is a question that Post-Modern artists in art, architecture, music, and fiction are asking. Morris has luckily brought it to dance. —*Elizabeth Kendall*

one serious

Judy Davis is small, chic, and self-effacing.

But her brilliant career speaks for itself.

Now the smoldering star of A Passage to India

wants to play a "bad journalist"

BY MARY CANTWELL

In the days when actors' names were changed to mirror their images, Judy Davis would have been rechristened. Judys are perky. Judys have tip-tilted noses and bouncy breasts, and they walk as if their shoes encased mattress springs. But Judy Davis is a small, thin woman with a small, silent face who speaks in tones that have the listener remembering that a low voice is an excellent thing in a woman. She is also chic, which actresses, Judys or otherwise, rarely are; and when she walked into a New York restaurant one day last December several people turned to stare. It was not that they knew her face—*A Passage to India*, in which she is Forster's "queer, cautious" Adela Quested, had only just opened—but that she looked like she'd just left the *Mauretania*. Black hat, grey dress, black coat: Mrs. Ernest Simpson would have been happy in such a getup.

Judy Davis, who is "nearly thirty," is from Perth, a small city on the west coast of Australia. Like what seems to be an inordinate number of Australians, she wanted to be an actor, and traveled east to Sydney and the National Institute of Dramatic Art. "I saw my career in very long terms," she says. "I was going to build it up brick by brick." The first brick, however, was boulder-sized: not long after graduation she was picked for the lead in *My Brilliant Career*.

My Brilliant Career is a high-spirited film about a high-spirited young Australian who wants to be a writer. Writers seldom choose to write while sitting in trees with kittens in their laps, as one scene has it, and more than a few critics pointed that out, but Judy Davis was hailed as a young Katharine Hepburn. Now, according to at least one review of *A Passage to India*, she is a young Glenda Jackson. Miss Davis rejects both compliments. "What is the point of comparing actors and actresses? It's so *silly*."

Between *Career* and *Passages*, Miss Davis resumed bricklaying: "While you're learning your craft, you want to do it in the quietest way possible." Her films were small and forgettable, although she cherishes *Winter of Our Dreams*, in which she was a Sydney hooker. She also did theater, in Australia and London, and this fall performed in Sydney in *King Lear*, playing Cordelia and the Fool. "What a boring role that is, Cordelia. But the Fool, fantastic!" She also played the young Golda Meir in the TV production in which Ingrid Bergman played the old G.M. "I haven't worked out for myself just how far I want to extend the boundaries, but I thought, 'Why not?' " One suspects Miss Bergman may have thought the same thing.

Married to a Scotland-born Australian actor, Miss Davis wonders whether they should live in London, because "it's such a good place for actors." She thinks it would be interesting to play a journalist, "a *bad* journalist." (That she dislikes being interviewed may be contributory.) She would have liked to work with Ingmar Bergman. "I would have kissed his feet. I would have ironed his clothes." She wouldn't mind essaying John Webster and *The Duchess of Malfi*.

"How wonderful it must be," says her luncheon companion, suddenly remembering another Webster, "to have lines like 'Call for the robin redbreast and the wren. . . .' " "Oh yes," replies the very serious, very talented Judy Davis, "it's a privilege."

lady

Caravaggio: the triumph of sensation

BY BARBARA ROSE

Among the most controversial artists today is the North Italian painter Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio. What is odd about Caravaggio's current prominence—he was born over four hundred years ago in the farming village near Milan from which he took his name—is that he remains the subject of heated debate.

As artists have put down their video cameras and taken up their paintbrushes once again, they are looking at the Old Masters for inspiration—partly in reaction against the diminishing returns of a distant, reductivist, and intellectually hermetic modernism, partly because the old has become new once again in an era when every epoch and style seems ripe for revival in an orgy of eclecticism. Despite the all-embracing enthusiasm for historical styles, a few Old and Modern Masters have been singled out for special attention. Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Goya are at the top of the list of heroes for idealists seeking models of courage and self-sacrifice. De Chirico and Picabia, on the other hand, are admired and imitated by fashion-oriented, cynical, and nihilistic artists who identify with the jaded, deliberate "bad taste" of their currently modish late works.

A taste for the theatrical has suddenly made Baroque's bad boy a flamboyant hero of today's artists. His shockingly explicit art is currently on view at NYC's Metropolitan Museum of Art

Everybody but everybody, however, from the trendiest to the toniest seems to identify with the flamboyant figure of Caravaggio, whose dominance of Baroque painting is being celebrated in the current exhibition *The Age of Caravaggio* at NYC's Metropolitan Museum of Art, through April 14. The question is why?

Both Caravaggio's short but notorious life and the intention of his art—to attract an expanding public with paintings that, in the words of his friend the poet Marino, "should astound"—mesh perfectly with the contemporary taste for work that appears shockingly original. His legend feeds the curiosity about the secret vices of nonconforming Bohemians.

The way Caravaggio painted, rejecting the traditional canons of composition and decorum, as well as his daring and explicit treatment of such "hot" new subjects as sex and violence, which lent an intensity, immediacy, and popularity to his works, all single him out as a precursor of a moment like our own, when louder music, stronger wine are required to capture the attention of a desensitized public in search of new sensations but incapable of following the iconography or theory of any kind of complex art. Caravaggio's bold manner gave him the ability to connect art with the common experiences and desires of a larger public than the clergy and the old artistocracy.

As for his life, it reads more like a scenario for a punk movie than the exalted path of the *vita contemplativa* the fine artist was expected to pursue. Thus Caravaggio's wild, anti-authoritarian life style as well as his rebellious art, which imitated real life rather than academic formulas, have brought him back to center stage as a model for young artists looking for the shortest path to fast-lane living. Certainly, that was the path the youthful Caravaggio chose when he fled Milan, presumably, it was rumored, because he had killed a man.

He crashed the Roman art scene, an unknown young painter who had learned what he knew through apprenticeship rather than academic study. Caravaggio was about twenty-two when he arrived in the Baroque capital, where the Papacy, their entourages, and their families were all powerful art patrons. At first, he showed a few small paintings of full-lipped sensual young men, sometimes identified as self-portraits, in street fairs. His first big break came, however, when a French art dealer introduced him to the sybaritic Cardinal Del Monte, who took the youthful genius under his protection, boarding him in his Roman palazzo, where many an entertainment and diversion involved the beautiful young men like those Caravaggio painted.

These scantily clad boys, however, were topped for sheer sensationalism in the most daring picture Caravaggio painted while under Cardinal Del Monte's protection: "Victorious Love" (sometimes referred to in Latin as "Amor Vincit Omnia "—love conquers all). Suddenly the charming baby *putto*, familiar *(Continued on page 556)*

Love conquers all is only part of the message of Caravaggio's "Victorious Love," c. 1601/1602. Like most Cupids, this one is oblivious to the arts and sciences, wars and governments, all symbolized by the objects in disarray at his feet. But instead of picturing a cherub whose love-arrows lead others to a romantic coupling, Caravaggio painted a lasciviously grinning youth.

Gemäldegalerie, West Berlin-Dahlem; courtesy The Metropolitan Museum of Art

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

the amazin

Isabel Allende, the niece of Chile's ousted President Salvador Allende, is creating the kind of literary sensation most writers only dream of. And "The House of the Spirits" is no ordinary first novel. It is an exotic vision—a brilliant, impassioned epic—and a personal coup for the young journalist who "had to write it."

The book seemed to come from nowhere: a first novel by a forty-two-year-old Chilean journalist that has dazzled readers throughout Europe and Latin America, making its author the most unexpected sensation since the emergence of Gabriel García Márquez. Allende's novel *The House of the Spirits* (Knopf), to be published soon in the U.S., is (to use an ironically apt term) a *coup* for its author, who was forced to leave Chile after Allende's overthrow in 1973 and who says now: "I needed to write it. Because after I left my country I felt like a Christmas tree, I had lost all my roots. For a very long time I felt paralyzed." Then one day she received a phone call at home in Caracas that her grandfather, whom she adored, was dying, and she began to write him a letter. "My grandfather had the idea that death does not exist, people only die when others forget them. I started a letter to my grandfather saying that he would never die because I was never going to forget him. He died, but I went on writing."

That letter became *The House of the Spirits*. It is the story of one family's deep and violent loves, their deaths and transfigurations over many years, before and during the military takeover that shattered their country. Isabel Allende's grandfather is, she admits, the model for Esteban Trueba, the book's tormented patriarch; and her grandmother, like the novel's Clara, really did chat with ghosts. Isabel grew up in her grandfather's house, which was very like the house in the novel—an ornate mansion peopled with shadows as well as men and women of indestructible substance, where magical beings come and go with unnerving regularity, and where time is a convenient illusion. It is also a very real place, where generations of inhabitants conceive worldly ambitions, nurture their lust and vengeance, and—even when crushed by war and earthquake—rise to rebuild their lives. It is an extraordinary family of saints and sinners, of which Isabel Allende is both chronicler and heir. "It was very easy to write the book, you see," she claims now with a simplicity that marks her style, "because I had nothing to invent."

Allende says she is not a character in her novel; she consciously kept herself out—though a reader can't help suspecting a resemblance between her and Alba, Esteban's loving and rebellious granddaughter. "People in Latin America think that women can only write about intimate silly things, about their own lives, their homes, and I don't think so. I think women can write about anything," Allende says. She was forced to publish *The House of the Spirits* first in Spain; no Latin American publisher would take it.

Of course all were eager to publish her second novel, the title of which, loosely translated, is *Love and Shadow;* and Isabel Allende is lionized. She continues to live quietly with her husband and two children in Caracas, in a house that is markedly different from the one she grew up in, "white, with all the windows and doors open, full of plants and animals and children. It's a very gay place." But Allende stresses that she would never willingly have left Chile: "I love that country deeply. I intended to stay there forever." That love, an excess of inspiration, and a wealth of stories passed on through generations of her family gave Isabel Allende the means and motive to write her astonishing first book.

Here, an exclusive preview of *The House of the Spirits*, in which we meet some of the book's characters: Esteban, who narrates the story in this chapter, and his eerily beautiful fiancée Rosa; her sister Clara, who has telekinetic and other powers; and her parents—Severo, a controversial liberal politician, and Nívea, an early feminist; Nana, the devoted nursemaid; and the gargantuan Barrabás, Clara's pet, a hound of heaven or hell.—CATHLEEN MEDWICK

Alejandro Toro

g isabel allende

THE HOUSE OF THE SPIRITS

More than half a century has passed, but I can still remember the exact moment when Rosa the Beautiful entered my life like a distracted angel who stole my soul as she went by. She was with her Nana and another child, probably one of her younger sisters. I think she was wearing a violet dress, but I'm not sure, because I have no eye for women's clothes and because she was so beautiful that even if she had been wearing an ermine cape all I would have noticed was her face. I don't generally spend my time thinking about women, but only a fool could have failed to spot that apparition, who caused a stir wherever she went, and tied up traffic, with her incredible green hair, which framed her face like a fantastic hat, her fairy-tale manner, and her special way of moving as if she were flying. She walked right in front of me without seeing me and floated into the pastry shop on the Plaza de Armas. Dumbstruck, I waited in the street while she bought licorice drops, which she selected one by one, with that tinkling laugh of hers, tossing some into her mouth and handing others to her sister. I wasn't the only one to stand there hypnotized, for within a few minutes a whole circle of men had formed, their noses pressed against the window. It was then that I reacted. It didn't cross my mind that since I had no fortune, was no one's idea of a proper young man, and faced a most uncertain future, I was far from being the ideal suitor for that heavenly girl. I didn't even know her! But I was bewitched, and I decided then and there that she was the only woman in the world who was worthy to be my wife, and that if I couldn't have her I would remain a bachelor. I followed her all the way home. I got on the same streetcar and took the seat behind her, unable to take my eyes off her perfect nape, her round neck, and her soft shoulders caressed by the green curls that had escaped from her coiffure. I didn't feel the motion of the car, because I was in a dream. Suddenly she swept down the aisle and as she passed me her astonishing gold eyes rested for a moment on my own. Part of me must have died. I couldn't breathe and my pulse stopped in its tracks. When I recovered my composure, I had to leap onto the sidewalk at the risk of breaking all my bones, and run toward the street down which she already turned. Thanks to a cloud of violet disappearing behind a gate, I learned where she lived. From that day on I stood guard outside her house, pacing up and down the street like an orphaned dog, spying on her, slipping money to the gardener, engaging the maids in conversation, until I finally managed to speak to Nana, and she, God bless her, took pity on me and agreed to be our go-between, conveying my love letters, my flowers, and the innumerable boxes of licorice drops with which I tried to win Rosa's affection. I also sent her acrostics. I don't know how to write poetry, but there was a Spanish bookseller with a real genius for rhyme from whom I ordered poems and songs—anything whose raw material was paper and ink. My sister Férula helped me get closer to the del Valle family by uncovering distant links between our ancestors and theirs, and seeking out every opportunity to greet them as they came out of mass. That was how I was finally able to visit Rosa, but the day I entered her house and was within speaking range of her, I couldn't think of anything to say. I stood there mute, my hat in my hand and my mouth gaping, until her parents, who were well acquainted with such symptoms, came to my rescue. I can't imagine what Rosa could have seen in me—or why, with time, she came to accept me as her husband. I became her official suitor without having to perform any superhuman tasks because, despite her awesome beauty and her innumerable virtues, Rosa had no other wooers. Her mother explained it to me this way: she said that no one felt strong enough to spend his life protecting her from other men's desire. Many had circled around her, even fallen head over heels in love with her, but until I came along none had made up his mind. Her beauty struck fear into their hearts and they preferred to admire her from afar, not daring to approach her. That had never occurred to me, to tell you the truth. My problem was that I didn't have a centavo, although I felt capable, because of my love, of becoming a rich man. I looked around to find the quickest route within the limits of the honesty in which I had been raised, and I realized that success required godparents, advanced studies, or capital. It wasn't enough to have a respectable last name. I suppose that if I had had the money to start out with, I would have tried my luck at the gaming tables or the races, but since that was not so I had to think of a line of work that, while it might entail certain risks, held out the promise of a fortune. Gold and silver mines were the dream of all adventurers: a mine could plunge you into abject poverty, kill you with tuberculosis, or make you a rich man overnight. It was a question of luck. Thanks to the prestige of my mother's name, I was able to obtain the concession for a mine in the North, for which the bank gave me a loan. I vowed to extract the last gram of precious metal even if it meant I had to crush the hills with my own hands and grind the rocks with my feet. For Rosa's sake, I was prepared to do this and much more.

At the end of autumn, when the family had calmed down about Father Restrepo, who was forced to mitigate his inquisitional behavior after the bishop had personally warned him to leave little Clara del Valle alone, and when they had all resigned themselves to the fact that Uncle Marcos was truly dead, Severo's political designs began to take shape. He had worked for years toward this end, so it was a personal triumph when he was invited to be the Liberal Party candidate in the upcoming Congressional elections, representing a southern province that he had never set foot in and that he had difficulty finding on the map. The party badly needed people and Severo was anxious for a seat in Congress, so they had no trouble convincing the downtrodden voters of the South to choose him as their candidate. Their invitation was supported by a monumental rose-colored roast pig, which the voters shipped directly to candidate del Valle's home. It arrived on an enormous wooden tray, scented and gleaming, with a sprig of parsley in its mouth and a carrot protruding from its rump, the whole reposing on a bed of tomatoes. Its stomach had been stitched closed, and it was stuffed with partridges that in turn were stuffed with plums. It was accompanied by *(Continued)*

From the forthcoming book *The House of the Spirits* by Isabel Allende. Translation Copyright © 1985 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Copyright © 1982 by Isabel Allende. To be published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

THE HOUSE OF THE SPIRITS

(Continued) a decanter containing half a gallon of the best brandy in the country. The idea of becoming a deputy or, better still, a senator, was a long-cherished dream of Severo's. Over the years he had been meticulously laying the groundwork by means of contacts, friendships, secret meetings, discreet but effective public appearances, and gifts of money or favors made to the right people at the right moment. That southern province, however distant and unknown, was exactly what he had been waiting for.

The pig arrived on Tuesday. On Friday, when the pig was no more than a heap of skin and bones that Barrabás was gnawing in the courtyard, Clara announced that there would soon be another death in the del Valle family.

"But it will be by mistake," she added.

On Saturday she slept badly and awoke screaming in the middle of the night. In the morning Nana made her a cup of linden tea but no one paid her much attention, because everyone was busy with the preparations for their father's southern trip, and because Rosa the Beautiful had developed a chill. Nívea gave orders for Rosa to remain in bed, and Dr. Cuevas said that it was nothing serious and that she should be given sugared lemonade with a splash of liquor to help bring down her fever. Severo went in to see his daughter and found her flushed and wide-eyed, sunk deep in the butter-colored lace sheets. He took her a dance card as a present and gave Nana permission to open the decanter of brandy and pour some in the lemonade. Rosa drank the lemonade, wrapped herself in her woolen shawl, and immediately fell asleep next to Clara, with whom she shared the room.

On the morning of that tragic Sunday, Nana woke up early as she always did. Before going to mass, she went into the kitchen to prepare breakfast for the family. The wood and coal stove had been readied the night before, and she lit the smoldering, still-warm embers. While the water heated and the milk boiled, she stacked the plates to be taken into the dining room. She put some oatmeal on the stove, strained the coffee, and toasted the bread. She arranged two trays, one for Nívea, who always breakfasted in bed, and one for Rosa, who by virtue of her illness was entitled to the same treatment as her mother. She covered Rosa's tray with a linen napkin that had been embroidered by the nuns to keep the coffee warm and prevent flies from getting in the food, and stuck her head out in the courtyard to make sure Barrabás was not in sight. He had a penchant for leaping at her whenever she went by with the breakfast tray. She saw him in the corner playing with a hen and took advantage of his momentary distraction to begin her long trip across courtyards and through hallways, from the kitchen, which was in the middle of the house, all the way to the girls' room, which was on the other side. When she came to Rosa's door, she stopped, gripped by premonition. She entered without knocking, as she always did, and immediately noticed the scent of roses, even though they were not in season. This was how Nana understood that an inescapable disaster had occurred. She set the tray down carefully beside the bed and walked slowly to the window. She opened the heavy drapes and let the pale morning sun into the room. Grief-stricken, she turned around and was not at all surprised to see Rosa lying dead upon the bed, more beautiful than ever, her hair strikingly green, her skin the tone of new marble, and her honey-gold eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling. Little Clara was at the foot of the bed observing her sister. Nana fell to her knees beside the bed, took Rosa's hand in hers, and began to pray. She prayed for a long time, until the terrible moan of a lost freighter was heard throughout the house. It was the first and last time anyone heard Barrabás's voice. He mourned the dead girl all that day, fraying the nerves of the whole family and all the neighbors who came running at the sound of his shipwrecked howls.

After taking one look at Rosa's body, Dr. Cuevas knew that she had died of no ordinary fever. He began to search everywhere in the house, going over the kitchen inch by inch, sticking his fingers into pots, opening flour sacks and bags of sugar, prying the tops off boxes of dried fruit, and leaving a wake of destruction behind him. He rummaged through Rosa's drawers, questioned the servants one by one, and harassed Nana until she was beside herself; finally his search led to the decanter of brandy, which he requisitioned instantly. He shared his doubts with no one, but he took the bottle to his laboratory. He returned three hours later, his rosy face transformed by horror into the pale mask he wore throughout that whole dreadful episode. He walked up to Severo, took him by the arm, and led him off to the side.

"There was enough poison in that brandy to fell an ox," he said between tight lips. "But in order to be sure that that's what killed the child, I'll have to do an autopsy."

"Does that mean you have to cut her open?" Severo moaned.

"Not completely. I won't have to touch her head, just her digestive tract," the doctor explained.

Severo was overcome.

By that point Nívea was worn out from weeping, but when she learned that they were thinking of taking her daughter to the morgue, she quickly regained her strength. She calmed down only when they swore that they would take Rosa directly from the house to the Catholic cemetery: then she accepted the laudanum the doctor handed her. She slept for twenty hours.

When evening fell, Severo made his preparations. He sent his children up to bed and gave the servants permission to retire early. He allowed Clara, who was too upset by what had happened, to spend the night in the bedroom of another sister. When all the lights were out and the house was silent, Dr. Cuevas's assistant, a sickly, myopic young man with a stutter, arrived. They helped Severo carry his daughter's body into the kitchen and set it gently down on the slab of marble where Nana kneaded pastry and chopped vegetables. Despite his sturdy character, Severo was overcome when his daughter's nightgown was lifted to reveal the splendid nudity of a sea siren. He staggered out of the room, drunk with grief, and collapsed in an armchair, weeping like a child. Dr. Cuevas too, who had seen Rosa come into this world and knew her like the palm of his own hand, was taken aback at the sight of her nude body. The young assistant began to pant, so overwhelmed was he, and he panted for years to come, every time he recalled the extraordinary sight of Rosa naked and asleep on the kitchen table, with her long hair sweeping to the floor in a cascade of green.

While they were at work on their terrible task, Nana, bored with weeping and prayer and sensing that something strange was going on in her domain, got up, wrapped her shawl around her shoulders, and set out through the house. She saw light in the kitchen, but the door and wooden shutters were closed. She continued down the frozen, silent hallways, crossing the three wings of the house, until she came to the drawing room. Through the open door she could see her employer pacing up and down with a desolate air. The fire in the fireplace had long since gone out. She

stepped into the room.

"Where is Rosa?" she asked.

"Dr. Cuevas is with her, Nana," he replied. "Come have a drink with me."

Nana remained standing, her crossed arms holding her shawl against her chest. Severo pointed to the sofa and she approached shyly. She sat down beside him. It was the first time she had been this close to her employer since she had lived in his house. Severo poured them each a glass of sherry and downed his in a single gulp. He buried his head in his hands, tearing his hair and murmuring a strange litany between his teeth. Nana, who was sitting stiffly on the edge of her seat, relaxed when she saw him cry. She stretched out her rough, chapped hand and, with a gesture that came automatically, smoothed his hair with the same caress she had used to console his children for the past twenty years. He glanced up and when he saw the ageless face, the Indian cheekbones, the black bun, the broad lap against which he had seen all his descendants burped and rocked to sleep, he felt that this woman, as warm and generous as the earth itself, would be able to console him. He leaned his forehead on her skirt, inhaled the sweet scent of her starched apron, and broke into the sobs of a small boy, spilling all the tears he had held in during his life as a man. Nana scratched his back, patted him gently, spoke to him in the half-language that she used to put the littlest ones to sleep, and sang him one of her peasant ballads until he had calmed down. They remained seated side by side, sipping sherry and weeping from time to time as they recalled the happy days when Rosa scampered in the garden startling the butterflies with her beauty that could only have come from the bottom of the sea.

In the kitchen, Dr. Cuevas and his assistant prepared their dread utensils and foul-smelling jars, donned rubber aprons, rolled up their sleeves, and proceeded to poke around in Rosa's most intimate parts until they had proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that the girl had swallowed an extraordinary quantity of rat poison.

"This was meant for Severo," the doctor concluded, washing his hands in the sink.

The assistant, overcome by the young girl's beauty, could not resign himself to leaving her sewn up like a jacket and suggested that they fix her up a bit. Both men plunged into the work of preserving her with unguents and filling her with mortician's paste. They worked until four o'clock in the morning, when Dr. Cuevas announced that he was too tired and too sad to continue. He went out of the room and Rosa was left in the hands of the assistant, who wiped the bloodstains from her skin with a sponge, put her embroidered nightgown back over her chest to cover up the seam that ran from her throat all the way to her sex, and arranged her hair. Then he cleaned up the mess that he and the doctor had made.

Dr. Cuevas walked into the living room and found Severo and Nana half drunk with tears and sherry.

"She's ready," he said. "We've fixed her up a little so her mother can go in and have a look at her."

He told Severo that his doubts had been well founded and that in his daughter's stomach he had found the same lethal substance as in the gift bottle of brandy. It was then that Severo recalled Clara's prediction and lost whatever remained of his composure, for he was incapable of thinking that his daughter had died instead of him. He crumpled to the floor, moaning that he was the guilty one because of his ambition and bluster, that no one had told him to get involved in politics, that he had been much better off as an ordinary lawyer and family man, and that from then on he was renouncing his accursed candidacy, resigning from the Liberal Party and from all his public deeds and works, and that he hoped none of his descendants would ever get mixed up in politics, which was a trade for butchers and bandits—till finally Dr. Cuevas took pity on him and did him the favor of getting him drunk. The sherry was stronger than his suffering and guilt. Nana and the doctor carried him up to his bedroom, removed his clothes, and put him in his bed. Then they went into the kitchen, where the assistant was just putting the final touches on Rosa.

Nívea and Severo del Valle woke up late the following morning. Their relatives had hung the house in mourning. The curtains were drawn and bore black crêpe ribbons, and the walls were piled with wreaths of flowers whose sickly sweet odor filled the halls. A funeral chapel had been set up in the dining room. There on the big table, covered with a black cloth with gold fringes, lay Rosa's white coffin with its silver rivets. Twelve yellow candles in bronze candelabra cast a dusky light over the girl. They had dressed her in the white gown and crown of wax orange blossoms that were being saved for her wedding day.

...only a fool could have failed to spot that apparition, who caused a stir wherever she went, and tied up traffic, with her incredible green hair, which framed her face like a fantastic hat...

At twelve o'clock the parade of friends, relatives, and acquaintances began to file in to express their sympathy to the family. Even their most confirmed enemies appeared at the house and Severo del Valle interrogated each pair of eyes in the hope of discovering the identity of the assassin, but in each, even those of the president of the Conservative Party, he saw the same innocence and grief.

During the wake, the men wandered through the sitting rooms and hallways of the house, speaking softly of business. They kept a respectful silence whenever any member of the family approached. When the time came to enter the dining room and pay their last respects to Rosa, everyone trembled, for if anything her beauty had grown more remarkable in death. The ladies moved into the living room, where they arranged the chairs in a circle. There they could weep at leisure, unburdening themselves of troubles of their own as they wept for someone else's death. The weeping was copious, but it was dignified and muted. Some of the women murmured prayers under their breath. The maids moved back and forth through the sitting rooms and halls, distributing tea and cognac, homemade sweets, handkerchiefs for the women, and cold compresses soaked in ammonia for those ladies who felt faint from the lack of air, the scent of candles, and the weight of their emotion. All the del Valle sisters except Clara, who was still only a child, were dressed in black from head to toe and flanked their mother like a ring of crows. Nívea, who had shed all her tears, sat *(Continued on page 553)*

Hair by Hamid.
make-up by Bobbi Brown
Joan Paglluso

portrait of the artist's wife: jacqueline schnabel

Her style is offbeat, sleek, quietly iconoclastic; his—uniquely "neo-Expressionist"—makes Julian Schnabel one of America's most talked about painters. Style and art: in '85, a glamorous marriage...

portrait: jacqueline schnabel

BY ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

They met at a New York City art-gallery opening, honeymooned in Venice at the time of the Biennale, then married in Belgium, careening across her parents' lawn after the reception on a hefty motorcycle straight from *The Wild Ones*. In the summer of 1980, Jacqueline Beaurang, now Schnabel, was twenty-three; Julian Schnabel, twenty-nine, was newly come from his first one-man New York show a season earlier. Through the next five years, Schnabel paintings, dealings, prices, presence would be more than spotlit.

In the rock-crystal world, today, that's New York new art, Jacqueline and Julian Schnabel form a clearly visible couple: eating at Indochine or Mr. Chow; taking in opera, openings, screenings; driving Manhattan streets in the sort of wood-paneled station wagon the American Dream, in the 'fifties, was founded on. Young, attractive, active: the time, easily, is theirs. The style is New York—with a "downtown" adjective.

Schnabel, on his work, has more lines than the telephone company: he's talkative, articulate, expressive. Jacqueline's voice is a quieter one: silky, soft, sliding easily from English to French. Of his wife, Julian says: "She grounds me." Julian is New York born, Texas bred; Jacqueline comes from Belgium; her birth was in Australia—where her father made his mark in wool. As a girl, she shuttled among European boarding schools. Both Schnabels, in 'eighties fashion, share an ability to cook: he's passionate about Tex-Mex; she does rabbit with prunes, pheasant with mustard.

"If you want to know my idea of glamour, it was marrying Julian," Jacqueline confesses. "I didn't know this at the time, but when I look back on it, I think it was a very glamorous thing to do." When she came to New York City—after architecture school in Brussels and *(Continued)*

Downtown style—Jacqueline Schnabel (near left) with husband Julian, in their New York living/dining room: the table, a 'forties Florence Knoll; fresco by Francesco Clemente. Jacqueline's suede dress is a Schnabel favorite, what he calls that "wonderful 'fifties Dior mood." Jacqueline's rolled-steel sleigh bed (top right), designed by Julian; graffiti suit, bottom, by Stephen Sprouse: jacket reverses to neon pink for other occasions. Clemente canvas "The Last Judgment" (center) towers above office/studio.

Hair by Hamid; makeup by Bobbi Brown, Sophie Levy for Pipino-Buccheri

Jean Pagliuso

portrait: jacqueline schnabel

(Continued) living in London—"I just wanted to have a look, absorb the atmosphere. It's rougher living here than in Europe, but it's much more adventurous."

Though Jacqueline pegs much of her manner of life as a sense of rebelling against the world she knew in "quiet Europe," "adventure" was not a word fully unknown there. Her mother, a pilot, was one of the first women to fly the English Channel. Older sister Nicole is an aviatrix, too.

In the Schnabels' downtown New York double-floor apartment/artist's studio carved from a once-industrial building, the lacquered linen cupboards, some bronze door pulls are of Jacqueline's design. Schnabel's most-recent Pace show catalogue comes illustrated with her photographs—of three-year-old daughter Lola Montes (named for the legendary dancer and mistress of King Ludwig of Bavaria) and Stella, two. A visitor to the Schnabel household, midday, finds Jacqueline—in Stephen Sprouse cashmere and Agnès B. coin-dot trousers—juggling a daughter on one arm, phone receiver with the other hand. Black jersey stirrup pants, seemingly applied with a spray can, are another favorite dressing piece—plus mixes of Jean-Paul Gaultier and Zoran. Jacqueline creates—with collaboration of friend/underground poet René Ricard—her own waist-cinching, Ava Gardner-style short evening dresses.

"We eat out a lot at restaurants in the city," says Jacqueline. "We don't go to clubs on a regular schedule or seek out the celebrated." At the Long Island country house the Schnabels recently custom-built, "We see very few people." In the New York apartment, Alvar Aalto chairs and table in the black-and-white tile kitchen serve for family dinners; other rooms mix Frank Lloyd Wright benches, Mexican children's chairs, an antique sleigh bed, a sleek Florence Knoll-designed blond dining table. A Max Beckmann portrait, several Francesco Clemente works, a naïve painting by friend Don Van Vliet add to the attractively jumbled look. The *(Continued on page 560)*

With a style of her own: Jacqueline Schnabel, right, in jersey stirrup pants, Jean-Paul Gaultier sweater. Daughter Lola sits before floor-to-ceiling Schnabel "Mud in Mudanza," done in 1982. Lola and Stella's toy menagerie (center left) coexists peacefully with their father's "The Mutant King"; their bedroom, at top, is outfitted with Schnabel-designed beds, Venetian chandelier, mural by David Cohen. For a night out: Jacqueline wears YSL couture. In living room, left: Joseph Beuys print, Max Beckmann painting.

Hair by Hamid,
makeup by Bobbi Brown

Jean Pagliuso

"Everything is made to attract, seduce, entrance": there are, in fact, no woebegone fashion chapters in the success—or style—that's Valentino. At the top of his form, at a time when good form easily encompasses softly flirtatious, wholly feminine dressing, this Rome-based designer shows among the gilded ranks of couture makers in Paris, dresses a fiercely loyal following of internationals, brings to the world—with men's, children's, ready-to-wear, accessory, and Valentino Night collections—sure style, an all-of-a-piece look, a seemingly pervasive taste for the letter "V." Valentino, orchestrator—and charmingly!

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

The music that accompanies every Valentino show and has become the designer's signature tune is a short piece named, with absolute accuracy, "Soul Coaxing." The first time I heard it, years ago in Rome during the rehearsal for the couture showing, it summoned up an arbitrary but pleasant illusion that I was drifting in a canoe down a small river over which hung boughs of jasmine and gardenia. The buoyant and seductive tune was soothing, a little narcotic. The couches in the main showroom of the Via Gregoriana couture house (no little gold chairs for Valentino) were then beige and white, deep and soft. At the third or fourth hour of rehearsal, the privileged professionals who were there to watch and pay attention no longer sat, they basked, passive and beatific like lizards in the sun. Valentino Garavani himself is not unlike his little tune.

At that point, ten years ago, Valentino was only the foremost Italian couturier, with an atmosphere of expensive and racy style about him, past triumphs that included a famous all-white collection and the dress Jacqueline *(Continued on page 518)*

Valentino, né Garavani, far right: in NYC, on one of his many trips cross-Atlantic. Valentino's taste and personal passions—illustrations clustered on this page—include lavish still-life fruit and flowers, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Marie Antoinette ("the queen who lost her head for frivolity"). Clients: Jacqueline Kennedy (in a 1967 Valentino dress); Elizabeth Taylor (in 1972 Valentino black taffeta); Audrey Hepburn (also 1972, in his white point d'esprit). Hepburn, Taylor photographs by Cecil Beaton. Velvet and ribbon taffeta "balloon" gown (sketch) is from Valentino's 1982 fall/winter couture collection.

Photo details, last pages

an affair called valentino

Harry Benson

Fitting tribute—Paul Poiret, above: a Valentino "hero," the first and foremost of couturiers . . .

(Continued from page 516) Kennedy wore to marry Aristotle Onassis. His client list was made up of the rich, the famous, the crowned heads of Europe and the Middle East. The vast hypnotic showroom seemed to me then to be full of the dangerous enchantments of vanity and greed, both of which were in temporary disrepute. I could not approve of what Valentino stood for (how one chooses to approve when one is very young!), but I could not help being touched by the man's shyness, his authentic warmth. We spoke in French, and his Italian accent curled the words into cautious calligraphy, roped in flourishes. I spent one weekend in his Capri house, surrounded by handsome international people of all sexes who wore jeans and gold bracelets. They said such things as: "You should wear smaller bikinis." The sheets on my bed were ironed every night by the maids. We young guests pooled together to tip the staff, and on the boat back to Naples realized with horror that we had tipped the wrong set of maids and butlers; the untipped contingent sat facing us tight-lipped.

Today, one can say that Valentino has an empire, or—a designer's identification with his product being complete—that he *is* an empire. Eight years ago, he began showing his ready-to-wear in Paris where he is now a respected member of the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture. His total business comes to $150 million a year. To the houses in Rome and Capri he has added a chalet in Gstaad, a yacht, and a New York City apartment. At a dinner party Valentino gave in New York this winter, I asked the richest man in Venezuela how he and Valentino had become friends. "We are fellow tycoons," said the richest man in Venezuela.

One sees designers edit their surroundings, alter their lives (to paraphrase Lillian Hellman on a very different subject) to suit this year's clothes. Ten years after I first knew him, Valentino is essentially the same, down to the Cartier love bracelet on his wrist. Where others reshape and discard, he adds. Last summer, at his open-air couture showing in the Piazza Mignanelli, he celebrated the twenty-five years of his couture house and received a prize from Italy's Minister of Industry. The collection was comprised of all of Valentino's favorite looks; this year's novelty was the presence of three New York graffiti artists spraying a huge revolving sculpture with a "V" and a "25." "He has changed the image of Italy throughout the world," said the announcer as Valentino received the prize.

Taste, image, money: in the careers of designers, the first creates the second, which brings in the third. Valentino's clothes do not carry messages. They are knowingly crafted to make women pretty and sexy. Women of all ages wiggle their hips in Valentino clothes and look like girls.

As a boy in Voghera, a small town south of Milan in the Lombardy plain, Valentino drew dresses in his school books. At the age of six, with a raging fever, he persuaded his mother to wrap him in a blanket and carry him to see a cousin dressed up for a ball. The dress, he recalls, was pink tulle. He also remembers a black charmeuse one-shoulder dress worn by his cousin Lucia and cousin Rina's mauve dress that she wore to the races: "She wore navy-blue suede shoes with it and a mauve felt hat with a navy taffeta bow." Valentino's pale-green eyes light up with the memory.

The next day I watch him choose fabrics in his studio. "Pale pink and watermelon," he says to the man from Taroni, as assistants peer helpfully over the table, "and coral, *peau d'ange*, mandarin, and mauve—and navy blue." Fabric samples fall on the table with the slitting sounds of torn silk. His hands touch the fabrics before he glances down. Occasionally an assistant's fingertips reach for a shining half-yard, but he has already muttered "no" and the swatch is bunched with other rejects by the window. He knows what he wants. *(Continued on page 559)*

From Valentino couture, fall/winter, top to bottom: new-length, new-color coat dressing; all-out PM dazzle; luxe variations—on a dress, a suit; and—always!—the body, red

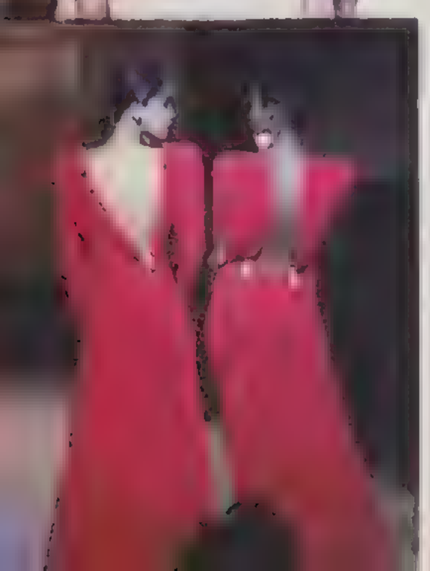
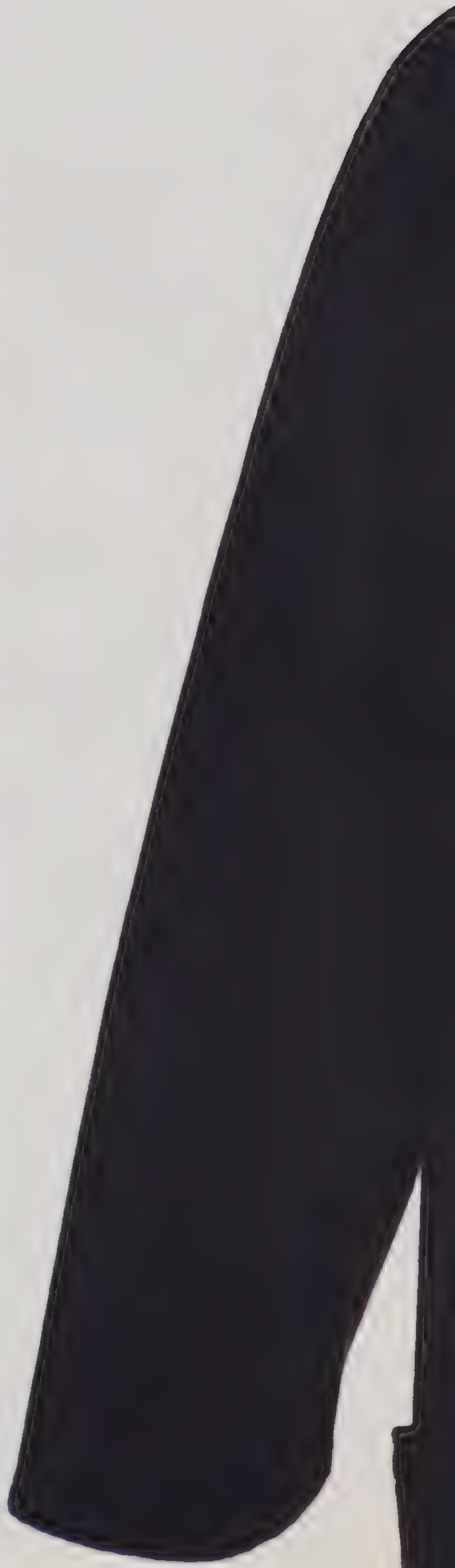


Photo details, last pages



Penn

an affair called valentino

Very Valentino, *left*—the total look, impeccable finish, and—the strongest theme in this collection—the unique sweater dressing. Here, a wonderful Valentino suit variation: jacket, a ribbed navy cashmere/wool cardigan with rows of pearly buttons, a beautiful navy and white silk blouse, narrow navy wool skirt, and navy cardigan coat with a hood—another key theme. Valentino Boutique. Coat, about $1320; jacket, about $815; blouse, about $450; skirt, about $270. Turnout at Valentino Boutique, NYC; Valentino Boutique Saks-Jandel, Chevy Chase MD and Valentino Boutique, Washington DC. Shirt, sweater, and skirt at Nan Duskin; Sakowitz and Valentino Boutique, Houston; Valentino Boutique at Torie Steele, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin.
***Beauty Note*: Daytime makeup with new softness, sheerness—Maybelline's Delicate Taupe blush; Sugar Plum Ice lipstick. These six pages: Hair, Suga of Suga Salon, NYC. Makeup, François Nars. Details, more stores, last pages.**

an affair called valentino

At Valentino, key ideas are always built upon throughout a collection. Case in point: his new sweater dressing—totally worked out, with an inherent, appealing sense of ease. Symbolic of that dressing for day, *left*: his hooded and striped cashmere blouson as the softest "suit" jacket, over an exquisite blouse; tweedy to-the-knee skirt; and touches of Valentino red. Valentino Boutique. Blouson, about $1295; blouse, about $655; skirt, about $315. Turnout at Valentino Boutique, NYC; Neiman-Marcus. Shirt and skirt at Barton Sligh's, Jacksonville FL; Ultimo, Chicago. Sweater at Frederick & Nelson. Skirt at John Wanamaker.... A different look to sweater dressing, *right*—a theme that continues strongly for late day/evening. Here, his elongated tank-top sweater tunic, piped in navy, over a navy linen skirt. And the coat as a soft sweater—hooded cashmere/wool in reversing windowpanes. Valentino Boutique. Tunic, cashmere/cotton/wool, about $320; skirt, about $255; coat, about $1605. Turnout at Valentino Boutique, NYC; Panache, Millburn, NJ; Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; Charles Sumner, Boston; Ultimo, Chicago; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages.

Penn

Penn

Valentino evenings... unmistakable for their luxury, their femininity, and, increasingly, for their all-out body consciousness— the line, the shape as demanding as a maillot, and just as revealing. ...Perfect examples, starting, *opposite*, with his evening sweater dressing: a bare silk knit tank top, cross-strapped in back, tucked into a long, sinuous dotted silk skirt, with silk brocade embroidery, a Valentino-red belt at the waist. Valentino Boutique. Top, about $185; skirt, about $3200. Valentino Boutique, NYC.... Valentino all the way, *this page*—his ravishing long, narrow, bias-cut black crepe dress, bared and cross-strapped in back, with a "diamond" bow. Valentino Boutique. About $1210. Bergdorf Goodman; ValentinoBoutique, Saks-Jandel, Chevy Chase MD and Valentino Boutique, Washington DC; Ultimo, Chicago; Sakowitz and Valentino Boutique, Houston; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson. Details, more stores, last pages.

THE DISCREET CHARM OF PER

Dominique Isserman

A more personal way of dressing, derived from clothes that are essentially quiet, low key...

SONAL DRESSING

THE DISCREET CHARM

More beautifully executed,
unexcessive gently cut,
ways of dressing;

Dominique Issermann

A NEUTRAL PRESENCE

n these ten pages: a look
at how things go together—on day
the important new
and the important
dressing . . . in daytime's
best-working colors:
strong new neutrals

To kick things off the shoe of the season for day—an open cut-out sling with a heel, in the kind of neutral hemp color—this year's new take on beige—you'll see throughout these pages, the kind of color that works beautifully for day—here the crocodile sling of Maud Frizon. About $400. Maud Frizon NYC and Bal Harbour. The key texture on the leg similar to burlap. Stockings, Electric Sox! Linen jacket by Donna Karan and Louis Dell' Olio for Anne Klein & Co. These ten pages. Hair Christiaan, makeup François Nars. Rex Details, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

Skirt dressing for day: knock-out in neutrals; in a new proportion from Neil Leonard, *this page:* a big-shouldered, loose-sleeved linen shirt, with a small, short little navy wool gabardine skirt held at the waist by a tied inset of deep gold. Shirt, about $175; skirt (fabric, Agnona) about $205. Saks Fifth Avenue; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Regine, Los Angeles; I. Magnin.... *Opposite page:* Very charming—the overall effect, the play of navy and white, and the impact of a terrific new shoe—high-heeled, cut-out, navy-and-white reptile. By Walter Steiger. About $280. Walter Steiger, Madison Avenue, NYC; Hattie; Neiman-Marcus. The texture on the leg: Stockings by Stilnovo for Flash Legs. About $8. Bloomingdale's; The French Boot Shop, Albany; Goldi, Milwaukee WI; I. Magnin, Chicago and San Francisco. The navy-and-white dressing: Calvin Klein's printed, pleated mid-calf silk skirt, linen camp shirt, and cotton knit sweater vest—one of the nicest around. Rolex watch. Details, more stores, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

A NEUTRAL PRESENCE

Daytime looks with a focus on the way things are worn, a focus on accessories—neutral accents in a season of strong colors. It could be the other shoe of the season, *this page*: the sandal here with straps of "hemp" and black on a black, shaped higher heel. By Pancaldi. About $150. Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel, Loretta Blum, Dallas, Macy's, San Francisco. The textured stocking by Electric Sox! . . . perfect with Neil Leonard's shot-of-red cotton sarong and tan cotton shirt jacket. *Opposite page*: Perfect underneath it all, perfect under this season's sometimes revealing jacket dressing—Lejaby's black lace underwire bra. Of nylon, about $45. Saks Fifth Avenue, Montaldo's, Barbara Newman at Stanley Korshak, Chicago, Balliet's, Lisa Norman Lingerie, West Hollywood CA; I. Magnin. Jackie Roger's pinstripe linen jacket and matching sarong skirt. Earrings, M & J Savitt. Fortunoff NYC. Details, more stores: see next to last pages

A NEUTRAL PRESENCE

well with its neutral counterparts. About $445. Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. The suit: Calvin Klein's striped linen wrap jacket and matching trousers; ivory linen shirt. . . *Opposite page*: A charming shoe for day—Manolo Blahnik's high-heeled sandal in salmon-colored lizard, light enough in its coloring to work as a neutral with neutral-colored dressing: Issey Miyake's black cotton/nylon/linen sweater and striped cotton skirt. Sandals, about $330. Manolo Blahnik, NYC; Neiman-Marcus, Beverly Hills; Maxfield, Los Angeles. More charm on the leg—rose-print stockings from Perry Ellis for Trimfit. About $14. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marc... Robinson's, California. Details more stores, las...

A NEUTRAL PRESENCE

A NEUTRAL PRESENCE

The strength of daytime dressing—attractive looks based on a skirt, in the season's best neutral coloring. *Opposite page*: Perry Ellis' feminine take on a silk seersucker suit, a longer jacket, a back slit skirt, and a silk blouse. Jacket, about $350; skirt, about $210; blouse, about $170. Saks Fifth Avenue. *This page, top*: From Louis Feraud, Paris, a navy and white checked three-quarter wool jacket—very clean over his narrow navy polyester/wool skirt and navy blouse. Jacket and skirt, $550. Blouse, $130. Saks Fifth Avenue; Charles Sumner, Boston; Saks-Jandel; Jacobson's; I. Magnin. Suit at Marshall Field's. Rolex watch. *Bottom*, from Calvin Klein—his fetching navy dotted silk camp shirt and white linen skirt . . . pulled together with a wide leather belt, they have the presence of a two-piece dress. Shirt, about $220; skirt, about $130. Saks Fifth Avenue, Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Jacobson's, Swansons on the Plaza Ballet's; Neiman-Marcus. Belt by La Bagagerie. Details, more stores, last pages of this issue.

Arthur Elgort

INTIMATE DIFFERENCES

A new concept, a new attitude in intimate dressing that borders on "real" dressing, that almost blurs the line between what's worn underneath and what's worn on top . . . a look that follows the move, in certain clothes, toward a very body-hugging line and echos the increasing sports-fitness influence . . . A sign of the change—in attitude, in lingerie: the way many women now prefer the ease, support, and comfort of an "athletic" cut in a bra and panty for everyday wear. Right, from Olga's Christina, new shape in white cotton, polyester, and Lycra—perfect under sweaters, tank tops! Bra, about $20; briefs, about $10. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Joske's, Houston; Bullock's; Macy's, San Francisco; Nordstrom, Seattle. .

Opposite page: another great body-conscious look, in white cotton and spandex; the bra, with broader straps that echo the news to come in swimwear. By Gloria Falla for Lily of France. Bra, about $10; string bikini, about $6. Turnout at Macy's, New York; Bambergers; Woodward & Lothrop; The Broadway, Southern California; Meier & Frank, Portland OR. Bra at Famous Barr, St. Louis, MO

These four pages: hair, Patrick Melville for Pipino-Buccheri Salon, NYC.; makeup, Pru Walters. Photographed at the Warden House, Palm Beach, Florida. For details, see next to last pages of this issue.

Erica Lennard

INTIMATE DIFFERENCES

Lingerie to live in—almost. And certainly to relax in, to wear under everything you own. Perfectly charming—bits of white lace that become the smallest soft bra and bikini, *left*, to wear, with all the ease of a swimsuit, under a man's pyjama top. By Christian Dior Intimates. Bra, about $24; bikini, about $10. Bra and bikini, late March at Bloomingdale's; Filene's; Victoria's Secrets, Washington DC; Frost Bros.; Bullock's; Nordstrom, Seattle. Pyjama top by Montenapoleone, about $270. At Montenapoleone, NYC; Mildred Hoit, Palm Beach; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Shaxted, Beverly Hills. Necklace, M & J Savitt. Fortunoff, NYC. . . . The thinnest, most attractive bodysuit—with a zebra pattern!—that pulls on with the ease of a maillot, *right*. Here, slipped under a man's pale chartreuse silk pyjama top. Maillot by Intimage. About $23. Macy's, New York; Bambergers; Foley's, Houston. Pyjama top by Liebe. About $150. Samantha Jones, NYC. Fashion information, additional stores, see next to last pages.

Erica Lennard

VOGUE'S Last Word

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't—when the subject is color: wearing this season's brightest-of-brights . . . working color in accessories, in a single terrific piece . . . dealing with a host of new color variations

Traditionally, spring ushers in lighter, brighter colors in clothes—a relief and delight, after months of wearing somber shades. Seldom, though, has there been the sort of explosion of color that's going on in fashion now. And seldom have colors seemed so bright—sharp, clear, clean, or acid-tinged. **Color, in its various fashion guises, can be the key to the best dressing now. But there are ways of wearing "color"—ways that can make it all work or not.**

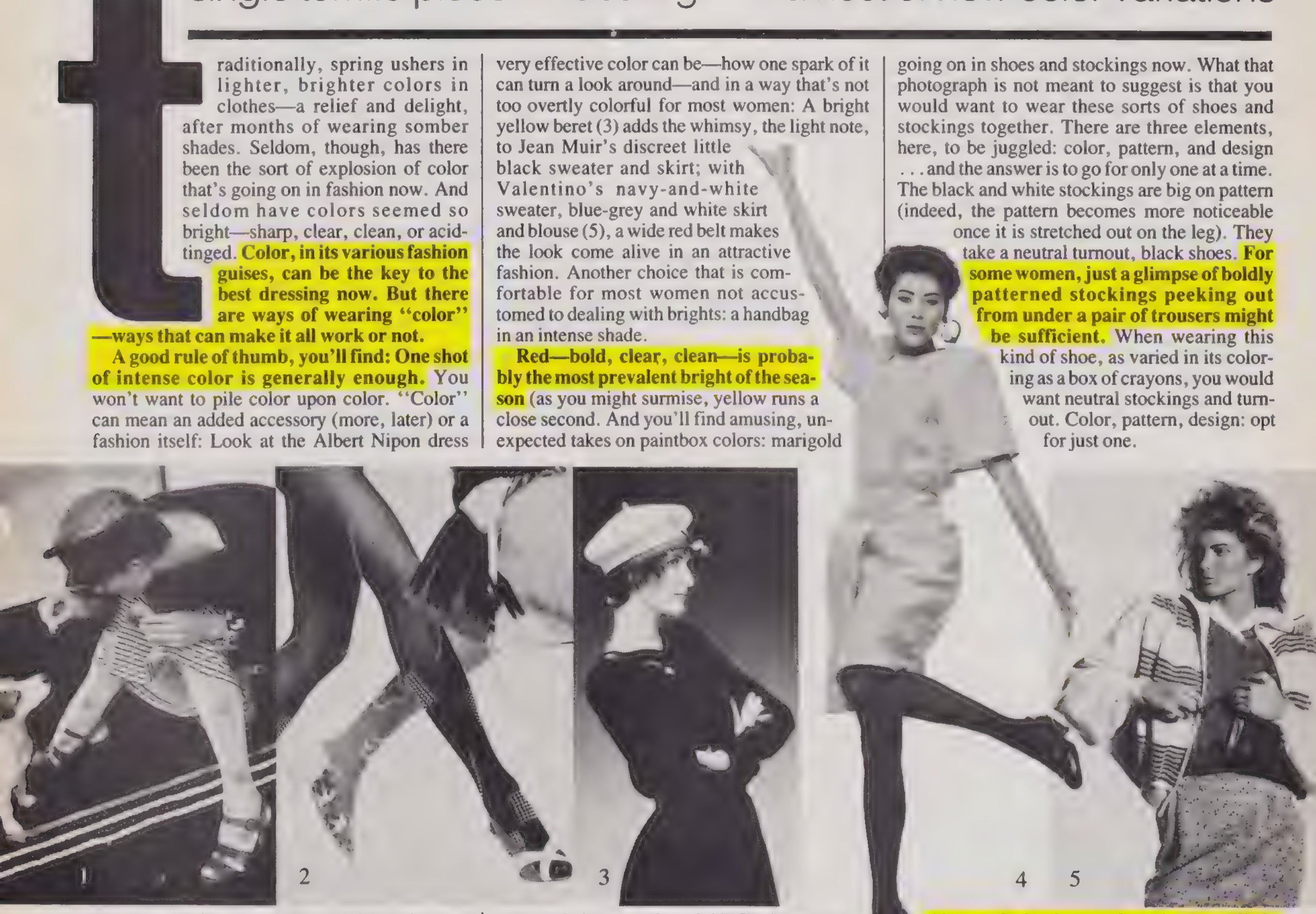
A good rule of thumb, you'll find: One shot of intense color is generally enough. You won't want to pile color upon color. "Color" can mean an added accessory (more, later) or a fashion itself: Look at the Albert Nipon dress (4), a streak of sunniest yellow. What makes that degree of color work: the dress is simple, clean-lined in design; stockings and shoes are simply black—neither is obtrusive, competitive. Come warmer months, when wearing one bold stroke of high-voltage color, you might prefer to switch to somewhat-whitened pale—or skin-toned—stockings, strappy sandals instead. They avoid a color overload in the same way that black accessories do.

The other way you're apt—perhaps most likely to wear brights now—is as accessories. It is in this category that one can appreciate how very effective color can be—how one spark of it can turn a look around—and in a way that's not too overtly colorful for most women: A bright yellow beret (3) adds the whimsy, the light note, to Jean Muir's discreet little black sweater and skirt; with Valentino's navy-and-white sweater, blue-grey and white skirt and blouse (5), a wide red belt makes the look come alive in an attractive fashion. Another choice that is comfortable for most women not accustomed to dealing with brights: a handbag in an intense shade.

Red—bold, clear, clean—is probably the most prevalent bright of the season (as you might surmise, yellow runs a close second. And you'll find amusing, unexpected takes on paintbox colors: marigold (4), a streak of sunniest yellow. What makes that degree of color work: the dress is simple, clean-lined in design; stockings and shoes are simply black—neither is obtrusive, competitive. Come warmer months, when wearing one bold stroke of high-voltage color, you might prefer to switch to somewhat-whitened pale—or skin-toned—stockings, strappy sandals instead. They avoid a color overload in the same way that black accessories do.

The other way you're apt—perhaps most likely to wear brights now—is as accessories. It is in this category that one can appreciate how orange, jade green, hot pink). Designers are almost turning red into a neutral all its own—it's that basic. And, one of the most charming accessory additions to neutral day dressing this spring is a softened red, of the kind you see (1) in salmon-colored lizard sandals.

The shoes (2) and on pages 472-473 are quite a different story in themselves. The shoes are a mixture of bright hues and intricate design; the stockings are bold arrangements of white on black, white on orange. We photographed them together to show, quickly and unmistakably, the riotous activity of colors and patterns and design going on in shoes and stockings now. What that photograph is not meant to suggest is that you would want to wear these sorts of shoes and stockings together. There are three elements, here, to be juggled: color, pattern, and design . . . and the answer is to go for only one at a time. The black and white stockings are big on pattern (indeed, the pattern becomes more noticeable once it is stretched out on the leg). They take a neutral turnout, black shoes. **For some women, just a glimpse of boldly patterned stockings peeking out from under a pair of trousers might be sufficient.** When wearing this kind of shoe, as varied in its coloring as a box of crayons, you would want neutral stockings and turnout. Color, pattern, design: opt for just one.



Also on the horizon: colors that are a little softer in their intensity—sunset pink, iced lavender, delicate apricot . . . deepened colors that have been warmed, "earthened" with brown . . . and colors that are a little "off"—a steely turquoise, say—that are, in the end, perhaps the most sophisticated, most interesting. When it comes to this kind of delicate, earthened or offbeat hues, a mixture of two or more with the same intensity—the key consideration—can be quite beautiful and tricky. If in doubt, try what turns out again and again to be the best guide: a full-length mirror. ▽

je m'appelle Dana
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Coping with emergencies, with an outburst of anger . . . reflexology: help or hype? . . . dry mouth: what it means . . . avoiding —and treating—bunions . . . surprising air pollution sources . . .

Indoor air pollution

The very disturbing conclusion of a recent government report: that the air in many homes is two-to-three times more polluted than standards set for outdoor air. Part of the reason some indoor air may now be as/more polluted than the dirtiest cities: the rush to seal up houses to conserve energy seems to have had the unexpected side-effect of sealing in chemical pollutants and potentially poisonous vapors.

The sources of noxious agents are as common as a gas stove, one of the worst culprits. Others include: wood, coal, and kerosene heaters; certain types of draperies, carpeting, upholstery, clothes; cleaning fluids, paints, pesticides, polishes, particleboard, plywood, adhesives, building and insulation materials; many paper and personal-care products, such as hairsprays and deodorants, and, ironically, air fresheners.

In conventional homes, potential pollutants are often diluted by outdoor air because these houses are "leaky" enough to allow a complete air exchange every hour, says Joseph Laquatra, Ph.D., a Cornell University housing specialist. When a house is sealed up or built to be particularly energy efficient, though, it may take four to ten times longer for the air to be replaced. That can allow an enormous buildup of harmful substances. Tight houses that can't breathe also retain more moisture, which encourages the growth of molds and microorganisms as well.

With most of us spending about 90 percent of our time inside buildings, "we've got a potentially serious health hazard," stresses Ken Sexton, D.Sc., director, Indoor Air Quality Program, California Department of Health Services.

"Nobody thinks twice about waxing floors, cooking with gas, heating with oils, or using an air freshener," says allergy and dermatology specialist Alfred Zamm, M.D., clinical teaching staff, New York Medical College and co-author of *Why Your House May Endanger Your Health* (Simon and Schuster). "But all these household activities and scores of *(Continued on page 546)*

fat "timing"

While we all know by now that eating less fat can be beneficial to our health, few of us realize that *the time of day* we consume foods containing fat can make a difference to our comfort, well-being. Best time to include (low) fatty foods in a meal: at breakfast, when fat's slow breakdown can postpone mid-morning "emptiness." Least favorable time: at night, when fat's slow absorption can cause bloating, restless sleep.

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(Continued from page 544) others can cause symptoms ranging from a simple runny nose to mental problems."

Other symptoms may be headaches, nausea, dizziness, drowsiness, irritation to the eyes, nose, and throat, respiratory ailments, persistent coughs, rashes, insomnia, lethargy, loss of memory, heart problems, and, possibly, an increased risk of cancer.

"The effects of indoor air pollution aren't always acute and obvious," says Dr. Zamm. "An allergy may be the result of an immune system damaged by a gas stove years ago."

Not all such symptoms, of course, result from indoor air pollution; but how can you tell if they do? A family member who suddenly develops symptoms when you move into a new house may give you a good clue. Try to isolate when and where symptoms occur: at a particular time of day? season? in the kitchen? after a meal or bath? after you put on makeup, clean house, work on a hobby? Do you feel better in different rooms or away from home? Local health officials sometimes can help to isolate the problem.

Removing the source of the pollution is the most effective solution, although this isn't always practical. The next best thing is to try to alter it. Seal up asbestos, for example, or install vents for gas appliances. To alleviate allergy symptoms, air cleaners and electrostatic precipitators (also known as electronic air filters) may help by removing particles such as pollen and dust, but they can't help with fumes.

Improving ventilation also helps; an air-to-air heat exchanger, though expensive (up to $1500), effectively replaces indoor air with fresh, outside air while recovering about 75 percent of the heat.

Although many physicians don't recognize that our homes can make us sick, those interested in clinical ecology do. To find one of these doctors near you, write: Society for Clinical Ecology, P.O. Box 16106, Denver CO 80216. A self-help organization with an informative newsletter is H.E.A.L. (Human Ecology Action League), P.O. Box 1369, Evanston IL 60204.

—SUSAN S. LANG

Saying No

One of the biggest obstacles to effective time management: the inability to say no—in your personal or professional life. Notes J.L. Barkas, Ph.D., assistant professor of behavioral science, New York Institute of Technology and author of *Creative Time Management* (Prentice Hall): Saying no is a two-step process. First, decide your needs/limits, then work on saying no to invitations or projects that interfere with the best use of your time. Saying "yes" when you mean "no" often arises from a childish wish to please everybody and can reflect a failure to adequately determine personal priorities. There is also a difference, noted Dr. Brakas, between saying "no, not now" and "no, never." Saying no doesn't have to close the doors to the future—only if you want to.

EMERGENCY!

CAN YOU COPE WHEN SOMETHING GOES WRONG?

Ask an ambulance technician his or her least favorite call and the answer will probably be, in this order:

- Drunks and drug freaks.
- Sports injuries. (Athletes are notoriously stubborn and uncooperative.)
- Calls in very affluent parts of town.

Why the latter? "These are people at high risk—they are more physically active, have more leisure time to pursue activities. But they are also the group *least* likely to know anything about handling emergencies, and because they are used to being in control of a situation, they don't take orders or follow instructions very well," according to Jeffry Gauthier, executive director of Oklahoma City's AmCare Emergency Medical Service.

Modern emergency-medicine techniques are not only more effective, they are much simpler than those of a few years ago. Here, the basics for dealing with life-threatening situations:

AIRWAY. Does the victim have a clear airway? If the victim is lying on the ground or slumped over, the chances are he does not. Moving the neck as little as possible, straighten it and tilt the head slightly back. With two fingers pull the jaw slightly forward. Unless there's something in the mouth, which should be removed, the victim can now get air.

BREATHING. If the victim doesn't seem to be breathing, pinch the nostrils closed and blow four quick breaths into his mouth. Get air down as fast as possible. Then keep breathing for the victim until he is breathing on his own or help arrives. The correct technique is taught in CPR class.

CIRCULATION. If the heart isn't pumping blood, cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) is necessary. This *must* be learned in a class. Otherwise a would-be rescuer is very likely to harm.

BLEEDING. To control heavy bleeding, make a thick pad of the first piece of fabric you can reach, and place it over the wound. Using the heel of your hand (the fingers tire too quickly), apply and hold direct pressure. If there are no broken bones, etc., elevate an arm or leg above the level of the heart to help slow bleeding. Once the pad is in place, hold a steady pressure and *don't* remove it until professional help is on the scene. Don't even *think* of using a tourniquet.

CHOKING. Choking resembles a

heart attack—you tell the difference by asking the victim to say something. If he can't talk or makes only a strangled squeak, you are dealing with choking. Get behind the victim, and link your hands (thumb side of the fist against the victim's stomach) so they are pressing just on the bottom of the rib cage. Make four quick hard thrusts, back and upward, angling toward your own head. If four thrusts don't work, keep repeating them.

DROWNING. The second a drowning victim's head is above water, hold the nose shut, make a seal with your mouth over his mouth and give four quick breaths. Get air down as fast as possible. Don't worry about water in the lungs—drowning victims die of suffocation. Breathe for the victim until help arrives or he is breathing on his own.

SHOCK. New studies strongly suggest shock to be the killer in many heavy trauma cases. Always treat for shock: Keep the victim warm. If no injuries prevent it, elevate the legs. Soothe and calm the victim, and keep him still. Don't give water, even if he asks.

KEEP THE VICTIM STILL. Unless there is direct evidence of a hazard, keep the victim where he is until help is on the scene. Many people have been paralyzed because well-meaning "rescuers" injured the spine trying to move them. For the same reason . . .

LEAVE THE HELMET ON when anyone wearing a helmet is injured.

IMPORTANT: Take a CPR class. Better yet, take a First Responder course. It could save the life of the person you love most.

—SHARON CARTER

ARTHUR ELGORT

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Your Well-Being

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

Under fire: ways to keep cool while someone shouts at you

How do you react when someone yells at you in anger?

"About 20 percent of people get furious and scream back, 'You can't talk to me that way, who do you think you are?' " reports Robert M. Bramson, Ph.D., management consultant and author of the classic *Coping With Difficult People* (Doubleday). "Others hold onto a set position, then eventually withdraw into silence, sleep, or some other activity; or they distract, clown, or sweeten their way out of trouble.

"But the vast majority—about 70 percent of men as well as women—have a back-pedaling reaction. They feel confused, frightened, panicky, childlike, or paralyzed: they say nothing, look down, and the whole body may assume a defensive posture."

There are many reasons why being yelled at arouses fear or consternation. It is, after all, a form of violence—verbal, but capable of inflicting pain and even permanent damage. Sometimes yelling threatens to escalate into physical aggression. In that case, your best move may be to leave, with the promise to return later or to telephone.

Psychologically, the sense of being overwhelmed by an angry assault, especially from someone with authority over you, "evokes, in most people, images of overpowering, possibly physically aggressive, and accusing parents," writes Dr. Bramson in his book. So *expect* to feel distraught, angry, frightened or awkward, he suggests, but manage to say *something* of a "standing up" nature, without fighting or confronting your attacker. If you let yourself be pushed around by aggressive people, it often eggs them on. Furthermore, your own self-esteem takes a beating.

Exactly what can you say or do? First, look directly at the yeller and wait briefly for him or her to run down, advises Dr. Bramson. If the momentum abates, jump in. If the tirade continues, interrupt: call the person by name, and make a statement that expresses your own viewpoint but does *not* directly attack anything the person has said. For instance, "Len, I disagree with you" (or if it's your boss, "Mrs. Jones, I think I disagree with you—") "but I want to hear more about what's on your mind." Dr. Bramson explains, "With that second phrase, you provide a channel for the attack—*your* channel. And that gives you some little sense of control which immediately will begin to turn the situation around for you."

Depending on the circumstances, you might say, "Jean, you sound angry to me, and it's interfering with our conversation." Or, especially to someone yelling at you for a mistake you *did* make, "Roger, this is of immense importance to me, and I want to hear everything you have to say, but not this way." Your words say, "I take you seriously," which is what the exploder needs to know.

You can practice standing up in the face of hostile aggression, says Dr. Bramson: find a quiet, private place, and replay in your mind some situation that was terrible for you because you got attacked and were overwhelmed. At the appropriate point, say *out loud* what you should and could have said. Get familiar, comfortable with the words.

"Women should have something to say if they break down and cry," says Dr. Bramson, "because men, who have been taught not to cry, don't know what to do in the face of your tears. They either withdraw or feel suspicious anger that they're being used. Say something like, 'I'm crying because I'm angry (or surprised or upset), but I want to go on with this discussion.' You might add, 'Give me two minutes and I'll be right back.' Comments like this put the man more at ease and convey to him, 'I'm not crying so you'll feel sorry for me.' Then, *do* feel free to go with the discussion. There's nothing wrong with tears, although you can learn to control them if you want, just as you manage any behavioral response that gets in your way."

Finally, there's the snarled remark from a comparative stranger. "Say anything," advises Dr. Bramson. "'The same to you,' or 'It takes one to know one.' *What* you say isn't important; but if the stranger's comment *gets* to you, acknowledge that this person you don't care about, by snarling three words and giving you a dirty look, can push your buttons. What's threatening you? Is it that needing to have everybody approve of you got built in from childhood? The more you know about what threatens you, the less impact it will have." ▽

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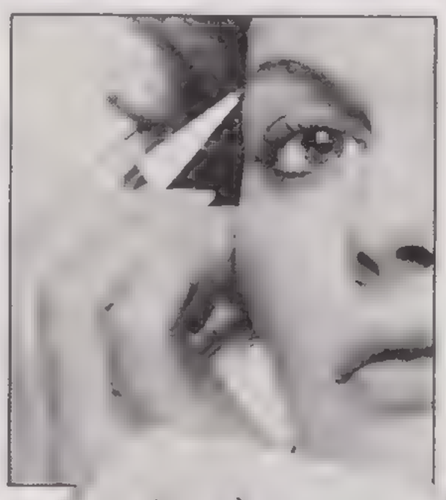

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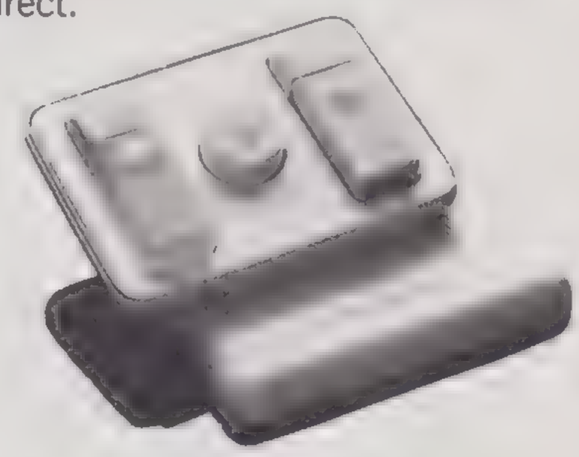

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Q&A

Improving the comfort and health of your feet, your mouth

Reflexology foot massage works wonders on my tired muscles and spirit. Can it also improve the body's healing process?

Reflexology is an ancient Chinese art and science that uses pressure points in the feet and hands to relax and revitalize the entire body. Advocates claim that these reflexes correspond to vital organs and glands; that stimulating them can speed up healing.

"Although reflexology has not been proven as a medical entity, it can induce relaxation, slow down or increase circulation and respiration," said Jack Hofkosh, director of physical therapy at the New York University Medical Center Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine. "I don't doubt that there is a link between these pressure points to the rest of the body; if you trace a nerve root back into the general pool of the spinal cord, there may well be some connection."

"Tenderness in the feet can reflect stress and physical problems in other parts of the body. While it can't be used as a basis for diagnosis, reflexology can help a person to feel better," says Checker Ives, foot reflexologist at La Carezza Salon, NYC. "For example, premenstrual achiness, cramps, fatigue seem to show up in tender areas of the feet, and pressing those points relieves cramps and achiness in some people."

There's no doubt that a good foot massage is an effective antidote to stress and strain—which plays a major part in the body's healing process.

My mouth often feels dry and cottony when I wake up in the morning. Is this normal?

Waking up with a dry mouth may simply result from sleeping with your mouth open; but when it is accompanied by frequent complaints of mouth dryness at various times of the day, it could signal a more serious problem.

"All of us experience some degree of mouth dryness from time to time, but if you *always* keep water at your bedside, find yourself craving a glass of water not only while working at your desk or giving a speech, but even when you drive, or if you find it almost impossible to swallow food without drinking liquid with it, then you have a degree of mouth dryness that should be checked by a physician or dentist," said Philip C. Fox, D.D.S., staff scientist at the National Institute of Dental Research.

"A persistent lack of saliva is not only uncomfortable, but deprives the mouth of its natural protective rinsing mechanism and anti-bacterial ingredients, greatly increasing the risk of tooth decay.

"In many cases, dry mouth is caused by medication a woman recently began taking on a regular basis; in fact, over two hundred commonly prescribed drugs ranging from antihistamines to antidepressives to high blood pressure medications list dry mouth as a possible side effect. If this is the cause of your problem, a physician may be able to recommend a switch to a similar drug less likely to decrease salivary flow. However, mouth dryness can also be an early warn ing sign of neurological or immunological diseases, or even of nutritional deficiencies such as anemia, so it should not be ignored," noted Dr. Fox.

"To combat the risk to oral health caused by impaired salivary function, a dentist may advise using a topical fluoride rinse along with stepped-up professional cleanings and fluoride treatments. Increasing the intake of non-caffeinated beverages between and during meals can make swallowing food easier, while sugarless mints can help to stimulate the salivary flow. Artifical saliva solutions—available at most pharmacies—may increase mouth comfort, but do not have natural saliva's anti-bacterial and other protective effects."

I know I need to replace my toothbrush frequently—but how often is that?

According to the American Dental Association, a toothbrush should be replaced at least every three to four months, sooner if the bristles begin to look bent or frayed. The ADA recommends buying a brush with soft, end-rounded or polished bristles with a head small enough to reach every tooth.

For the most effective cleansing, hold the brush at a forty-five degree angle to the gums and use short, gentle strokes—allowing about three minutes of brushing to get your mouth truly clean. For a quick, visual measure of toothbrushing efficiency, consider using a plaque-disclosing tablet or solution. ▽

SPRAY SHIELD

Prevents hair spray from cracking makeup —
ruining contact lenses — and burning eyes

Ask your stylist for a demonstration

"Medical Footwork"

By Melva Weber

If you've been hearing and reading about new miracle methods for removing a bunion—a swollen great-toe joint that deflects the toe inward so it often overlaps the second toe—you should be aware that bunionectomy, or any surgical procedure, is anything but a piece of cake.

There *is* good news on bunion surgery, says Charles Gudas, D.P.M. (for Doctor of Podiatric Medicine) and a clinical professor of surgery at the University of Chicago Medical Center, but there are precautions to take in order to avoid bad news.

GOOD NEWS: You can have bunions surgically treated, usually without a hospital stay and with local anesthesia, be on your feet and walking a little the very same day.

At the Medical Center Bunion Clinic that Dr. Gudas directs, the surgical procedure he uses for about eight hundred bunions each year is called "high compression fixation technique." Excess bone is removed by a jeweler's saw, toe bones are realigned correctly and held in position by stainless-steel surgical screws. With bones secured, says Dr. Gudas, there will be minimal swelling, little pain after surgery, and most important, immediate range of motion in the joint. You may plan on going back to work, wearing flat post-surgical shoes, in a week if you have a "sitting" job or in three to four weeks if walking is required. Dr. Gudas recommends running shoes, which he says make marvelous post-surgical footwear, being designed to support the feet and able to accommodate the intermittent bouts of minor swelling likely to occur during the weeks until full healing takes place. In ten to twelve weeks you should be able to return to full athletic activities.

"High compression fixation surgery is not for every bunion patient," said Dr. Gudas. "In some patients, all that's needed is a simple bunionectomy, or bump removal with repositioning of soft tissues; but not in all. For myself, I wouldn't want a bone that has to bear the body's weight cut into without securing it by fixation, such as these threaded surgical screws. I also wouldn't want blind surgery through a small hole, or a rotating burr cutting not only bone but any nerves and arteries in the way. I prefer a one-inch incision where the surgeon can see exactly what he's doing."

CHOOSING YOUR SURGEON: "There's no such thing—to the patient—as minor surgery," said Dr. Gudas. "Foot surgery is particularly important. If it goes wrong, it can disable you. You need to know a great deal about the operation and the surgeon before undertaking it.

"Bunion surgery is done by two types of professionals: orthopedic surgeons and podiatrists. But within each group, comparatively few are expert in bunion surgery. Doctors in the American Orthopaedic Foot and Ankle Society are members of the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons who are specially interested in foot surgery. If you consult a surgeon about bunions, ask about membership in the society, training, and whether he or she performs bunion surgery frequently.

"If you consult a podiatrist, select one who is certified by the American Board of Podiatric Surgery, who has had a residency training program in surgery, and who has hospital operating privileges. The last factor provides the 'peer review,' where professional colleagues know about the surgery and its outcome, where each operation is documented, any complications reported. We don't know about rates of complications in bunion procedures that are done in isolated private offices. There's further insurance in finding a doctor who teaches bunion surgery or is connected with this specialty in a university," said Dr. Gudas.

"Indications for" is a critical category in the doctor's approach to bunion surgery and influences the chances for success. In the Chicago Bunion Clinic, eighty-one factors go into the computer in the preliminary assessment of the patient. These include occupation, age, height, weight, X-ray findings, bone condition. In some postmenopausal women, for a month preceding surgery, the patient goes on a regimen of vitamins C and E, calcium with magnesium, and zinc, along with exercises to improve circulation and strengthen bones.

Does diabetes rule out bunion surgery? "No, it doesn't," said Dr. Gudas, "as long as your blood circulation is good and you are medically examined and prepared very carefully. I think the operation should be performed by a doctor familiar with diabetic surgery, and done at a major medical center."

Ninety percent of bunions are hereditary in nature. One in three black people and one in six white people suffer from bunions; they are four times more common in women than in men. Among factors that influence the formation of bunions, childbearing ranks high. More weight is borne on feet, and stretched ligaments cause more laxity. Women who in middle life work at jobs requiring hours on the feet are also vulnerable. At age fifty-five, says Dr. Gudas, one out of four women will have a bunion that produces symptoms.

Do fashionable shoes, such as high heels, cause bunions? "No," said Dr. Gudas. "If you don't already have bunions, it's okay to wear high heels. But if you do have a bunion, high-heeled shoes may irritate it, especially when the inside of the arch collapses."

TOE WORKOUT TO SLOW DOWN BUNIONS: "If the toe is just starting to bother you," said Dr. Gudas, "one of the best exercises you can do is a toe-up. Stand on the ball of one foot at the edge of a stair step. Keep the knee straight, and hold the handrail. Lower your heel below the step level, stretching the achilles tendon at the back; hold for five seconds. Then go all the way up on the toe for five seconds more. Down, up, down, holding five seconds each time, for five to seven times per foot. This routine strengthens arch, keeps bunion from getting worse."

Risks and complications: Even with the most skilled surgery, says Dr. Gudas, about 5 percent of cases don't work out as well as he wishes. "The bunion can return. Even with my fixation procedure, between 2 and 4 percent will recur to some extent. It's also possible to get a permanently stiffened joint, particularly when the joint isn't moved sufficiently following the operation, or if some blood lodges between bone surfaces. Sometimes the operation causes a slight elevation of the metatarsal bone and puts too much stress on the outside of the foot. In some cases, the patient later develops arthritis in the joint. Also, in some 80 percent of rheumatoid arthritis patients, foot problems, most commonly bunions, occur. Use of artificial joints is becoming the state-of-the-art for these cases."

Dr. Gudas does not favor the use of laser for bunion surgery. "I take part in the Midwest Laser Center at Ravenswood Hospital, Chicago, where a large grant supports laser-surgery research. So far, no laser will operate successfully on bone. It will cut bone, but it burns it too. In foot surgery, the laser is limited to soft tissues, warts and so forth, and an occasional nerve tumor. But I find laser not yet powerful enough to cut bone as I do it." ▽

Bunions: Exercise to slow their formation . . .

Good surgical techniques to correct the problem . . .

Tips on finding a surgeon for the job

the house of the spirits

(Continued from page 509)

rigid on her chair without a sigh, without a word, and without ammonia, to which she was allergic. As they arrived at the house, visitors stopped in to pay her their condolences. Some kissed her on both cheeks and others held her tight for a few seconds, but she seemed not to recognize even those she numbered among her closest friends. She had seen others of her children die in early childhood or at birth, but none had caused the sense of loss that she felt now.

All the brothers and sisters said goodbye to Rosa with a kiss on her cold forehead except for Clara, who refused to go anywhere near the dining room. They did not insist, both because of her extreme sensitivity and her tendency to sleepwalk whenever her imagination ran away with her. She stayed by herself in the garden curled up beside Barrabás, refusing to eat or have anything to do with the funeral. Only Nana kept an eye on her and tried to comfort her, but Clara pushed her away.

Despite the care Severo took to hush all speculation, Rosa's death became a public scandal. To anyone who listened, Dr. Cuevas offered the most logical explanation of her death, which was due, he said, to galloping pneumonia. But rumor had it that she had mistakenly been poisoned in her father's stead. In those days political assassinations were unknown in the country, and in any case poison was a method only whores and fishwives would resort to, a lowly technique that had not been seen since colonial times; even crimes of passion were nowadays resolved face to face. There was a great uproar over the attempt on his life, and before Severo could do anything to stop it, an announcement appeared in the opposition paper in which veiled accusations were made against the oligarchy and it was asserted that the conservatives were even capable of this act, because they could not forgive Severo del Valle for throwing his lot in with the liberals despite his social class. The police tried to pursue the clue of the brandy decanter, but all they were able to learn was that its source was not the same as that of the roast pig stuffed with partridges and plums and that the voters of the South had nothing to do with the whole matter. The mysterious decanter had been found outside the service door to the del Valle house on the same day and at the same time that the roast pig was delivered. The cook had simply assumed that it was part of the same gift. Neither the zeal of the police nor Severo's own investigation, which was carried out with the help of a private detective he engaged, shed any light on the identity of the assassin, and the shadow of suspended vengeance has continued to hang over succeeding generations. It was the first of many acts of violence that marked the fate of the del Valle family.

I remember perfectly. It had been a very happy day for me, because a new lode had appeared, the thick, magnificent seam that had eluded me throughout the time of sacrifice, absence, and hope, and that might represent the wealth I had been seeking for so long. I was sure that within six months I would have enough money to get married, and that by the time the year was out I would be able to call myself a wealthy man. I was very lucky, because in the mines there were more men who lost the little that they had than those who made a fortune, which is just what I was writing to Rosa that evening as I sat there so euphoric and so impatient that my fingers locked on the old typewriter and all the words came out jammed together. I was in the middle of the letter when I heard the pounding at the door that would cut off my inspiration forever. It was a peasant, with a team of mules, who had brought a telegram from town, sent by my sister Férula, telling me of Rosa's death.

I had to read the scrap of paper three times through before I understood the extent of my grief. The only thought that had never crossed my mind was that Rosa could be mortal. I suffered greatly whenever it occurred to me that, bored with waiting for me, she might marry someone else, or that the cursed vein that would spell my fortune might never turn up, or that the mine might cave in, squashing me like a cockroach. I had thought of all these possibilities and more, but never that of Rosa's death, despite my proverbial pessimism, which always leads me to expect the worst. I felt that without Rosa life no longer had any meaning. All the air went out of me as if I were a punctured balloon; all my enthusiasm vanished. God only knows how long I sat there in my chair, staring out the window at the desert, until my soul gradually returned to my body. My first reaction was one of rage. I turned against the walls, pounding the flimsy wooden planks until my knuckles bled. Then I tore all of Rosa's letters and drawings and the copies of my letters to her into a thousand pieces, stuffed my clothing, my papers, and my canvas pouch filled with gold into my suitcase, and went to find the foreman so I could leave him the logbooks and the keys to the warehouse. The mule driver offered to take me to the train. We had to travel almost the whole night on the animals' backs, with thin Spanish blankets as our only shield against the freezing mist, advancing at a snail's pace through that endless wasteland in which only the instinct of my guide guaranteed our safe arrival, for there were no points of reference. The night was clear and full of stars. I felt the cold pierce my bones, cut off the circulation in my hands, and seep into my soul. I was thinking of Rosa and wishing with an unreasoning violence that her death wasn't true, desperately begging the heavens for it all to turn out to be a terrible mistake, and praying that, revived by the force of my love, she would rise like Lazarus from her deathbed. I wept inwardly, sunk in my grief and in the icy night, cursing at the mule who was so slow, at Férula, the bearer of bad news, at Rosa herself for having died, and at God for having let her, until light appeared over the horizon and I saw the stars fade away and the first shades of dawn appear, dyeing the landscape red and orange. With the light, I regained some of my strength. I began to resign myself to my misfortune and to ask no longer that she be resurrected but simply that I would arrive in time to see her one last time before they buried her. We doubled our pace and an hour later the driver took leave of me outside the tiny train

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the house of the spirits

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station where I caught the narrow-gauge locomotive that linked the civilized world and the desert where I had spent two years.

I traveled more than thirty hours without stopping to eat, not even noticing my thirst, and I managed to reach the del Valle home before the funeral. They say that I arrived covered with dust, without a hat, filthy and bearded, thirsty and furious, shouting for my bride. Little Clara, who at the time was just a skinny child, came out to meet me when I stepped into the courtyard, took me by the hand, and drew me silently toward the dining room. There was Rosa in the folds of the white satin lining of her white coffin, still intact three days after she had died, and she was a thousand times more beautiful than I remembered her, for in death Rosa had been subtly transformed into the sea siren she had always been in secret.

"Damn her! She slipped through my hands!" they say I shouted, falling to my knees beside her, scandalizing all the relatives, for no one could comprehend my frustration at having spent two years scratching the earth to make my fortune with no other goal than that of one day leading this girl to the altar, and death had stolen her away from me.

Moments later the carriage arrived, an enormous black, shiny coach drawn by six plumed chargers, as was used on those occasions, and driven by two coachmen in livery. It pulled away from the house in the middle of the afternoon beneath a light drizzle, followed by a procession of cars that carried family and friends and all the flowers. It was the custom then for women and children not to attend funerals, which were considered a male province, but at the last minute Clara managed to slip into the cortège to accompany her sister Rosa. I felt the grip of her small gloved hand and she stayed by my side all along the way, a small, silent shadow who aroused an unknown tenderness in my soul. At that moment I hadn't been told that she hadn't spoken in two days; and three more passed before the family became alarmed by her silence.

Severo del Valle and his oldest sons bore Rosa's white coffin with the silver rivets, and they themselves laid it down in the open niche in the family tomb. They were dressed in black, silent and dry-eyed, as befits the norms of sadness in a country accustomed to the dignity of grief. After the gates to the mausoleum had been locked and the family, friends, and gravediggers had retired, I was left alone among the flowers that had escaped Barrabás's hunger and accompanied Rosa to the cemetery. Tall and thin as I was then, before Férula's curse came true and I began to shrink, I must have looked like some dark winter bird with the bottom of my jacket dancing in the wind. The sky was gray and it looked as if it might rain. I suppose it must have been quite cold, but I didn't feel it, because my rage was eating me alive. I couldn't take my eyes off the small marble rectangle where the name of Rosa the Beautiful had been engraved in tall Gothic letters, along with the dates that marked her brief sojourn in this world. I thought about how I had lost two years dreaming of Rosa, working for Rosa, writing to Rosa, wanting Rosa, and how in the end I wouldn't even have the consolation of being buried by her side. I thought about the years I still had left to live and decided that without her it wasn't worth it, for I would never find another woman with her green hair and underwater beauty. If anyone had told me then that I would live to be more than ninety, I would have put a gun to my head and pulled the trigger.

I didn't hear the footsteps of the caretaker as he approached me from behind: I jumped when he touched me on the shoulder.

"How dare you put your hands on me!" I roared.

The poor man jumped back in fright. A few drops of rain fell sadly on the flowers of the dead.

"Forgive me, señor," I think he must have said. "It's six o'clock and I have to lock up."

He tried to explain to me that the rules forbade anyone but employees from staying in the place after sundown, but I didn't let him finish. I thrust a few bills in his hand and pushed him away so he would leave me in peace. I saw him walk away looking back at me over his shoulder. He must have thought I was a madman, one of those crazed necrophiliacs who sometimes haunt cemeteries.

It was a long night, perhaps the longest in my life. I spent it sitting next to Rosa's tomb, speaking with her, accompanying her on the first part of her journey to the Hereafter, which is when it's hardest to detach yourself from earth and you need the love of those who have remained behind, so you can leave with at least the consolation of having planted something in someone else's heart. I remembered her perfect face and cursed my luck. I blamed Rosa for the years I had spent dreaming of her deep within the mine. I didn't tell her that I hadn't seen any other women all that time except for a handful of shriveled old prostitutes, who serviced the whole camp with more good will than ability. But I did tell her that I had lived among rough, lawless men, that I had eaten chick-peas and drunk green water far from civilization, thinking of her night and day, and bearing her image in my soul like a banner that gave me the strength to keep hacking at the mountain even if the lode was lost, even if I was sick to my stomach the whole year round, even if I was frozen to the bone at night and dazed by the sun during the day, all with the single goal of marrying her, but she goes and dies on me, betraying me before I can fulfill my dreams, and leaving me with this incurable despair. I told her she had mocked me, that we had never been completely alone together, that I had only been able to kiss her once. I had had to weave my love out of memories and cravings that were impossible to satisfy, out of letters that took forever to arrive and arrived faded, and that were incapable of reflecting the intensity of my feelings or the pain of her absence, because I have no gift for letter writing and much less for writing about my own emotions. I told her that those years in the mine were an irremediable loss, and that if I had known she wasn't long for this world I would have stolen the money that I needed to marry her and built her a palace studded with treasures from the ocean floor—with pearls and corals and walls of nacre. I would have kidnapped her and locked her up, and only I would have had the key. I would have loved her without interruption almost till infinity, for I was convinced that if she had been with me she would never have drunk the poison that was meant for her father and she would have lived a thousand years. I told her of the caresses I'd saved for her, the presents with which I'd planned to surprise her, the ways I would have loved her and made her happy. In short, I told her all the crazy things I never would have said if she could hear me and that I've never told a woman since.

That night I thought I had lost my ability to fall in love forever, that I would never laugh again or pursue an illusion. But never is a long time. I've learned that much in my long life.

I had a vision of anger spreading through me like a malignant tumor, sullying the best hours of my life and rendering me incapable of tenderness or mercy. But beyond confusion and rage, the strongest feeling I remember having that night was frustrated desire, because I would never be able to satisfy my need to run my hands over Rosa's body, to penetrate her secrets, to release the green fountain of her hair and plunge into its deepest waters. In desperation I summoned up the last image I had of her, outlined against the satin pleats in her virginal coffin, with her bride's blossoms in her hair and a rosary in her hands. I couldn't know that years later I would see her once again for a fleeting second just as she was then, with orange blossoms in her hair and a rosary in her hands.

With the first glints of dawn the caretaker appeared again. He must have felt sorry for the half-frozen madman who had spent the night among the livid ghosts of the graveyard. He held out his flask.

"Hot tea. Take some, sir," he offered.

But I pushed it away and walked out cursing, with great furious strides, among the lines of tombs and cypresses.

The night that Dr. Cuevas and his assistant cut open Rosa's corpse in the kitchen to establish the cause of her death, Clara lay in bed with her eyes wide open, trembling in the dark. She was terrified that Rosa had died because she had said she would. She believed that just as the power of her mind could move the saltcellar on the table, she could also produce deaths, earthquakes, and other, even worse catastrophes. In vain her mother had explained that she could not bring about events, only see them somewhat in advance. She felt lonely and guilty, and it occurred to her that if only she could be with Rosa she would feel much happier. She got up in her nightshirt and walked barefoot to the bedroom she had shared with her older sister, but she was not in the bed where she had seen her for the last time. She went out to look for her. The house was dark and quiet. Her mother, drugged by Dr. Cuevas, was asleep, and her brothers and sisters and the servants were already in their rooms. She went through the sitting rooms, slipping along the walls, frightened and cold. The heavy furniture, the thick drapes, the paintings on the wall, the wallpaper with its flowers against a background of dark cloth, the low lamps flickering on the ceiling, and the potted ferns on their porcelain columns all looked menacing to her. She noticed a crack of light coming from under the drawing-room door, and she was on the verge of going in,

but she was afraid she would run into her father and that he would send her back to bed. So she went toward the kitchen, thinking to comfort herself against Nana's breasts. She crossed the main courtyard, passed between the camellias and the miniature orange trees, went through the sitting rooms of the second wing of the house and the dark open corridors, where the faint gas lights were left burning every night in case there was an earthquake and to scare the bats away, and arrived in the third courtyard, where the service rooms and kitchen were. There the house lost its aristocratic bearing and the kennels, chicken coops, and servants quarters began. Farther on was the stable where the old horses Nívea still rode were kept, even though Severo del Valle had been one of the first to buy an automobile. The kitchen door and shutters were closed, and so was the pantry. Instinct told Clara that something out of the ordinary was going on inside. She tried to see in but her nose didn't reach the window ledge. She had to fetch a wooden box and pull it to the window. She stood on tiptoe and looked through a crack between the wooden shutter and the window frame, which was warped with damp and age. Then she saw inside.

Dr. Cuevas, that kind, sweet, wonderful old man with the thick beard and ample paunch, who had helped her into this world and attended her through all the usual childhood illnesses and all her asthma attacks, had been transformed into a dark, fat vampire just like the ones in her Uncle Marcos's books. He was bent over the table where Nana prepared her meals. Next to him was a young man she had never seen before, pale as the moon, his shirt stained with blood and his eyes drunk with love. She saw her sister's snow-white legs and naked feet. Clara began to shake. At that moment Dr. Cuevas moved aside and she was able to see the dreadful spectacle of Rosa lying on her back on the marble slab, a deep gash forming a canal down the front of her body, with her intestines beside her on the salad platter. Rosa's head was twisted toward the window through which Clara was squinting, and her long green hair hung like a fern from the table onto the tiled floor, which was stained with blood. Her eyes were closed, but the little girl, because of the shadows, her own distance, and her imagination, thought she saw a supplicating and humiliated expression on her sister's face.

Stock-still on her wooden box, Clara could not keep from watching until the very end. She peered through the crack for a long time, until the two men had finished emptying Rosa out, injecting her veins with liquid, and bathing her inside and out with aromatic vinegar and essence of lavender. She stood there until they had filled her with mortician's paste and sewn her up with a curved upholsterer's needle. She stayed until Dr. Cuevas rinsed his hands in the sink and dried his tears, while the other one cleaned up the blood and the viscera. She stayed until the doctor left, putting on his black jacket with a gesture of infinite sadness. She stayed until the young man she had never seen before kissed Rosa on the lips, the neck, the breasts, and between the legs; until he wiped her with a sponge, dressed her in her embroidered nightgown, and, panting, rearranged her hair. She stayed until Nana and Dr. Cuevas came and dressed Rosa in her white gown and put the crown of orange blossoms on her hair that they'd kept wrapped in tissue paper for her wedding day. She stayed until the assistant took her in his arms with the same tenderness with which he would have picked her up and carried her across the threshold of his house if she had been his bride. She could not move until the first lights of dawn appeared. Only then did she slide back into her bed, feeling within her the silence of the entire world. Silence filled her utterly. She did not speak again until nine years later, when she opened her mouth to announce that she was planning to be married. ▽

dimensions in skin care

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its reflecting glow. After about age forty-five, this is compounded by a loss of skin's structural integrity, by a breakdown in the fibers that contribute to skin elasticity and tone.

"What's clear now is that these are not developments that take place overnight. In fact, one study showed that imprints of future wrinkle sites can be observed in the upper layers of the skin as early as age fifteen. It's impossible to put a halt to this inevitable biological process; but it is possible, through new skin-care ingredients that penetrate into individual cells, to 'fool' the skin into acting younger than it actually is."

Prime example of these types of ingredients are oxygenators (in Biotherm Anti-Wrinkle Cream, for one) that penetrate below skin's surface to bring more fuel—or oxygen—to individual cells, giving skin the youthful "energy," so to speak, to better maintain itself. And it is the newly synthesized non-fatty nutrients that make the most modern creams and moisturizers so much lighter as well as more effective. And with the help of non-invasive skin-measurement tools, researchers not only can isolate the biomechanical properties that enable young skin to bounce back from abuses and changes in the environment but can verify the effectiveness of various ingredients in restoring that youthful resiliency to older or damaged skin.

Along with the growing interest in restorative skin products, the more researchers learn, the clearer it becomes that *protection* is still key to maintaining youthful skin texture and tone. Today, scientists are developing sunscreen ingredients that, besides filtering or blocking UVA and UVB rays, also prevent side-effects of overexposure such as brown spots or blisters. Crucial: that sun protection become a daily, year-round habit. "A woman who wants to keep her skin looking young need not apply sunscreen all over her body every day, but she should take a minute to apply it to her neck and hands," urged Robert M. Sayre, Ph.D., director of photobiology research at the Coppertone Solar Research Center.

Biotherm's Dr. Aubert agrees: "Makeup alone usually provides all the sun protection a woman needs on her face on a daily basis. It is a woman's body—her hands, her arms, her throat—that often shows her age, simply because women mistakenly believe that body skin takes care of itself, that it doesn't need or deserve the same care as the skin of the face." ▽

Whisper it off with a rose petal.

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caravaggio

(Continued from page 504)

from scenes dealing with the power of Venus to draw couples together by having her son, Cupid, strike the unsuspecting mortals in the heart with his love arrow, has been reinterpreted in a shockingly realistic fashion. The lasciviously grinning young boy who modeled for Caravaggio was obviously no distant god but a local street kid the artist impressed into service, posing him in a manner as provocative as any *Penthouse* display.

Even in Caravaggio's time, critics were dismayed at the worldliness of this Cupid, whose wings looked like stuffed props inadequate to raise any spirit to heaven. Caravaggio's inviting and overtly available Amor appears to be soliciting customers from among the viewers, as much as displaying the triumph of sex over the "high" arts of music, literature, and geometry, whose symbols he treads on, along with the armor of the soldier, who may be the absent disrobed participant in this exhibitionistic portrayal of seduction.

That Caravaggio was a sinner was not doubted by anyone, including the painter himself, who was once proud to admit "all my sins are mortal." Perhaps it was his sense of personal damnation that imbued his Christian religious painting with such intense spirituality. He burlesqued Bacchus and other pagan scenes, but his "Entombment of Christ" (recently shown in the U.S. with the Vatican collection), his scenes from the lives of St. Peter and St. Matthew, and particularly the series of late religious works painted while he fled the authorities and his enemies toward the end of his short life, after he had to leave Rome in 1606 when he stabbed a man to death over an argument about a bet on a tennis match, are filled with a deep emotional pathos that continues to move us and to create a genuine empathy for human suffering.

Caravaggio's successful rejection of the dominant Mannerist style that copied art in favor of an art that imitated nature is understandable within the context of the demands of the Counter-Reformation for more dramatic, spectacular, theatrical works that would involve the viewer on a "gut" level, making him or her feel a participant in the holy drama. The Church realized the necessity to fight Protestant iconoclasts with an emotional, even a sensationalistic art that was more glamorous and accessible in order to draw the straying flock back to the true faith. This brought Baroque painting closer to theater and performance art than it had ever been in the past, anticipating current styles with popular, sensational, violent imagery and demands for spectator involvement.

It is no accident Caravaggio's paintings are set up like *tableaux vivants* on darkened stages within a proscenium context. His figures are indeed playing to that crowd. With the decline of the influence of poets and philosophers at court and the rise of self-made men through Church connections, the system of patronage began to change in Caravaggio's time. Art was an esthetic pleasure, not necessarily a means to edify or moralize. The Cardinal esthetes and papal nephews who commissioned and purchased his works collected what pleased them. As they were for the most part not much removed in taste from *l'homme moyen sensual*, they shared his taste for immediate sensation.

In his own time, Caravaggio's art was popular: its appeal was direct, its subject matter—love, death, and pain—may not have been treated in a particularly noble manner, but it was effective. Posing a prostitute as the dead Virgin cost Caravaggio an important Church commission, but it gave an intense real-life truth to the scene with which every man could identify. (Ultimately, Rubens persuaded the Duke of Mantua to buy "The Death of the Virgin," and Louis XIV finally purchased it for the Louvre.)

Caravaggio was perhaps the first artist to claim, by painting in a down-to-earth manner, using models who were clearly common people, that Truth was more important than Beauty: In that sense, he can be said to be the father of modern Realism. Realism for Caravaggio was not simple observation; it was the ability to create the illusion that the viewer was participating in an emotional experience. Using heightened foreshortening and sharp chiaroscuro contrasts, Caravaggio created the illusion that the contents of his paintings threatened to project directly into the viewer's space. This is precisely what contemporary artists such as Frank Stella, who recently gave a series of lectures on Caravaggio, and Donald Judd are doing in a literal sense.

The sloppy painting and incorporation of real and material objects in contemporary neo-Expressionist art attempts to simulate the look of the "anti-academic" in a more simpleminded way, emphasizing images of sex and violence without apology and certainly without feeling. The intention is to deliver an art object so "real" it floors the viewer—for what else could compete with the new music, new fashion, and hot life styles vying for attention? The question, however, is whether Caravaggio, who was always imitated, has, in his latest set of admirers, any artists capable of creating works that can move the viewer emotionally rather than merely shock with sensation—a short-term, evanescent, and trivial reaction.

Caravaggio's works have triumphed over his legend because they are still capable of communicating a profound pathos. He was *original*, not in his novel use of materials and techniques but, above all, in his new interpretations of religious imagery. However, it does not suffice to claim one is painting Christ, Magdalen, or the holy shroud of Turin if there is no perceivable conviction in the work.

The artist's conviction is as hard to talk about as the artist's intention. A discussion of whether spirituality is intrinsic in artwork or just another selling point is as difficult to undertake as whether esthetic quality is permanent and immanent or a matter of relative cultural contexts. But reseeing Caravaggio's hallucinatory Realism as an expression of his deepest fears and desires in the context of contemporary art gives one pause. Does the "gut" react with the same empathy to a giant piece of enlarged glitzy costume jewelry invading the spectator's space, or to a montage of kitsch objects and images (whatever their bathetic, inflated titles), as it does to Caravaggio's "Entombment of Christ"? In Caravaggio's painting, we identify with the damned painter's wish for redemption in his portrayal of the repentant whore Mary Magdalen.

The question of intensity of experience and even more so of authenticity of feeling is an essential difference between Caravaggio's provocations to the public and the empty sensationalism of so much recent art purporting to be done in his spirit. Caravaggio's life and art were one as they are rarely today. He did not invent scenes of violence to titillate a bored crowd; they were the reflection of his everyday life.

> *Caravaggio did not invent scenes of violence to titillate a bored crowd; they were the reflection of his everyday life. He played out his passions in real life as he did on the canvas. He created havoc wherever he fled*

Murderer, sodomite, jailbird, blackguard, Caravaggio played out his passions in real life as he did on the canvas. He squandered his money, created havoc wherever he fled, renounced his family and died miserable, alone, and pursued by the police and his many enemies. No amount of gourmet food, gracious living, happy family life, or bourgeois comfort—all of which he rejected—could placate his sense of sin. In our permissive society, the Seven Deadly Sins might be the name of a new discotheque; for Caravaggio, they were as real as the Christian commitment to the "Seven Works of Mercy," which he painted late in life.

Hero to a generation of artists fascinated by his early fame and meteoric career, Caravaggio lived a life of crime and violence. He lived fast, lived hard, died young, and did not make a good-looking corpse. When his malaria-ridden body was found on the beach of Porto Ercole, he was thirty-nine. Reality had caught up with him, and his escapades and adventures were paid for with his life.

There is a price for painting as intensely and passionately as Caravaggio, or Van Gogh, or Cézanne. Which contemporary artists, with their designer clothes, decorator lofts, upward social mobility, and with ambitions and life styles that coincide perfectly with those of their patrons, with whom they socialize, could sympathize with the common man, his passions, pursuits, and sensibilities? For so many of today's artists, life is a spectator sport; but are the cheap thrills of notoriety and publicity and the phony risks of racing and gambling able to replace the real risks that must be taken? ▽

lisa sliwa

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be concerned about safety . . . their own and that of their children. Do you realize that even in our wealthiest suburbs children cannot wait for a school bus alone?

DS: You claim the Guardian Angels exists to help all people, but you seem to be more interested in helping women. Why?

LS: Women are the number-one victims of violent crime. Although I am a leader of men and women, as a woman I'm much more concerned about what's happening to them and also to children—because they are least able to defend themselves.

I speak to women because I believe that it's up to women to influence the values that are important to society. Women have the sensitivity. If we wait for men to take the initiative, it won't happen. It's women who have to insist that instead of schools' teaching our daughters badminton or volleyball, they teach basic self-defense techniques.

I learned karate, but it's not necessarily the way to go. Although karate gave me more confidence in my physical ability, I learned from my own experience of being attacked that martial-arts training does not improve a woman's ability to defend herself. Most important is attitude.

As women, we're accustomed to adapting and yielding to situations. Men are taught to be aggressive; women are taught to give in . . . that's not right.

If a woman should choose to fight back, I advocate only what I call the "hit-and-run" technique: Ideally, you strike to give yourself the chance to get away . . . you try to do something that will provide enough pain so an attacker's attention is diverted long enough for you to escape.

Such self-defense techniques don't necessarily depend on strength; you don't need huge muscles to take care of yourself. General fitness and normal exercise provide the basis for learning to protect yourself. My message to women is that you can learn how to better protect yourself, you can be tougher and still be feminine.

DS: One expert has labeled you an "aggressive" woman. Do you really believe that women should always be ready to defend themselves and be ready to fight?

LS: First of all, I don't advocate that any woman do anything she doesn't feel totally comfortable with; but I do reject what many authorities tell women to do: give up. Experts say that when someone attacks you or tries to rape you, you should do exactly what you're told to do. I question that. These experts are asking us to place our trust in a criminal; but personally, I would rather trust myself and take a chance—to fight back, try to get away . . . if that's possible. But obviously, if someone has a gun or knife, you're going to react differently than if a kid tries to grab your purse.

DS: Do you believe that fighting back usually has to be physical?

LS: No, it doesn't. A woman may be able to get out of a situation—if she can keep her wits about her. Eighty percent of self-defense is mental attitude; 20 percent is knowing the right techniques and having the right information. I say even a woman who can't touch her toes can defend herself against an attack—*if* she knows how.

Remember: Criminals do not take chances; they're taking a risk mugging you, and if they think there's a problem, they'll look for another victim; they won't stick around.

As women we're conditioned not to stand up to people, not to confront them. We're conditioned to keep quiet. That can actually work to a woman's advantage. Most attackers are so used to women's giving into them, that when a woman stands her ground—whether verbally or physically—these men often can't deal with it.

DS: But how many women really have the courage to do something like stick their finger into someone else's eye to defend themselves?

LS: That's a good point. I grew up in an athletic family; my brothers and I wrestled and played football. Still, the first time I was punched, the first time I was hit hard in karate, I dissolved into tears. That's why I think it's very important for girls to learn self-defense. I'm working on a self-defense video and a book that will teach women how to defend themselves in different locations (city, surburban, rural) and various situations (parking lot, mass transit, home) as well as ways of using common items as weapons.

> *"There are no knights in shining armor to rescue us anymore—they just don't exist"*

Psychologically, you need to learn to distance yourself from the event. That's the advantage of using everyday objects as weapons. Women have to be able to tap all resources. More often than not, and in most situations, a verbal attack will work—if it's strong, if it's spontaneous.

No one likes to think that each time she gets in a car, she may have an accident. But, just in case, we have insurance; we have laws, now, about wearing seat belts. The same attitude applies to self protection; we have to incorporate it into our lives, make it part of our training so that children and women know how to take care of themselves. If we add just a little more work to our exercise programs, if we take them one step further, that's going to help us out a lot.

The most important decision is the one to fight back. That is something every woman must make for herself, and she must feel very confident doing so. If each of us works out just a few protection techniques, we'll be a lot better off. There are no knights in shining armor to rescue us anymore—they just don't exist. ▽

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resist or submit?

(Continued from page 497)

were raped who had attempted to resist were much less likely to suffer from depression later on than those who had not resisted at all.

"From our data, it seems obvious that women have been given a great deal of mythical advice about crime prevention," noted Dr. Bart. "Women who follow their gut feelings, who yell and fight in their own defense, are the most successful in avoiding rape *and* preserving their own mental health. In our study, pleading with or begging a rapist—the traditional suggestion by experts—only led to more successful rape attempts."

In an unrelated study of over two thousand women, researchers found that 52 percent of women who had attempted suicide were crime victims—a rate three times higher than in the population as a whole.

The new argument in favor of a woman protecting herself against rape is reaffirmed by what many experts consider is the most comprehensive study to date, based on the National Crime Survey (NCS)—an anonymous, random survey of 135,000 adults carried out every six months for the Department of Justice.

Some of the findings of Richard Block, Ph.D., professor of sociology at Loyola University, Chicago, who reviewed candid reports of crime situations experienced by women:

- The most favorable course for a woman who found herself facing robbery or rape is *non-forcible* resistance—i.e., reasoning or verbally threatening an attacker, yelling for help, or running away. In rape cases, such resistance reduced the chances of a rapist completing the sexual attack *without* increasing the woman's risk of being injured by her attacker. What took many experts by surprise: that the NCS data suggested such non-forcible resistance lowered a woman's risk of injury even by an *armed* attacker without increasing her risk of other injuries.

- Forcible resistance—physically fighting back—was not as desirable; it decreased the likelihood of rape but also made a woman more likely to be injured.

Experts note that cases in which rape victims are killed by their attackers, although most likely to receive media attention, are actually quite rare. "While police consistently warn women about armed attackers," noted Dr. Block, "during seven years of NCS interviews, half of the robbers were not armed, nor were 70 percent of the rapists. When a weapon was present, according to NCS reports, most of the time it wasn't used."

Forcibly fighting back in the presence of a knife or gun, while it decreased the chances of a rapist completing a sexual assault, did increase the likelihood of further injury. Still, serious injury was *not* a common result of resistance: although more than half the women in the National Crime Survey resisted robbery and *83 percent* resisted rape, less than 10 percent of these women suffered injuries serious enough to require an overnight hospital stay. Other statistics indicate less than one-third of one percent of rape victims are murdered.

Not all police departments have ignored this new information. "Almost every police department once routinely told women that submission was the best defense in every criminal situation; but we now realize that while this may well be true in some situations, it is not the only choice," noted Detective King of the NYC Police Department. "In fact, the NYC Police Department now tells women that only they can decide whether submitting or resisting is the right choice in any given situation. But we also counsel women that if they do resist, they must be prepared to do so with conviction."

MODERN SELF-DEFENSE: HOW?

It is that determination to take care of herself, to be aware, alert to her environment—and to be able to analyze a crime situation in a matter of seconds—that is the crux of self-defense thinking today.

Most experts still concur: a woman should never risk injury to fight for her property—a purse or jewelry—even if it is of sentimental value. Fighting for personal safety is justified—*if* your attacker is unarmed.

Many experts emphasize that a woman need not be prepared to do extensive battle; what you want to do is to surprise an attacker—to give him a blow that, say, blurs his vision for a minute, or causes sharp pain for a few seconds—to gain time to run away.

New findings: The most favorable course for a woman facing robbery or rape is non-forcible resistance—reasoning or threatening, yelling, running away . . .

It is in dealing with an armed attacker that self-defense experts part company in their advice. "The skills needed to resist a man with a weapon are highly specialized," noted the FBI's Beccaccio. "It may be wiser to go along with your attacker, or at least to wait and see if there is an opportune moment to fight back."

Not every expert agrees, however. "Many criminals use guns or knives as more of a threat than a weapon," noted ex-policewoman Debbie Gardner, an eight-year veteran of the Hamilton County, Ohio, Sheriff's Department, who is currently director of the Survive Institute and author of *Survive: Don't Be A Victim!* (Warner). "If a woman analyzes her situation and is certain that her attacker will seriously wound or kill her, then fighting back may be her last-ditch survival effort."

"There is a possibility that even an armed rapist," noted NYC Detective King, "might be less likely to continue a sexual assault if told you have herpes or AIDS, or if confronted with a physically repulsive woman who begins vomiting or urinating seemingly out of control—ploys that have enabled victims to successfully thwart their attackers. Not every woman has the presence of mind or is able to do this; but women should be aware that these are options that have worked in the past."

What experts do agree on, however: women should *not* carry weapons. Instead, experts recommend learning to take advantage of hidden "personal weapons"—objects you are likely to have in your hand like an umbrella, a set of keys, even the earpiece of your glasses. "These can be used to surprise an attacker when it's least expected and to gain valuable escape time," said Detective King.

Also important to considering if resistance is your right course: whether or not your attacker has forced you into an environment where there are no escape routes (such as a rooftop or an alleyway). This is probably part of the reason twenty-three-year-old Harvard graduate Caroline Isenberg was killed in a rape attempt in Manhattan a few months ago, although experts emphasize that it is impossible to analyze her situation fully because so few of the facts are known. Noted Beccaccio of the FBI: "Few women have the strength or self-confidence needed to win out against a man in extended one-on-one combat; but many women have the fitness level needed to outrun an attacker—especially if he is taken by surprise."

Which brings us to the key points of self-defense thinking today: that a woman's best defense is her mental acuity, her ability to think quickly, to marshall verbal skills that can help to remove her from a potentially dangerous situation, should one arise. Key, too, say experts: discarding old myths about what constitutes a "dangerous" place and staying alert at all times. NYC Detective King agrees: "A woman needs to be aware that self-defense isn't something she thinks about only when she goes out at night; it's an instinct that should be always present, even if not always displayed. There are no absolute right or wrong ways to respond to a criminal's threat. Whatever you do, if you survive, you made the right choice."

PREVENTION: BEYOND DOUBLE LOCKS

"The majority of crimes occur *indoors*," said Detective King, "yet all self-defense advice in the past concentrated on what to do *outside*. It is also untrue that all crimes occur on dark deserted streets after midnight; many women are victimized in homes, offices, or on main thoroughfares in midday.

"Studies reveal that women are incredibly ready to let strangers into homes and offices. Don't let your guard down just because you are in a familiar environment. Use chain locks; *always* check identification. Unfortunately, studies show that what keeps most educated women from checking such identification is a feeling of embarrassment—a very small price to pay for personal safety." ▽

valentino

(Continued from page 518)

Valentino's clothes are not cerebral; and their creation, it seems, is based on unconscious memory, strong technique, an appetite for sensual gratification. The next appointment after the Taroni man is the embroidery man from Paris. There ensues a confrontation between the free-floating fantasy of the Italian and the logical approach of the Frenchman. "I have ideas to give you," says Valentino. "And I bring you techniques," says M. Lesage. "First," says Valentino, bringing a young woman forward, "this is Marina, who is getting married. I want a flower to put on her dress." Marina, who works in the studio, blushes a little. A calla lily is discussed, a rose is decided upon.

On to couture business: embroidered mosaics richer than Ravenna's fall on the table. "Too heavy," says Valentino. "You can only make a cardigan, and then the woman has to take it off. No good for summer." A linen guipure would be good. "But not stiff," says Valentino. "Gold," he continues, "coral, diamonds, on white linen . . . sublime."

On to flora: anthurium, philodendron, dahlia, pink camellias with lily of the valley, arum lilies, white gardenias, mauve orchids . . . a moment's doubt. M. Lesage advances that the orchid is a sick-looking flower. "Fine, get rid of it," says Valentino. M. Lesage looks at his list. "What size flowers, where are they to go, on what kind of dresses?" he asks. "You make them, I'll decide where to put them," Valentino says.

The elegant Suzy Gandini is next, unfurling her fabrics on the white table. Then two men from a lesser firm, who look for flowers to print in the big botany book that is every designer's staple. "I wish I had someone really good to draw the flowers I want," says Valentino. He tends to conjure everything himself.

At seventeen, he left Voghera and went to Paris, where he got a job sketching at Jean Dessès. (One night ten years ago I wore a 1951 Dessès dress of my mother's. Valentino recognized it with some emotion. "I worked on that dress," he said.) He went on to Guy Laroche and in 1958 returned to Italy. In 1959, with some money from his father, he started his couture house in Rome. Giancarlo Giammetti, then twenty-two and studying architecture, met him and joined him in 1960.

"We took an apartment at 54 Via Gregoriana and turned it into a showroom. We were young and new and took risks," explained Giammetti. "We went to show in Florence, where we were given the last time slot on the last day. Luckily the buyers had heard of Valentino, and they waited. Our first Roman customer was Contessa Acquarone, who ordered an entire wardrobe for the Olympic games. She was later indicted for murdering her husband. Elizabeth Taylor was filming *Cleopatra;* Valentino's first magazine cover was of Taylor in a white pleated dress. She came at four in the afternoon for a 9:00 A.M. appointment and stopped the show we had that day." There is a great deal of chaos in Giammetti's stories of the early years. "We did it in a very Italian way, *(Continued on page 560)*

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valentino

(Continued from page 559)

improvising from nothing. There are no fashion archives in Rome to pillage for accessory ideas: a gentleman comes to you empty-handed and you have to explain what you want. Everything was easy before we were successful. We always spent a lot of money, everyone wanted to work with us—fun new girls and boys, friends' daughters." Those whom Giammetti calls the "*papillons*" floated off to husbands or new lands, while the base of the house—cutters and atelier heads, *premières* and drapers, have remained essentially the same for over twenty years. Daniela Giardina, who heads up publicity and advertising, has been with them for thirteen years. Instead of leaving, she had a baby, Andrea, about whom both Valentino and Giancarlo grow misty.

The house on the Appia has changed very little. The white linen runner is laid fresh on the stairs every morning, the screening room still has blinds with orange trees on them. The collection of Chinese cloisonné birds is still massed by the jade and coral trees in cloisonné cachepots, the Boteros are still in the study, which has however become Napoleon III where it once was Moorish. Mongiardino's velvet chairs with central strips of tapestry echo the Botero women's curves. The chimney in the living room is still a pyramid, with alert palm trees on either side. Objects and paintings have been added, in generous profusion, but no new passion eliminates an old one. Valentino is oddly faithful for a designer: old whims are treasured along with new discoveries. Rather than discard, he embraces more and more, and extends the reach of his affections. The pink flamingoes are no longer in the garden. They were the particular concern of Valentino's late mother, who personally performed an autopsy on a defunct flamingo when she suspected foul play.

He is solid, slow-moving, often abstracted; instinct says he is reliable. The contrast between the partners is sharp. Where Valentino hesitates, thinks, answers slowly, warms to an anecdote from the far past, Giammetti declares, retracts, his dark eyes confidential and suspicious at once, clinging to the moment with a torrent of words in three languages. "Giancarlo is the oddest mixture of intelligence and naïveté," says a friend of theirs.

Valentino works in an all-white studio, where every piece of paper and cloth is in motion, from table to atelier. In between this room and Giammetti's office is a large room full of noble clutter. "Don't look," says Giammetti. "It's all being changed." His own office is dark, bristling with patterns and recorders, cassettes, bibelots, businesslike things sheathed in leather or brass.

The designer recollects and invents, somewhat out of time; the businessman is surrounded by dailies, weeklies, monthlies.

"Valentino gets better and more sure of himself all the time," says Giammetti. "He is serene, I get more anxious. Every day in Italy, there are six thousand people working on Valentino products. I worry about the organization, the running of everything."

Earlier, in the white studio, Valentino had confided: "Big success makes me anxious. I never want to disappoint. I work so hard in Rome that I couldn't get through, psychologically, unless I took weekends off. I have to be happy with my way of life. I'm lucky not to be tormented, to be able to enjoy weekends, skiing holidays, the boat, flowers."

"He is not the artist who wants to live with genius and madness," says Giammetti. "He's wise; he knows that at fifty you can't do what you did at thirty. It's not a problem of getting sick, collapsing, and dying; it's the problem of perpetuating the business without its being a weight." It is Giammetti's determination that turned Valentino into an empire. He is forty-six, Valentino is fifty-two. There is hardly an end in sight.

The turning point for Valentino came when Mendès, a Paris firm, began making his ready-to-wear collection in 1974. By 1977, he was showing among the French designers, and something happened to the Valentino look. What had previously been soft and feminine, excessive and delightful but free-form, became sharpened by the competition into the identifiable style that is Valentino today. The shoulders of both couture and ready-to-wear garments bear pads so delineated that they resemble falsies, rising from the shoulder and curving back into the arm. Instantly recognizable, they set the confident and pretty Valentino look. The clothes themselves are now made by the Torinese firm GFT (which also manufactures Armani's ready-to-wear), and the workmanship standard is high. Along with the two yearly couture collections, the two ready-to-wear ones, two men's collections, two knitwear collections, and two each of a cheaper "Miss V" line, a children's line, children's knits, bathing suits, leather, jewelry, shoes, and bags are tennis clothes, skiwear, and two collections called "Night." These are solely evening clothes with the provocative thrust and slink of shoulders and drapery. The linings of accompanying evening bags are always red. The shoes, which are designed by Valentino directly on wooden foot forms, have high, sexy heels. Everything is made to attract, seduce, entrance; the word "flirt" comes to mind.

Giammetti, having launched himself on a discussion of other designers, says he thinks it is brilliant that Chanel has chosen Ines de la Fressange to be its permanent model, and that Saint Laurent repeats the same hat. "With Valentino, it's more the spirit that doesn't change—long legs, small hips, small breasts, long neck, small wrists and ankles." He is describing the kind of girl drawn in the margins of school books. But over this adolescent ideal are Valentino's dreams of glamour and memories of the glamorous nights of adult cousins and something else:

"Valentino has superstitions that became status symbols," says Giammetti. "He did red once, and now you have red in every collection. Do you think Valentino believes the color has to be in every collection because he loves red or because it's lucky? We imposed initials on clothes, but I can't tell you if a little "V" on a polo shirt is for good luck or a statement. People react to things in a way different from the way you created them. Most of our statements came to be because we are romantic; we don't like to throw away things we like or that bring good luck."

If superstition is finding comfort in instinctive choices, it's not that far from taste; it may even be taste itself. Every fortune-teller Valentino ever went to told him that he would be a great designer. And when Giammetti joined Valentino, an astrologer told him that they would make a fortune together.

Things come true. The world has changed in ten years. Women want to be wanted again. Lucky financial coincidences mean that people spend more than they did before on looking good. New millionaires have come out of the woods. Valentino no longer needs to improvise either accessories or a gilded court in Rome. He must travel to Paris and can travel to New York: the gilded world exists again. There are Valentino boutiques in the capitals, almost as opulent as the couture house, and princesses to wear his clothes in every town. The world is safe for luxury; he no longer has to defend it. Archduchess Sophie of Austria has grown into a beautiful woman, Lynn Wyatt has emerged from Texas, Paloma Picasso has come into her own. He no longer has to pretend: the world he dreamed of is his. It was only a matter of time.

I complimented him on the clothes in his boutique. "Ah!" he said, smiling a little ironically. "Finally, you noticed." ▽

jacqueline schnabel

(Continued from page 514)

gold-washed Warhols of Julian were printed from a photograph Jacqueline took at Schnabel's open-air Long Island studio.

Nearly every duplex room is hung with a floor-to-ceiling Schnabel; a wallscape of crushed crockery in the living/dining space gives the sense of surreal landfill. Jacqueline's own favorite among her husband's works is one Julian painted on velvet and based on the film of Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano*, which was released last year. "I prefer Julian's flat paintings and some of his drawings," she admits. "Quite often, the works he likes less are ones I think are some of his best. When he paints, I let him finish, then I say what I think. Julian has a very strong point of view; if I disagree with him, he yells—but listen, he yells at anyone. Yelling is his way of communicating."

Of others' attention—and Julian's cyclonic success—she feels, "You need a lot of years to analyze it, to maintain a proper distance. Julian and I are in the middle of this thing that gets bigger every day. We've had to change our telephone number four, five times already; the phone never stops ringing. When people are too demanding of Julian's time, I simply unplug it.

"I'm not the public figure that Julian has become. During the day, I go out on my own, do things by myself. About a year ago, the tension from all the interest was so tremendous that I cleared my head by going to Paris for a week alone. Critics *can*, I think, induce heart attacks in the long run."

Says Julian: "The world is so fickle that success today is as stable as a saltcellar in the middle of a buffalo stampede.

"Success? I question it." ▽

fashion and illustration information

Page 68: Earrings available at Altman's; Lilly Dodson, Richardson TX.
138: *Top left:* Polo by Ralph Lauren sunglasses. A. R. Trapp, Opticians, NYC. *Center left:* Paolo Bovesi for Optica, Trump Tower, NYC and Beverly Hills.
362: Filet stainless steel flatware available at D.F. Sanders, NYC.
472: Hue stockings also available at D. H. Holmes, New Orleans LA.
474: Stanley Sherman outfit at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 153; Marshall Field's, Dept. 028; Bullocks Wilshire, Dept. 316. Also at Hutzler's, Baltimore MD. Earrings, Scooter. Bracelets, Martha Sturdy, Canada. Henri Bendel. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. Kenzo silk/viscose outfit at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 329. Sunglasses, Anne Marie Perris for Colors In Optics. Bloomingdale's. Shoes, Walter Steiger, Madison Avenue, NYC; Charles Sumner, Boston; Nan Duskin.
475: Fernando Sanchez nylon/polyester/cotton outfit also at Neiman-Marcus Dept. 23. Shoes, Walter Steiger. For stores, see information page 474.
476: Joan Vass USA, mid-March at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 35; Bullock's, Dept. 408. Earrings, Jim McCullough. Bullocks Wilshire, Wilshire Blvd. Hanes Hosiery. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. Muriel Grateau silk crepe de Chine outfit. Bracelets, wrist to cuff, Martha Sturdy, Canada. Henri Bendel. Popy Moreni. Charles Jourdan, Trump Tower, NYC. Hanes Hosiery. Shoes, Walter Steiger, Madison Avenue NYC; Charles Sumner, Boston; Nan Duskin.
477: Albert Nipon at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 411. Earrings, Frederic Claude. Panty stockings at Altman's. Shoes, Walter Steiger, Madison Avenue, NYC; Burdines, Mayfair and Dadeland FL. Stephen Sprouse at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 105; I. Magnin, Dept. 267. Earrings, Steven Rosen. Henri Bendel; Ice, Los Angeles. Panty stockings at Altman's. Yves Saint Laurent shoes at Bloomingdale's.
478: Colors from Barone: Kinky Banana. Blue Neon. Pink Shock. Warning Orange. Voilá by Crystal Creations at Bambergers, Paramus and Livingston NJ; Nan Duskin. Shoes at Walter Steiger Madison Avenue, NYC. Searle at Bloomingdale's, Dept 2673; John Wanamaker; Claire Pearone, Troy MI; Robinson's, Beverly Hills, Dept. 88; Nordstrom, Portland OR and Seattle WA. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Neiman-Marcus. Bracelet, Riviera. Pierre Cardin Sportif, late March at Eazy Street Fashion, Peachtree City GA; Greenfields, Golfbreeze FL; Advance Fashions, Southfield MI. Pants, Jean-Paul Gaultier. Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Henri Bendel; Ultimo, Chicago. Bracelet, Jerry Kott. Hue at Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Dayton's. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear at Bloomingdale's; Giba, San Diego CA. Maidenform-Body Talk at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 440; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Higbee's; Macy's, San Francisco. Necklace used as bracelet, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Henri Bendel. Le Bourget at Macy's, Herald Square; Nan Duskin; Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Andrea Pfister, Delman at Bergdorf Goodman (late March); Marshall Field's; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA.
479: Bag at Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. Hue at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's. Shoes at Maud Frizon NYC and Bal Harbour.
480: Mario Valentino at Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 27; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ and La Jolla CA; Giorgio Beverly Hills, Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Gianfranco Ferre at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Sakowitz, Dept. 56; Frost Bros., Dept. 690; Femina, Scottsdale AZ and La Jolla CA; Gianfranco Ferre, a Torie Steele Boutique, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin, Dept. 267. Fendi bag at Bergdorf Goodman; David's, Palm Beach; Fendi Boutique, Beverly Hills. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. Hair and makeup, Angel Adorno.
481: Fendi at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 87. Frances Henaghan, available late April at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 3; Hutzler's, Baltimore MD; Higbee's; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus. Bullocks Wilshire, Woodland Hills and Wilshire Blvd., Dept. 364. Hair and makeup, Angel Adorno.

(Continued on page 562)

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ITALIAN VOGUE

THE SPRING 1985 COLLECTIONS ISSUE

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fashion and illustration information

(Continued from page 561)

482: Bill Blass dress at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 52; Kaufmann's, Dept. 897; John Baldwin, Dept. 87; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Jacobson's; Frost Bros., Dept. 520; I. Magnin, Dept 30. Angelo Tarlazzi at Rita Jamie, NYC. (Mid-March); Toby Lerner, Philadelphia. Ultimo, Chicago; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Sakowitz; Clubissimo, Montreal. Hair and makeup, Angel Adorno.

483: Vanity Fair at Altman's, Rich's; Emporium-Capwell, San Francisco; Bullock's. Bra at Filene's; Foley's, Houston. Shoes, La Marca, NYC. Fernando Sanchez cotton/rayon/nylon shirt. Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, Dept. 45; I. Magnin, Chicago, Dept. 341. Hair and makeup, Angel Adorno.

485: Sunglasses at 20/20 Optics, NYC; Spectacle Boutique, Phoenix AZ. Bracelets, left arm, *top:* at M & J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Twigs, Birmingham MI; HWR Jewelry, Aspen CO. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Right arm *top*, at Bloomingdale's, Cul-de-Sac; Sakowitz; The Shoe and Clothing Connection, Woodland Hills CA. Bracelets both arms *bottom* at Henri Bendel; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; City, Chicago; Ice, Los Angeles. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Henri Bendel.

486: Earrings at Glitz, Los Angeles, *Top and bottom* bracelets at Henri Bendel; Snooty Hooty, Atlanta; Fini, Seattle WA. *Middle* bracelet at Bill Schiffer for The Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC; Urban Camouflage, Houston TX; Glitz, Los Angeles. Gloves, Naomi Misle.

487: Earrings at Altman's; Marissa Collections, Naples FL; Lilly Dodson, Richardson TX; Pomegranate La Jolla CA. Sunglasses at Fiorucci, NYC.

488: Martha Sturdy at Saks Fifth Avenue; Cookie M., Cleveland OH; Glitz, Los Angeles; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Ben-Amun at Henri Bendel; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus.

489: Bangles at Victor Carranza, NYC. Earrings, Henri Bendel; Neo Deco, Philadelphia; Tokyo Rose, Coconut Grove FL; Blake, Chicago.

490-491: Accessories, Azzedine Alaïa. Shoes, Alaïa for Pancaldi. Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills.

492: *Large photo:* Belt, Azzedine Alaïa. Shoes, Alaïa for Pancaldi. *Inset*: Accessories, Azzedine Alaïa. Shoes, Alaia for Pancaldi.

494-495: Bracelet at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Camille, Coconut Grove FL; Ultimo, Chicago; La T Da, Dallas. Leglooks by Burlington. Macy's New York; Robinson's, California. Shoes at Bloomingdale's; Joseph, Chicago and Beverly Hills; Marie Leavell, Dallas; I. Magnin.

498-499: Hair, Ron Lewis for Le Salon, NYC; makeup, Barbara Sansone.

503: Hair, Sean Hoskins; makeup, Linda Cantello.

516: "L'Estate" by Giuseppe Arcimboldo; Paris, Louvre; Scala/Art Resource, NY. Plate from *Valentino*, published by Franco Maria Ricci. Jacqueline Kennedy photo; UPI/Bettmann Archive. Elizabeth Taylor, Audrey Hepburn photos from January 15, 1972, Vogue by Cecil Beaton; Sotheby's, London. Marie Antoinette and her children, 1781, by Louise-Elisabeth Vigée-Lebrun; Versailles. Giraudon/Art Resource, NY. F. Scott Fitzgerald photo, Culver Pictures. Fiori by Francesco Hayez; Brera Gallery, Milan; Scala/Art Resource, NY.

518: Poiret photo Bettmann Archive. Runway photos by Bertrand Marignac.

519: Shirt, sweater, skirt at I. Magnin, Dept. 32. Also at Panache, Millburn NJ; Montaldo's, Dept. 01; Martha, Bal Harbour; Barton Sligh's, Jacksonville FL. Hat by David. Henri Bendel; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Earrings, Diva Fantasy Designs. Henri Bendel. Other accessories, Valentino Boutique.

520: Valentino at John Wanamaker, Dept. 4723; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 27; Frederick & Nelson, Dept. 353. Shirt also at Valentino Boutique at Torie Steele, Beverly Hills. Bag and belt, Lynn Stuart. Both available at Altman's.

521: Valentino at I. Magnin, Dept. 32. Turnout also at Sara Fredericks, Ft. Lauderdale FL. Jacket and tank at John Wanamaker, Dept. 4723. Earrings, Debra Fine Yohai. Bergdorf Goodman. Bracelets, James I. Murphy. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago.

522: Earrings, Gary Wright and Sheila Teague. Saks Fifth Avenue NYC. Belt, Valentino Boutique.

523: Dress at I. Magnin, Dept. 32; Frederick & Nelson, Dept. 353. Also at Charles Sumner, Boston. Bag, Fendi. Accessories, Valentino Boutique.

524: Calvin Klein shirt, $210. Bloomingdale's, Dept. 309; I. Magnin, Dept. 56.

525: Hat by Ruza. Henri Bendel. Hatpin, KRT Accessories. Kruger Gallery, NYC; Blake, Chicago.

526: Jean Muir English tie silk jacket. Earrings, Brett Lewis. Ibiza, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago. Bracelets, Steven Rosen. Bloomingdale's, Cul-de-Sac; Glitz, Los Angeles.

527: Mary McFadden rayon, lace, and polyester dress at Frost Bros., Dept. 520. Also to order at Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach FL; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans LA. Norma Kamali for Camp Hosiery. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent Footwear.

528-529: Sunglasses, Mikli for Claude Montana. Pildes Optical, NYC and Short Hills NJ.

530: Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 45; I. Magnin, Dept. 267. Hat, Patricia Underwood. Bergdorf Goodman; Weinstein's, New Orleans. Bracelet, Martha Sturdy, Canada Saks Fifth Avenue. Hanes Hosiery.

531: Calvin Klein shirt, $160. Vest, $250. Skirt, $270. Lord & Taylor; Saks-Jandel; Montaldo's; Rich's; Higbee's; Marshall Field's, Dept. 175; ZCMI, Salt Lake City UT; I. Magnin, Dept. 56. Vest at Filene's; Hudson's. Tourneau Watches, NYC and Bal Harbour. Bracelets, Alexis Kirk. "Orwell" rug in ivory by Christian Duc, Classic Gallery, NYC. "Frame" chair from New Wave, a division of A & B AMERICA, at Macy's, NYC. "Prometheus" chair by Jack Millard, at Dennis Miller Associates, NYC.

532: Jacket, $290. Skirt, $135. Bergdorf Goodman; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Regine, Los Angeles; I. Magnin, Dept. 267. Bracelet, Griffe. "Monza" armchair from Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC. Rug by Ingegerd Torhamn at Scanform, NYC.

533: Nylon bra at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 69; Montaldo's, Dept. 29; I. Magnin, Dept. 180. Also at Susan Shovers, Evansville IN; James Lingerie, Dallas. Boudoir French Etchings and Lingerie, Scottsdale AZ; Pollyanna, Denver; Suit, $600 (blouse not shown). Jackie Rogers Boutique, NYC. Nordstrom, Seattle.

534: Calvin Klein jacket $362, pants $202, shirt $162. Altman's; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Bullock's, Dept. 332. Bracelet, Tulla Booth. Gloves, Aris Isotoner.

535: Issey Miyake top, $495; skirt, $240. Turnout at Dianne B., NYC. Top at Linda Dresner, Troy MI. Shirt at Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 35; Frost Bros., Dept 690. Headwrap, Christiaan's Knot. Patricia Field, NYC. Bracelet, M & J Savitt. "Orwell" rug in black by Christian Duc at Classic Gallery, NYC.

536: Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 335. Earrings, Patricia Von Musulin. Panty stockings, Electric Sok! Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. Man's suit, Perry Ellis Men's.

537: *Above:* Polyester blouse. Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 162; Marshall Field's, Dept. 175; Jacobson's, Dept. 60. Suit also at Bullocks Wilshire. *Below:* Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 315; Jacobson's, Dept. 42; Swansons on the Plaza, Dept. 08; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 36. Also at Garfinckel's, Dept. 81; Bullocks Wilshire, Dept. 386. Belt at La Bagagerie, NYC. Bracelets, Nikova. Fortunoff, Paramus and Wayne NJ, Westbury LI. Top "Monza" armchair at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC. Bottom "Vienna" chair at Bieffe USA, NYC.

538: Olga's Christina available at Bullock's, Dept. 450; Macy's, San Francisco, Dept. 642. Also at Hudson's; Dayton's; Broadway Southwest, Phoenix AZ; Joslin's, Denver CO.

539: Lily of France at Bambergers, Dept. 056. Also at Jordan Marsh, Florida; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia. Famous Barr, St. Louis MO. Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Barneys New York; Neiman-Marcus.

540: Christian Dior nylon/Lycra bra and nylon bikini at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 490; Filene's, bra, Dept. 454 and bikini, Dept. 451; Frost Bros., Dept. 470; Bullock's, Dept. 450. Also at Jordan Marsh, Florida; Famous Barr, St. Louis MO; Foley's, Houston.

541: Intimage at Macy's, Dept. 442; Bamberger's, Dept. 056. Also at Woodward & Lothrop. Earrings, M & J Savitt. Bloomingdale's, Cul-de-Sac; M & J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago.

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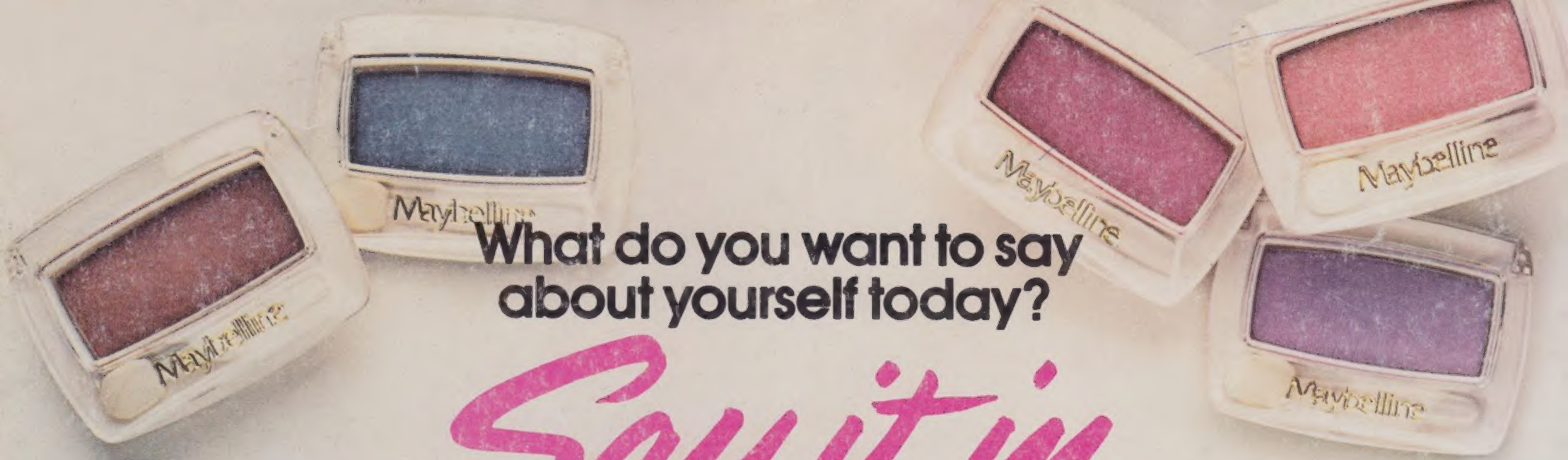

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